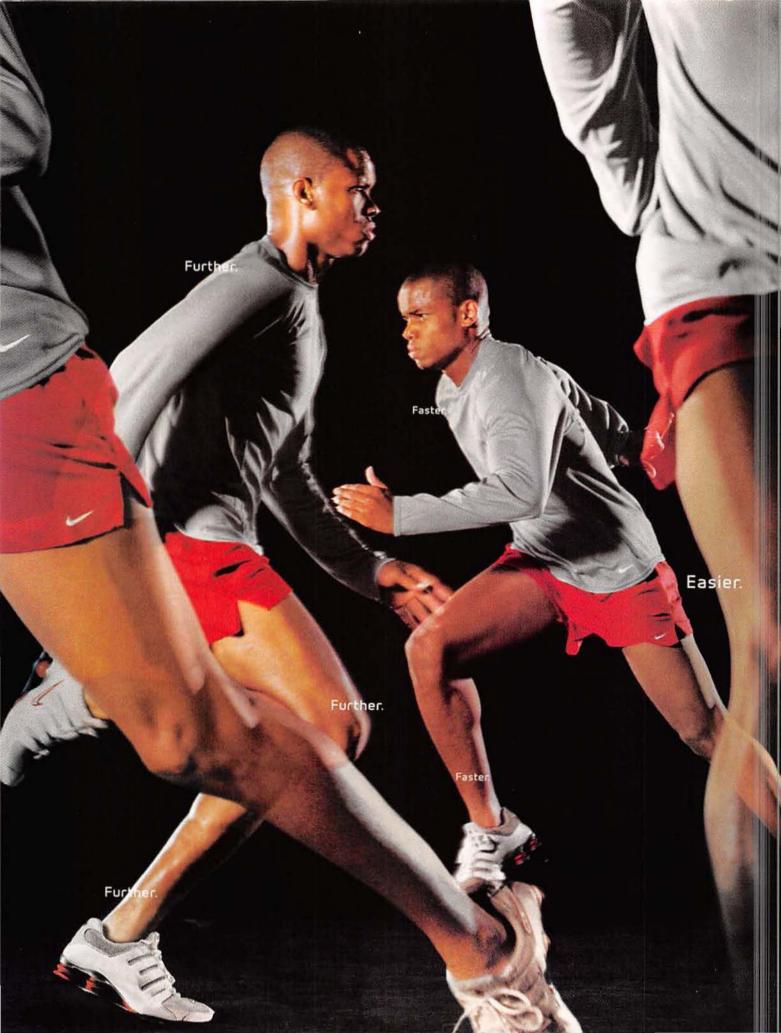


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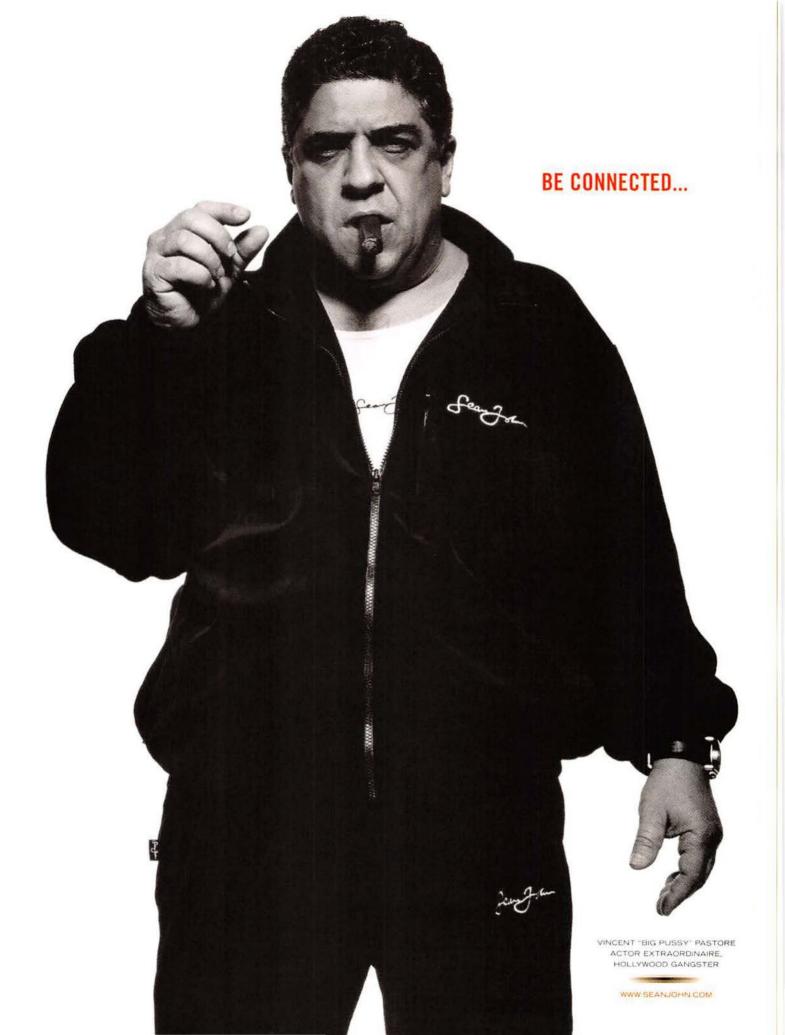
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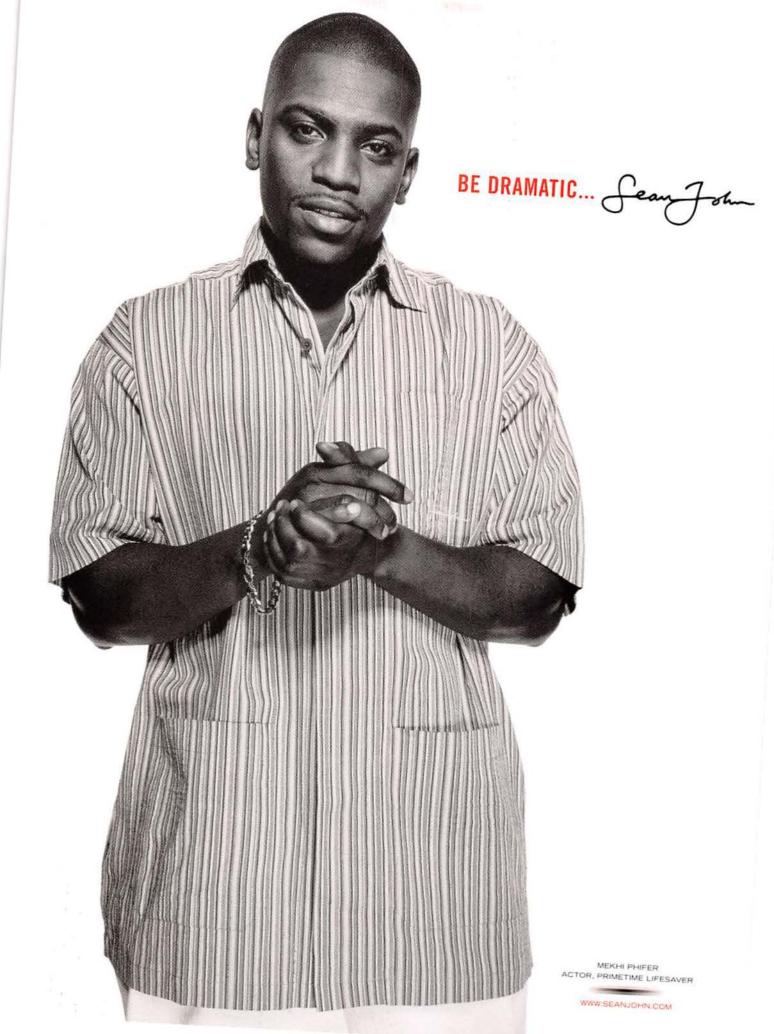
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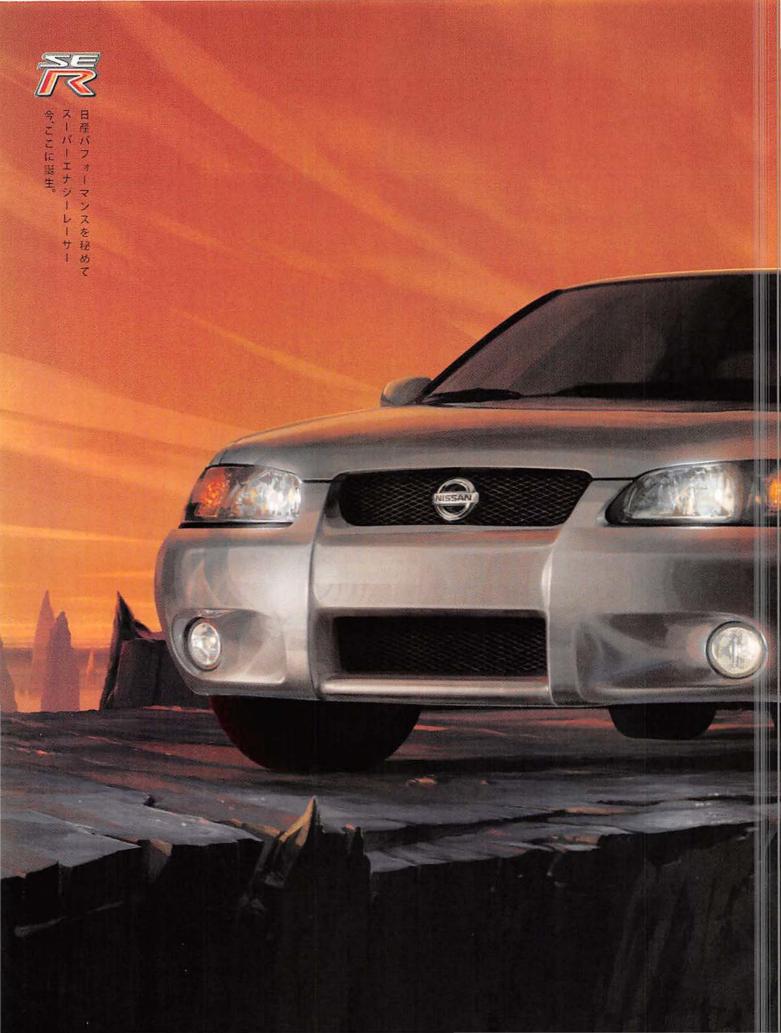


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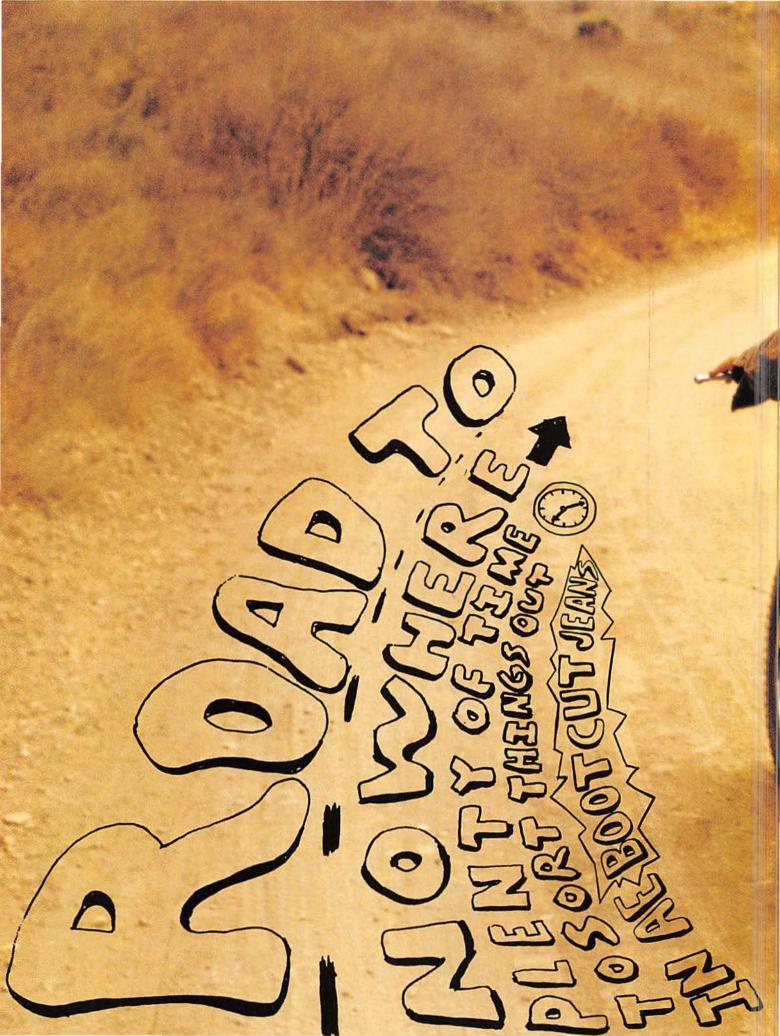


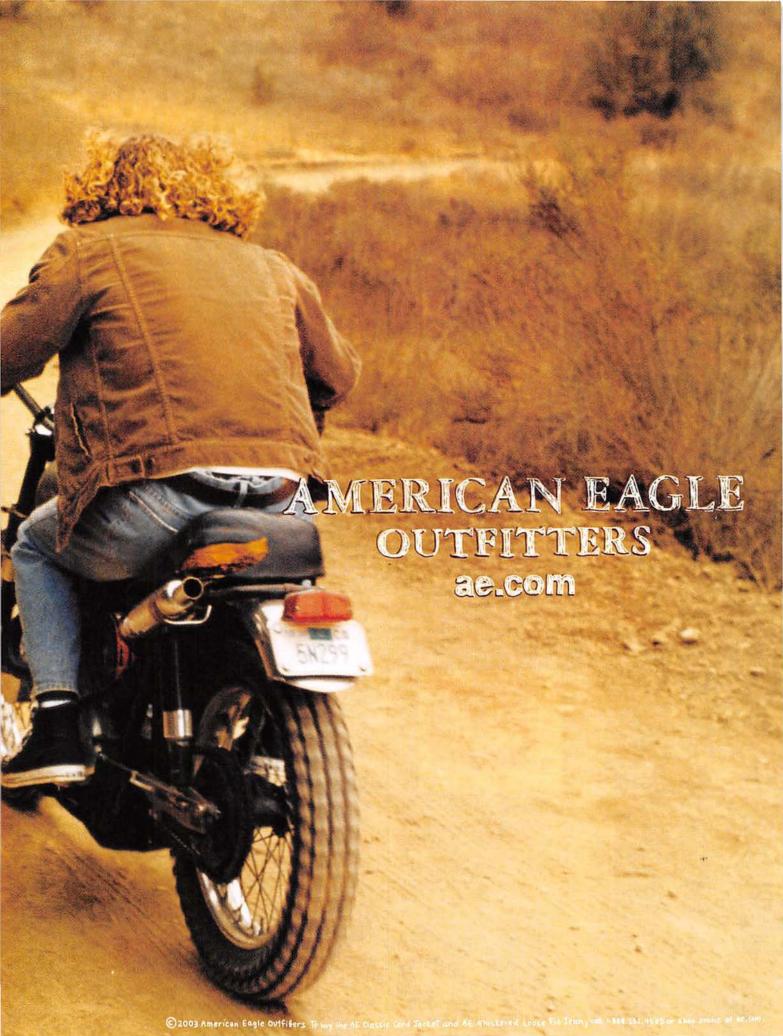


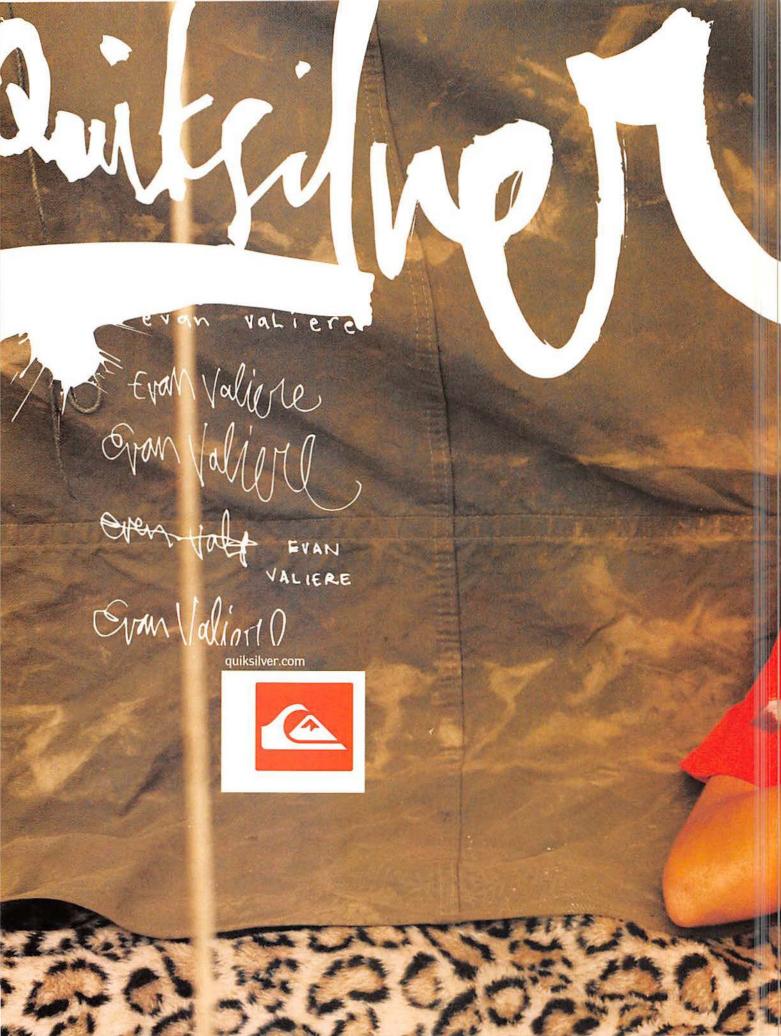












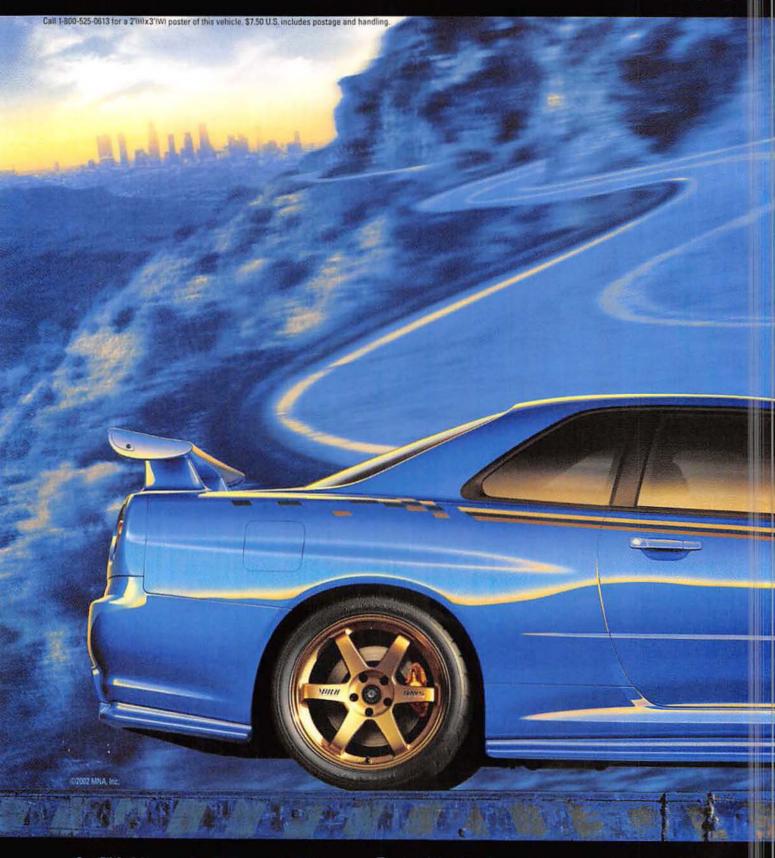






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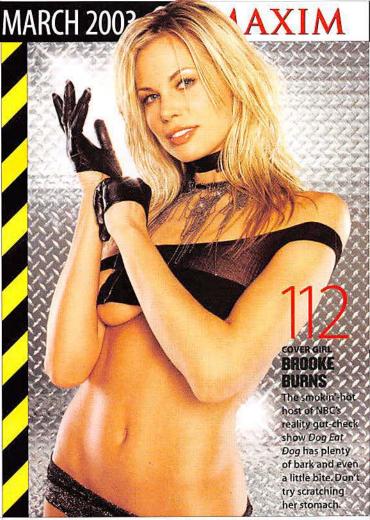
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Features







WE WANT ANSWERS!

110 WILL FERRELL

The self-described "suburban lame white person" is now a bona fide movie star in *Old School*. There's hope for us all! Well, maybe not Corey Feldman.

MONEY MATTERS

122 YOUR MONEY!

We found some great places to stash your stash. Besides the old standby: somebody else's wallet.

CROWN JEWEL

130 SIENNA MILLER

A New York cop finds this British beauty living in his newly rented apartment on Fox TV's Keen Eddie. You'd keep her, too, wouldn't you?

p.150

FUNNY PAGES

138 COMIC RELIEF

Shouldn't something called "the funnies" actually be funny? We thought so, too. Here's how we tried to fix the strips.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

140 HELD HOSTAGE

Bad: Chechen rebels take 750 prisoners in a Moscow theater. Worse: Russian troops botch the rescue raid. Hostage Vesselin Nedkov tells us how he survived.

ALL THAT JAZZ

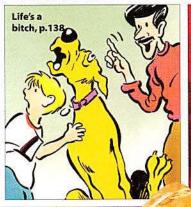
150 MYA

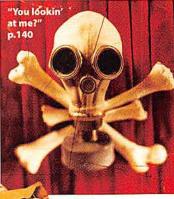
The tastiest hottie from the "Lady Marmalade" video struts her stuff in the sexy, sinful movie musical *Chicago*.

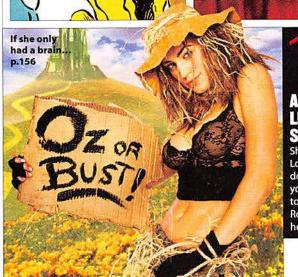
FOREIGN EXCHANGE

164 ELEONORA DI MIELE

This Italian bombshell doesn't speak a lick of English. So, quick: What's Italian for mama mia?







ALL ROADS LEAD TO SEX

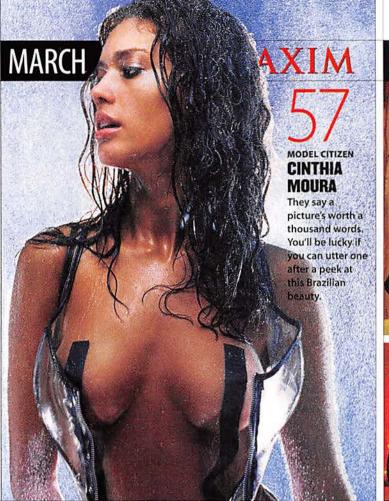
She's feeling fat? Lost her pet? That doesn't mean you're doomed to a night with Rosie Palm and her five sisters.



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Kegulars

Feeling a little dru k, p.88



38 READERS' LETTERS

Ben Franklin is credited with founding the U.S. Postal Service. And right now we hate him for it.

44 JOKES

A priest and a rabbi walk into a bar. The bartender says, "What is this, a joke?" Ba-dum-cha!

48 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Girls gone berserk, and cuddly critters fight to the bloody death.

68 HOW TO

Slaughter a cow and draw a girl. In that order!

76 ASK DR. MAXIM

Troubled by your toenails? Nonplussed by your nipples? The doctor will see you now.

SPORTS

Weld,

ever?

p.202

did you

p.62

78 GARY'S PLAYLAND

March is mad, but Gary Williams, coach of defending NCAA champ Maryland, is running the asylum.

INSTANT EXPERT

84 ANCIENT GOD GUIDE

Long before Jerry Springer and British royalty, the Greek gods inspired us to kill, screw, and eat our kin.

THE MAXIM BAR

88 "DRINK ME, I'M IRISH!"

Not many people know this, but the Irish like to drink. Here are a few of their favorite libations.

96 HOT ZONE

Thanks, but no thanks, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. We'll give out our own damn awards. And the losers are...

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

100 EMMANUELLE VAUGIER

She warms Lex Luthor's cold heart on the WB's Smallville. So she likes bad boys...and defibrillator paddles.

202 TOP GEAR

Hot cameras! A cordless keyboard! A toy plane! Heavens to Betsy!

208 BAR EXAM

Senior editor James Heidenry believes Scott Baio will be taken seriously as an actor one of these days.



TOP SPIN

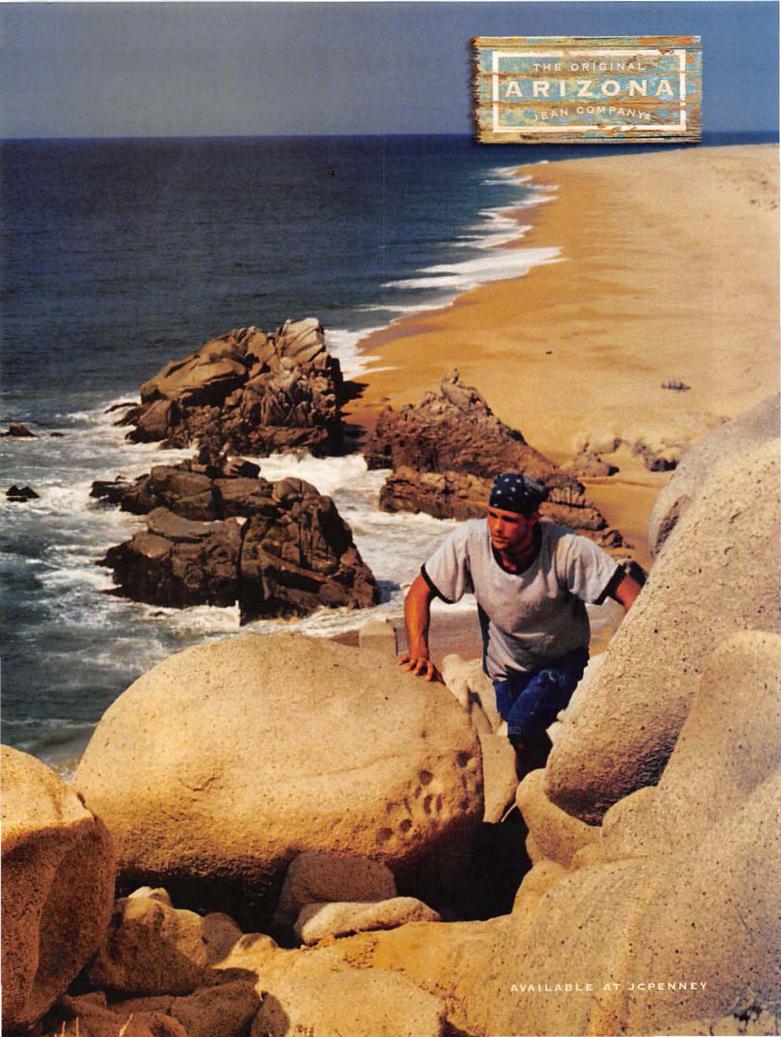
What spins you right 'round, baby, right 'round? Our money's on a turntable, like this vibration-dampening baby seen here.



p.84

24 March 2003 MAXIM





MARCH 2003

MAXIM Spring Fashion Special



You never know whom you might you're out there cutting the grass or washing your car. Here's how to look your best.







169 FASHION FLIP-FLOP

At last! It's warm enough to kick off those heavy winter shoes. But don't go barefoot, Mr. Flintstone. Try these hip sandals on for size and you'll have the coolest feet on the street.

178 MAXIM MUST HAVES

Want to tune up your look? Or do you need a complete fashion overhaul? Whatever the case, our style guides will help you create a goofproof wardrobe. From the best in bags to the coolest in shades, we'll help you find your personal right stuff.

196 RIGHT ON TIME

Does your watch tell you what time it is? Or does it tell other people that you already know? It's one of the easiest ways to update your style, and it doesn't have to cost a bundle. Check out this month's favorite.

196 DO SOME DA'MAGE

Tailored style goes rugged with handmade jeans by Jean Paul Da'mage. Think you'd look good in a pair of high-fashion dungarees? You're only 168 pages away from finding out!

198 NAME YOUR PRICE

Whether you're flying firstclass, business, or coach, we've got the hottest looks of the moment at a price that's tailor-made for your budget.

198 AISLE SAY

Some stores lower their prices to lure their customers inside. Others try everything from lassos to butterfly nets. Armani

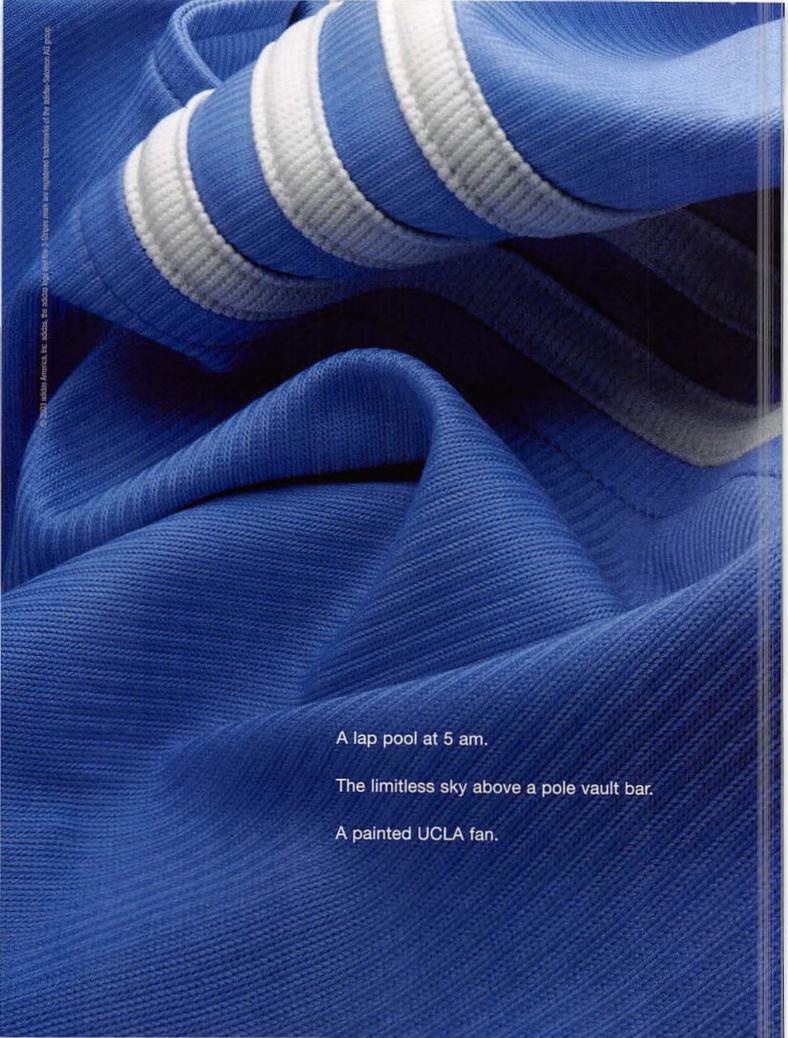


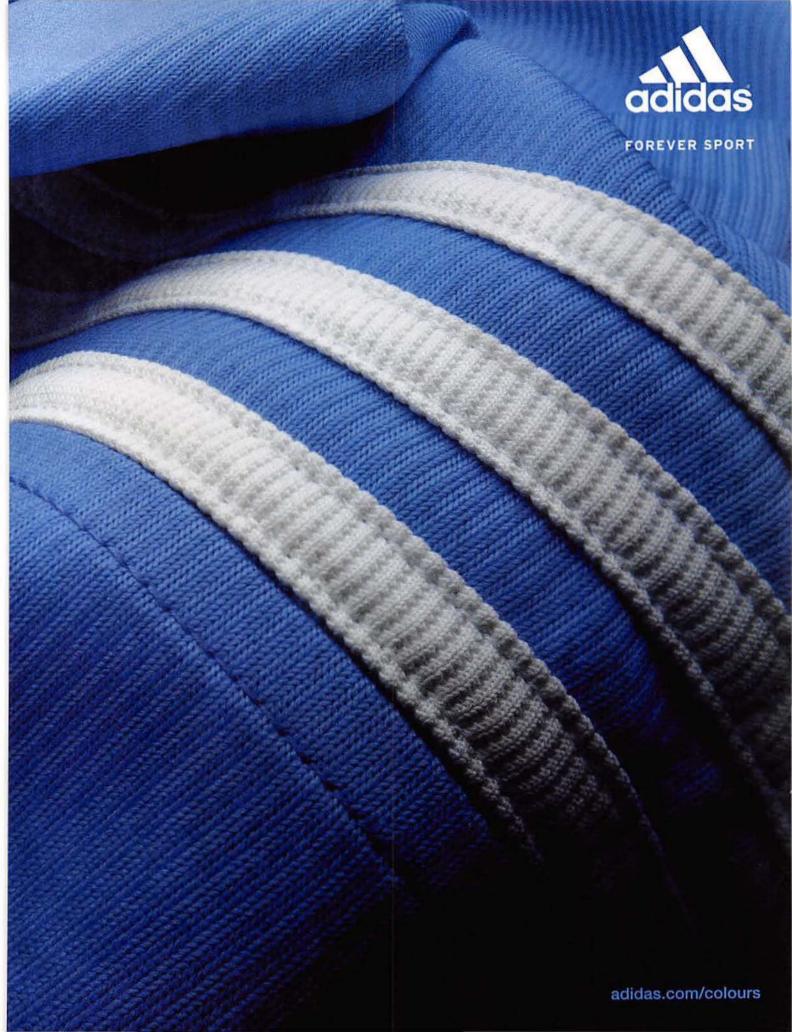
Sportswear in cool white is hot this season. Plus, it lets the world know you're a virgin!



Strange brew, p.196









Sleep til noon. Have Appleton Rum for breakfast. Go skinny dipping. Don't call your mother. Indulge yourself. Or someone else. Anything goes. Everything's included. with no hidden charges. And tipping is positively sinful. Ask about FREE weddings.

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Keith Blanchard "Offisher-vou're jusht in time! Have one on the housh!"

Madness!

March is hare—er, here at last! Sandwiched like a trembling altar boy between grim February (Christmas bills, melting slush, the unspeakable horror of Valentine's Day) and dreary April (umbrellas, furtive tax evasion, Earth Day), March is a blissful island of binge drinking and college basketball and maybe, depending on your latitude, the first skirts of summer.

In what other month can you trade beads for bikini crumpling at Spring Break (p.200), spank your boss in an illegal NCAA pool (p.78), and treat yourself to a relaxing all-day bender in honor of old St. Patrick, patron saint of green puke (p.88)?

March used to be the first month of the year, as you can easily prove to yourself: September, October, November, and December come from the Latin roots for seventh, eighth, ninth, and 10th, Isn't that special? OK, so maybe you can't prove that to yourself, but any ancient Roman should be able to help you. And to think, you were going to skip right over the boring editor's letter and get to the good stuff...

Yes, it's a wacky, fun-filled month—wear condoms, save your receipts. and drink lots of tomato juice and you should make it to your annual April Fools' Day humiliation-at-the-hands-of-coworkers just fine.

Finally, as the verb that shares its name suggests, March is named for Mars, god of war. So in honor of the real madness running rampant in the world, let's pour one out together this month for the boys overseas. Somebody's got to fight for your right to party.

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to beat my snow shovel into a beer bong.

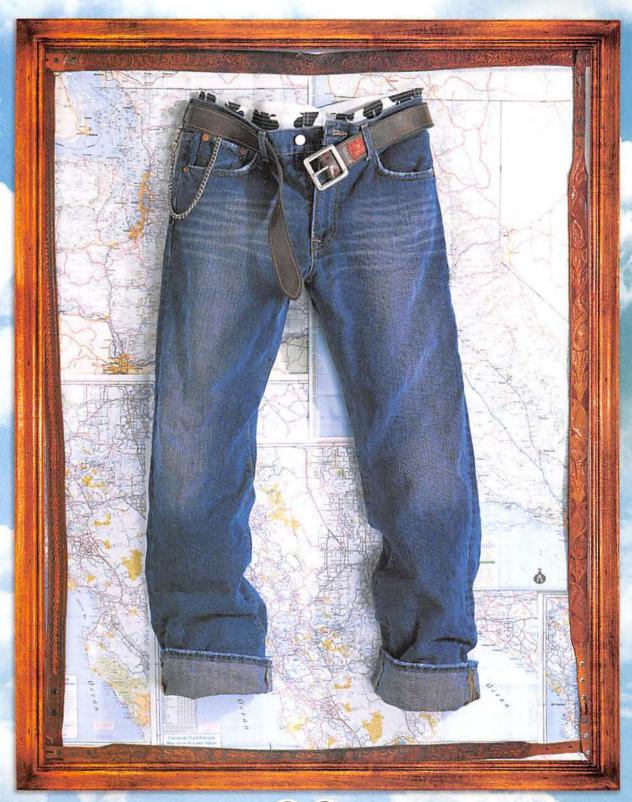




This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Instances of paedophagy in our mythology story	1
among our staff	3
Staffers who broke a leg dancing at a party this month	1
Times we've tried to warn you about dancing	57
Lifetimes this staffer will spend living this incident down	6
Penis-enlargement products tested on Hiroki	5
later found on staffer Steve Kandell's desk	3
Ratio of U.S. towns named Maxim to subscribers in those towns	2:0
Days in Ireland staffer Ky Henderson spent "researching" Irish drinks story	4
Nights he made it back to his hotel room	1
Departing editors permanently replaced by fresh new editors this month	0
by talking life-size Homer Simpson dolls	1







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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Yeah, it's March Madness time, but some of you folks are just plain mad. This month we're taking flack from slighted goodfellas, gangbangers, bitter basketball fans, and an uncircumcised heathen. Guess we're doing something right.



Naughty Girls Need Love, Too

Thanks for the incredible cover and pool shots of Christina Aguilera [January]. She's a smart, sexy, and talented woman with strong opinions. Her bad girl image has served her well. And if she asked me to go backstage at one of her shows, I wouldn't turn her down.

Joe Horton Via e-mail

Don't hold your breath, buddy. You know

You, er, need mouth-tomouth?

how hard it is to get a "backstage pass" from a lady, don't you?

New Blood

Your January feature "Gangs Gone Wild" kicked ass. I'm a member of the Southern Kali Chicanos, and we're all loyal Maxim readers. You guys are the only ones with balls big enough to write about gangs without fear of someone green-lighting your ass. But you missed a few: the Mexican Mafia and California street gangs. What gives?

Emmanuel M. Via e-mail

Sorry, ese. No disrespect intended. Some of our guys met some of your guys on the inside, and it was always peace. The 40s are on us the next time we're rollin' in L.A.

You Forgotti

I just finished reading your feature "Gangs Gone Wild." I was surprised to see that there was just one little sidebar about La Cosa Nostra. As an Italian from Bensonhurst, I'm insulted that you did not give us the respect we deserve. There are so many great Italian gangsters, like Al Capone and John Gotti. You owe us an apology, or you might end up sleeping with the fishes.

Richie "Baby Face" DeMarco Brooklyn, NY

Tell you what, we have lunch the last Friday of every month at Sparks Steak House in midtown in honor of Big Pauly-God rest his soul. Come by one of these days and we'll have a sit-down.

Headaches

In January's "Ask Dr. Maxim," you state that women generally don't like men with foreskins. But the British Journal of Urology published a study If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you an OZ second-season DVD. To get in the game, e-mail us at editors@maximmag.com or write to Readers' Letters, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.



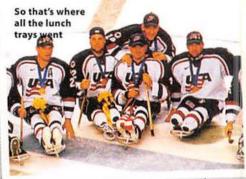
PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Champions on Ice

In your November issue, you covered the hard-core quadriplegic sport of wheelchair rugby ["Murderball"] but never mentioned anything about sledge hockey. We're members of the U.S. ice sledge hockey team. We took home the gold medal at the 2002 Paralympic Winter Games after officials picked us to finish last. Where's our pat on the back?

Brian Ruhe Chicago, IL

You got arms—do it your...er, uh, well, congratulations, fellas!



in 1999 surveying women who've had sexual experiences with both the circumcised and the uncut. The results of the study stated clearly that these women preferred sex with men who had not been circumcised.

Gregory Dervin President and Founder, Students for Genital Integrity Via e-mail

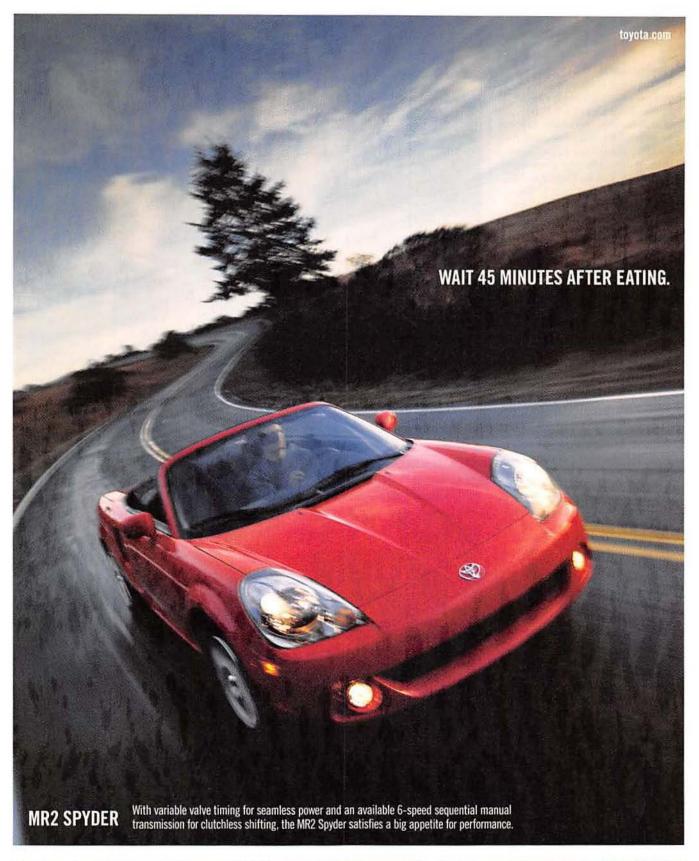
Who are you going to believe-Earth's number one men's magazine or a bunch of flap-happy redcoat quacks?



They're da bomb!

You know what would go great with those drapes? Some high-explosive ordnance! We're giving away three 250pound Half Bombed Tables, courtesy of MotoArt.com. The units are made from the spent 25-inch shell casings of U.S. military practice munitions. Each handselected cartridge is powder-coated in

metallic colors and then fitted with a circular glass top. They're perfect for alarming peacenik roommates or as a cover story for that nasty Yahtzee scar. For a chance to win one of the \$850 pieces, log on to maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be unceremoniously detonated.





Readers' Letters

Playing Dumb

As a University of Michigan alum, I'm glad you chose Chris Webber as the number one dope in sports ["The Dumb-ass Dozen," December]. As you noted, Webber called a time-out during the 1993 national championship game that cost us the title. Now allegations that he and other Big Blue players illegally accepted money while in school have resulted in punishments for the whole university and the revoking of past championship titles.

Eric Schuczak Chicago, IL

You're welcome. But maybe we were too hard on him-after all, he just wanted to prove he was NBA material.

Yellow Card for Team Maxim

In your "Sudden Death" article [January], you mention that 95 people died at the 1989 stampede at a soccer game in Hillsborough, England. The word stampede implies that those people died because of inappropriate behavior, which is untrue. The real problem was that the police opened up the gates, allowing fans into an already overcrowded stadium. The people rushed in, causing the deadly crush.

Tim C. Via e-mail

We got a lot of mail on this one, thanks to an organized letter campaign. Sorry if our choice of words offended anyone, but we never said it was the fans' faultbecause it wasn't.

Monkey Business

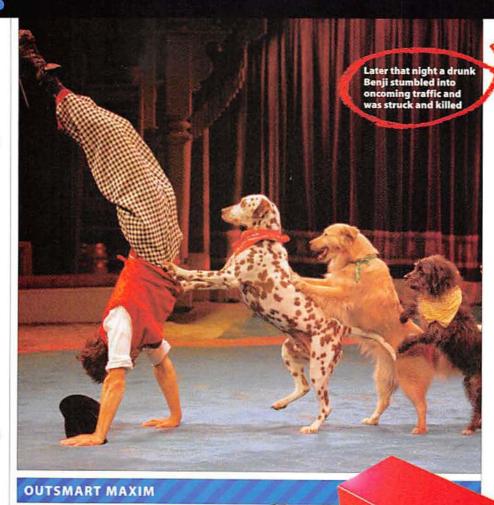
In your January feature "You Say You Want a Resolution?" you made the offhand remark that humans share 99 percent of our DNA with monkeys. Humans share their DNA with chimps, not monkeys. We're all primates, but monkeys belong to the superfamily Cercopithecoidea; humans and chimps belong to the superfamily Hominoidea. Looks like it's time to brush up on your bioanthropology!

Tim Jocic Lexington, KY

Listen, Magilla. Monkey is also a generic term covering all primates, you included. We say chimps are monkeys, and we'll fling poop at anyone who disagrees.

Mad Libs

Your "Tao of Road House" article [Circus Maximus, January], on famous Road House quotes, was great, but you left out one of my all-time favorite quotes:"I used to fuck guys like you in prison." That simple line can help in count-



BEAT THIS

Ever get the feeling you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo above, of obedient ruff riders. Drum up a caption that beats ours and we'll ship you \$500 worth of tools from Ace Hardware. We'll also frame your caption in a future issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be put down.



JANUARY'S WINNING CAPTIONS

"Thank you for calling. Our technicians are working hard to restore power in vour area."

Thomas Jacobs, Royal Oaks, CA

Runners-up:

Polish national dodge ball team tryouts. Dean Rock, Peru, NY

Saskatchewan U. pledges to perform a Canadian circle jerk. Drop the ball and you eat the cookie. Zachary Bernstein, via e-mail

Splinters don't become a factor until the last play of the game. Richard Pembroke, San Francisco, CA

signed jersey you'll never ever wash: \$150



finding out there's an internship for people like you: priceless

Apply for a summer internship in the sports business at mastercard.com. You could be sent to Nashville, where you'll spend five weeks learning from industry bigwigs. Some students will even go on to work with the St. Louis Cardinals or the New York Mets. MasterCard there are some things money can't buy, for everything else there's MasterCard.®



Mike Drake Middlesex, NJ

Thanks! We had no idea how to respond to this letter until you reminded us that we used to fuck guys like you in prison.

Cunning Linguist

You mentioned the porn title XXXMas Sluts 2: Coming Down Your Chimney in December's "Maxim Salutes...Christmas" [Circus Maximus], I bet no such film exists. Any self-respecting porno company would've replaced coming with the industry standard, cumming.

Josh Rosen Orlando, FL

You busted us, all right. Guess we've got egg white on our face.

Puppet Master

I sent you an abundance of my Dicky Awful dolls, featured on my Web site podunkjamboree.com. I hope you dig them and that they help to brighten your days. If you ever need any of these dolls for giveaways, let me know and I'll hook you up.

Scott Boyd Milton, MA

Thanks, Scott. We're not exactly sure what your father did to you when you were a child, but whatever it was, we want you to know we're here for you, and not in Dad's pants-around-theankles way. But, hey, it takes all kinds to make the world go round. Thanks for the, uh, action figures.

SUBSCRIBE TO

Changed your address?

Missing an issue?

Please write to Maxim, P.O. Box

420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142

hotograph, Robert Glasgow (puppets)

LETTERS FROM LADIES

man's nether regions. Every guy should commit to a biweekly trim. Regular grooming guarantees that you'll receive better and more frequent oral sex. We do it for you, so now it's payback time.

Lil D.

Boston, MA

You just broke Rule #101: Women must not send Maxim letters about their shucked oysters without enclosing photographic documentation.

Offside

Your December article on the most boneheaded sports moves of all time ["The Dumb-ass Dozen"] was great. But you should add one more to your list: Cleveland Browns LB Dwayne Rudd's throwing his helmet in the season opener, earning his team a 15-yard penalty that gave Kansas City an easy field goal for the win.

Melissa Cantor Jacksonville, FL

So you're saying all girlfriends should walk around the house naked and initiate kinky sex? Interesting.

Endless Love

Last September I finally married my boyfriend of four years. Nine weeks later he asked for a divorce. My question: Do you think he has a mental problem?

Leslie Westfall Sidney, OH

Nah, he's probably just gay.

Bring It On

The best way for a guy to start dating a cheerleader is to become one I"How to Date a

Cheerleader," December]. It might sound fruity, but you'll get into great shape, you'll get to put your hands up girls' skirts, and you can use the hours of practice as bonding time. Play up your sensitive side and she's yours.

Cara Vanuzzi Via e-mail

Being a male cheerleader may be fun on the sidelines, but it's not worth the intense towel-whipping back in the locker room. Some welts never heal.

Lady-Killers

We're members of the U.S. Security Forces stationed in Kuwait. We wanted to thank you for getting us through these hot summer days. As you can see, we love our toys, but we also love our boys. If you ever need some women to show off some big guns, just call.

G.I. Janes in Kuwait Via e-mail

Thanks! Hey, while you're over there, could you introduce Kuwaiti women to waxing, makeup, and booze? It's our only chance at lasting peace.

Parental Concerns

I'm a single mom [below right] with a 21/2-yearold, and I'm looking for a man. What better way to advertise than in the pages of your magazine? After this, I hope some eligible bachelors out there will let me know

that I've still got it. **Mandy Rodriguez**

Loveland, CO As long as you're not

referring to the clap, we're pretty sure you've got it!

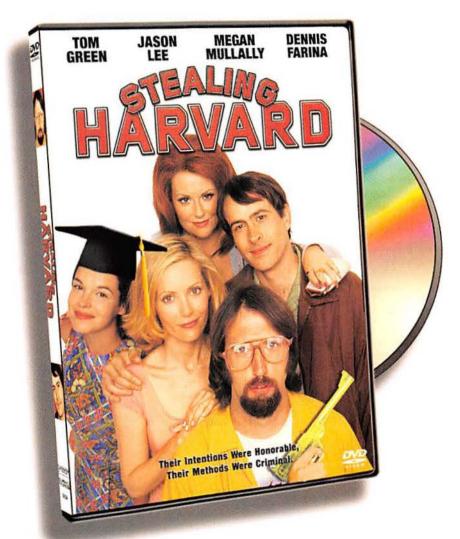
Tit for Tat

My girlfriends and I loved "The Code 2" [November]. But we have to object to Rule #1,111, which outlaws shaving a





College Tuition	\$30,000
Blonde Wig	\$39.99
Plastic Toy Gun	\$5.99



An Evening of Laughs.....Priceless*

*Pricelessness May Vary in Some Areas.

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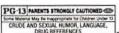












NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Shrink Rap

A man is feeling depressed and decides to see a psychiatrist. He gets to the office, lies down on the couch, and tells the doctor his life story.

"I know exactly what your problem is," says the psychiatrist."It's a simple matter of low self-esteem."

"Oh," says the man, dejected.

"Don't worry," says the doctor. "It's very common among losers like you."

—Jamaal Pearson, Lawrence, KS

Look o' the Irish

Q: What's green, two miles long, and has an asshole every two feet? A: The St. Patrick's Day parade.

-Patrick O'Reilly, via e-mail

Crimes Against Nature

Two men are playing golf, and one hits his ball into a patch of buttercups. He starts swinging and swinging but can't connect with the ball. All of a sudden there's a puff of smoke and an old woman appears.

"I'm Mother Nature," she says. "You just ruined all my buttercups! As punishment, you won't have any butter for the rest of your life."

There's another puff of smoke, and she disappears. The guy's freaked out and goes to find his friend.

"Bob! Where are you?" he yells.

"I'm over here," his friend calls back.
"My ball landed in the pussy willows."

"For God's sake, don't swing!"

-Bob Rickson, Miami, FL

Snack Attack

An elderly man lying on his deathbed catches a whiff of homemade chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs. He gathers his strength and makes his way down to the kitchen. Just as he's reaching for the plate of cookies, his wife suddenly smacks him on the hand with a wooden spoon.

"Stay out of those," she yells. "They're for the funeral!"

-Paul Peterson, Tulsa, OK

Urban Jungle

An inner city teacher is asking her thirdgrade students about farm animals.

"Who knows what sound a cow makes?" she asks.

No one raises a hand, so the teacher says, "A cow goes mooo. Can anyone tell me what sound a sheep makes?"

Again, not a single student raises a hand, so the teacher says, "A sheep goes baaa. Now, can anyone tell me what sound a pig makes?"

All the students' hands immediately shoot up, and the teacher calls on a boy sitting in the front row.

The kid stands up, takes a deep breath, and screams, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!"

-Terry Samuels, New York, NY

Screw Ewe

Q: Where does virgin wool come from? A: Ugly sheep.

-Charlie Smith, via e-mail

Survey Says

A girl says to her boyfriend, "I read a study that said 90 percent of all men masturbate in the shower every morning and the other 10 percent sing."

"Really?" says the boyfriend.

"Yes. And you know what song they sing?" asks the girlfriend.

"No," replies the boyfriend.

"I didn't think so."

—Adam Simpson, via e-mail

Kooky Karma

A young journalist is writing a humaninterest story on an old hillbilly.

"What was the happiest day of your life?" asks the journalist.

"Well, this one time my neighbor's prize goat got lost," says the farmer."We all went out looking for it, and by the time we found it, we were all so drunk we took turns screwing it until dawn."

"Wow," says the journalist. "Uh, what was the worst day of your life?"

The farmer thinks for a moment and says, "Well, one time I got lost..."

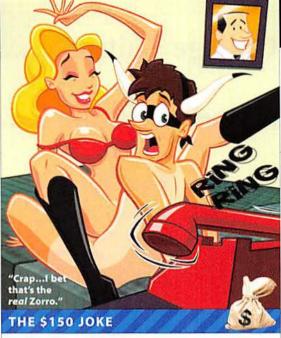
-Nick St. Clair, via e-mail

Dead Meat

A doctor says to his patient, "I've got some good news and some bad news."

"I'd better hear the good news first," says the man.

"The good news is that your penis



Double Duty

A woman is going at it with her husband's best friend one afternoon when suddenly the phone rings. She hops out of bed to answer it, "Hello...OK, bye."

"Who was that?" asks the guy.

"Just my husband," she replies.

"Oh, shit. I'd better get going. Did he say where he was? Is he coming home?"

"Don't worry," says the wife. "He said he's down at the bar playing a few games of pool with you."

-Jack Monroe, Carson City, NV

is soon going to be two inches longer and an inch wider," says the doctor.

"That's great!" says the man. "So what's the bad news?"

"It's malignant."

-Christine Jefferson, Santa Fe, NM

Schwing!

A young woman taking golf lessons is having a lot of trouble with her grip.

"What am I doing wrong?" she keeps asking the instructor.

"You need to hold it gently," the pro yells out in frustration."Pretend it's your husband's dick."

She takes his advice and hits a perfect chip 30 yards dead ahead.

"Nice shot," says the pro. "Now take the club out of your mouth, and let's go for distance."

-Barry Nelson, Richmond, VA

It's a Living

"I've found a great job," a man says to his wife."A 10 A.M. start, a 6 P.M. finish, no overtime, no weekends, and it pays \$2,000 a week in cash."

"That's unbelievable," says the wife.
"I know," says the husband. "You

start Monday."
—Mike Lane, Wildwood, MO



Get your hands ready to slap those knees! Go rifle through hundreds of jokes at maximonline.com.

Q: What do you get when you put 32 West Virginia cheerleaders in one room? A: A full set of teeth.

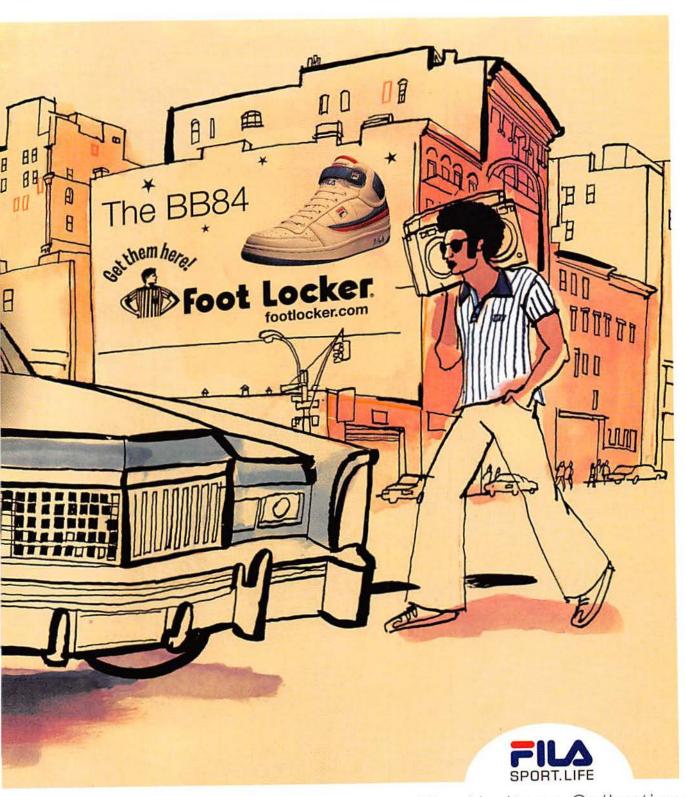
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GIORGIO ARMANI

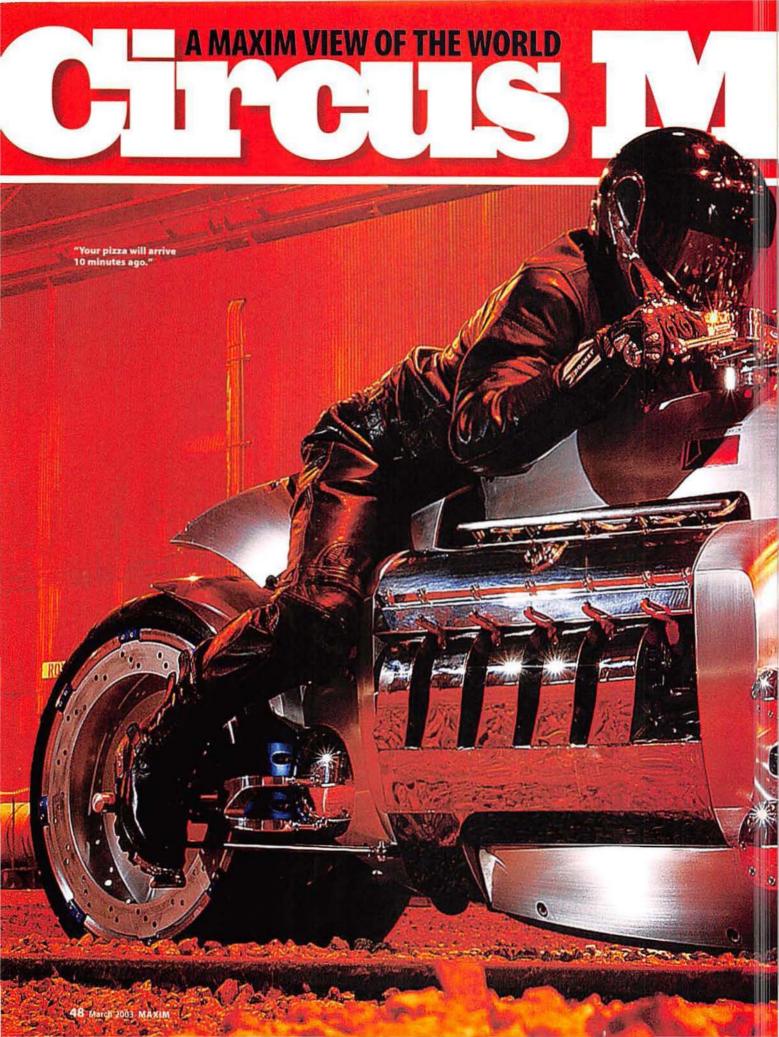
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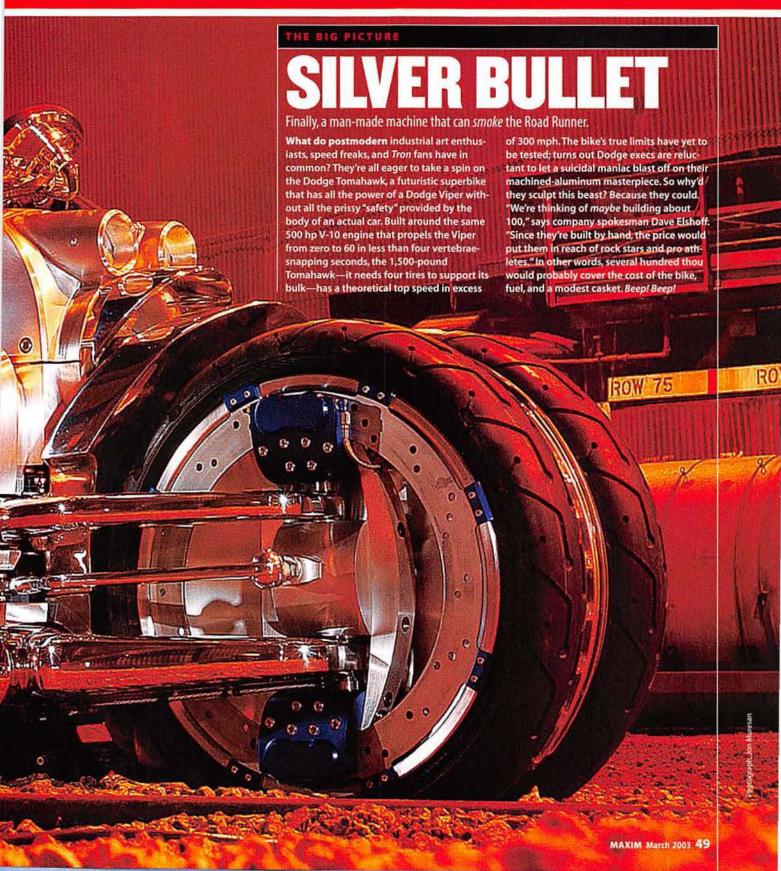






The Heritage Collection







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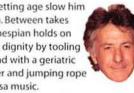
3. The ever-wacky Molly Shannon accidentally pulled one of her signature pratfalls onto a raw bar at Delmonico's restaurant in L.A. The actress then shouted,"I stink like clams!"



4. As "Sexiest Man Alive" Ben Affleck sexily wrestled with Vince Vaughn at a sexy party, Vince accidentally ripped off Ben's toupee. J.Lo seemed shocked at Ben's chemo dome.



isn't letting age slow him down. Between takes the thespian holds on to his dignity by tooling around with a geriatric walker and jumping rope to salsa music.



6. Madonna has agreed to appear in a movie about her namesake, the Virgin Mary. When asked if he'll direct, husband Guy Ritchie said only,

"She won't let me."

ANSWERS: 1-F.2-T, 3-F, 4-T, 5-T, 6-F

I crave acceptance.



International calling code for Antarcticajust in case.



ANIMAL HOUSE

AWS OF FUR

All over the globe, animals aren't used just for riding, eating, and making zoos more fun—they're also used for exploitative, violent entertainment.

CAMEL TOE-TO-TOE

In order to get their pack-animal gladiators fightin' mad, the cocktease organizers of the annual Camel Wrestling Championships in scenic Selcuk, Turkey trot a female camel past two stomping, whistling males. After she's led away, the two riled-up fellas lock forelegs and kick the ever-loving bejesus out of each other whilst consciencefree onlookers bet their worthless Turkish lira on which hump'll knock the other down first. Kind of like the WWE, if a bit more cerebral.

REPTILE RASSLIN'

When the Japanese tire of watching naked fat guys rub up against each other, they pit wily mongooses against poisonous habu snakes. The lightning-quick mongoose has a bite strong enough to crunch a snake's skull. Asians, um, hate to gamble-but let's just say the smart yen is on the mongoose.

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At C-Level, a performance art space in Los Angeles, stout-hearted audience members don hard-wired chicken suits and compete in the virtual-reality "cockfight arena."There's less blood than in traditional cockfighting, but competitors do peck at each other like angry chickens. Kill! Kill! Kill!





MAXIM ONLINE

EXTENDED PLAY!

The best thing to happen to men since your dear, sweet mammy.



Ever finish reading an issue of Maxim and start jonesing for a little more smack? Check out all the trippy junk at maximonline.com. Come on, friend, the first taste is free!

MEET THE BABE NEXT DOOR!

Maxim is conducting its first-ever Hometown Hotties search. Enter your girl and she could win a photo shoot and appear in an upcoming issue of the magazine. Hundreds of entries will be posted online...drop by and cast your one-handed vote.

CATCH MARCH MADNESS!

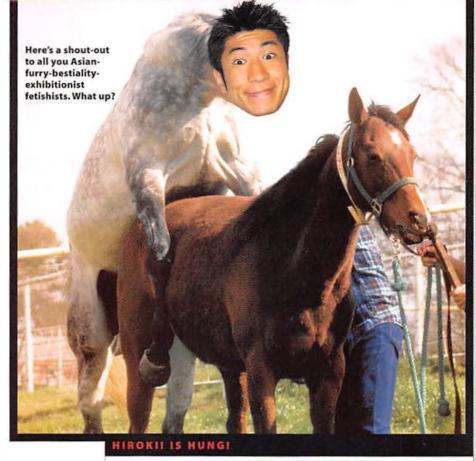
Got game? Prove it, slappy. Maxim Madness is an interactive competition that takes real college B-ball to the hoop, baby! Sit down, log on, and play to win; you could end up with some serious hard-court prizes-if'n ya don't choke!

GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL!

Steamy behind-the-scenes video from our shoots with Brooke Burns and others await you in the Maxim Lounge, free for all subscribers. You, uh, are a subscriber, right?







WANKY PANKY

Hiroki makes his wee wang a long dong. But will it make his wife so horny?



Penis Enlarger Spray (\$9)

Claim: "Have the monster you've dreamed of!" Comments: If you're like us, you never want to put anything that's "industrial strength" on your willy. So you make Hiroki put it on his! Hiroki says: "It burns! I airbrush, but it makes me smaller. Sorry, Megumi." 00000







Virility Pills VP-RX (\$50)

Claim: "Increase stamina, improve energy." Comments: The fist-size pills may not pump up your piece, but they'll stretch your esophagus. Hiroki's no stranger to that sensation... Hiroki says: "I feel physical power, but not for dick. That's why I drink booze." 00000



"I listening



Micro Softie Lotion (\$6)

Claim: "Turns a floppy into a stiffie." Comments: This goo looks like suntan lotion, but it works-if by "works" you mean "makes your crotch oilier than an unbathed Sicilian." Hiroki says: "Good angel smell! It's white, so I confused-already did I...?" 00000





Number of layers

in a McDonald's

Big Mac.

Deluxe Hand Pump (\$287)

Claim: "You'll be successful and see results." Comments: Leave it to our crack interns to. after hours of research, find us great pumps at drjoelkaplan.com. (All interns are over 18.) Hiroki says: "Air was leaking. I start getting hard-on, but I have bone here." OGGG



"Holy moly."



Basic MegaVac (\$499)

Claim: "You are on your way to a larger penis." Comments: A locked bathroom, a whirring motor, a power outage-it could only be one thing: Hiroki pumping himself at the office! Hiroki says: "Like air in a balloon. My blood going too crazy in my dick." 00000



In 1998, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago conducted a blind taste test of more than 40 vodkas. They awarded points based on smoothness, nose, and most importantly, taste. Of all the vodkas, Grey Goose® Vodka emerged victorious, receiving 96 points out of a possible 100.

Founded in 1981, the Beverage Testing Institute conducts tests in a specially designed lab that minimizes external factors and maximizes panelists' concentration. The Institute selects judges based on their expertise, and its tasting and scoring procedures are widely praised as the best in the industry.

Score Vodka

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Canadian Iceberg Vodka 94

Stolichnaya Gold Vodka 93

Staraya Moskva Premium 92

91 Van Hoo Vodka

91 Stolichnaya Vodka

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Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka 90

Ketel One Vodka 89

Wyborowa Vodka 88

Kremlyovskaya Vodka 87

Finlandia Vodka of Finland 86

Alps French Vodka

Skyy Vodka

Original Polish Vodka

Glenmore Special

Fleischmann's Royal Vodka

Mr. Boston Vodka

Pole Star Vodka

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INTRODUCTION

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Who let the horrifyingl

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I crave

acceptance.

International calling code for Antarcticajust in case.



DOG POUNDING

Illegal in all 50 states, dog fighting combines barbaric brutality with bad dog-eat-dog jokes. Sicko trainers use treadmills to build stamina, cat killing—Jesus!—to build a taste for blood, and electrocution to punish defeats. Hey, pro boxing, you listening?

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LOOSE CANNONS

According to recently declassified government reports, these countries are bogarting weapons of mass destruction. So here's the plan...



DASTARDLY WEAPONS KEY



CHEMICAL



BIOLOGICAL



SPONSORS TERRORISM



CIA ASSESSMENT: You can't support 1.3 billion people by selling two-cent kazoos, so China hocks nuclear and chemical warfare technology to Iran

and North Korea. Still-

love that General Tso's!

OUR SOLUTION: Think China's overpopulated now? We airdrop porn, Barry White records, and Colt .45-they'll have to nuke themselves just to clear room to fall over.

CIA ASSESSMENT:

News flash: Iraq may have

weapons of mass destruc-

duce a nuke within a year

if he gets materials on the

black market, or three if

evildoer has anthrax and

mustard gas, too. Someone

he cooks his own. The

tion! Saddam could pro-





CIA ASSESSMENT:

We're in, ahem, de-Nile about Egypt's mustard and nerve gases as well as their botulism and plague vials. Egypt's not afraid to use this stuff-they once slaughtered 1,400 Yemenis with chemical weapons. OUR SOLUTION:



Idle hands do the devil's work, so we hire their military to disassemble those big pyramid thingies and ship 'em to Rhode Island.





CIA ASSESSMENT:

Iran is developing nuclear chops and also forks over \$100 million a year to groups like Hamas, making it the world's most active terrorism supporter. And, boy, is Saudi Arabia jealous. OUR SOLUTION:







Kill two birds with one stone: Plant "Saddam calls Ayatollah's mom combatboot-wearing infidel" stories in the Tehran Times and watch the stones fly.















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tell the president! OUR SOLUTION: Already in the works. Parking in Baghdad will never be a problem again.









CIA ASSESSMENT:





Well-fed citizens would have the strength to revolt, so we need only to ship over all our stray dogs.



CIA ASSESSMENT:

They're sitting on nuclear warheads and have blister agents to burn the skin and blood agents to cut off oxygen to the brain. Rumors of a stealth magic carpet have yet to be confirmed. OUR SOLUTION:





In exchange for closing the mushroom cloud factories, we welcome their college graduates into the U.S .after all, our taxis can't crash themselves.



CIA ASSESSMENT:

Broke Russkies pawn Cold War-era nuclear material on the sly to Iran and China in exchange for borscht money. Stockpiles have been reported stolen in the past decade-but our intel can't say just how much. OUR SOLUTION: We send Norris, Stallone, and Schwarzenegger to take on the arms dealers and use up all the weapons in one

colossal six-hour climax.





CIA ASSESSMENT: We've already confirmed

the existence of mustard gas and sarin stockpiles. Supposedly, our "ally" Syria also supports Hizballah, Hamas, and Palestinian Islamic Jihad. Oh, yeah, they also harbor octogenarian Nazis! **OUR SOLUTION:**





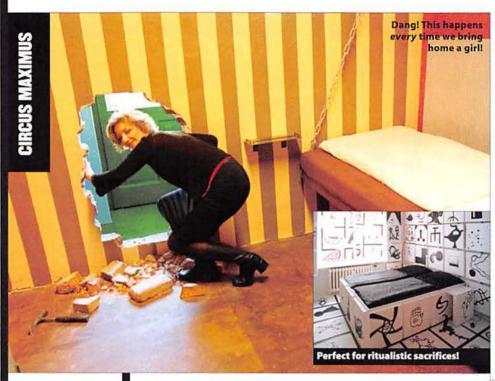
That's it-they're off the Christmas card list. With friends like these, who needs homicidal zealots?



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TRAVEL ADVISORY

THE NUT HOUSE

Spend a restful night in Howard Johnson's worst nightmare.

If you're tired of the bland anonymity of hotel rooms-muted colors, Gideon Bibles, subpar payper-view porn-hop a plane to Berlin and book a room at the Propeller Island City Lodge. Created by German artist and musician Lars Stroschen, the hotel's 30 rooms each feature their own freakish high-concept themes. Kick back in the Upside Down Room, which has furniture bolted to the ceiling; flee to the Freedom Room, complete with prison bars, a cot, and an escape tunnel; or reflect awhile in the Mirror Room, made entirely of, um, mirrors. Overly enthusiastic guests sometimes come dressed in outfits to match their theme rooms. Still not pretentiously German enough for you? Stroschen has also composed a different soothing techno soundtrack for each room. Although the hotel is hugely popular with curious travelers, Stroschen had a lot of trouble convincing humorless city officials that the \$1.5 million project wouldn't become a logistical nightmare or, even worse, leave a black mark on Berlin's otherwise spotless civic reputation. "It's good that I was too stupid to think about how hard it would be in the beginning," he says, "or I never would've started it in the first place." With wisdom comes laziness...

finally, art we can understand.



"God, let me wake up at a Hilton."



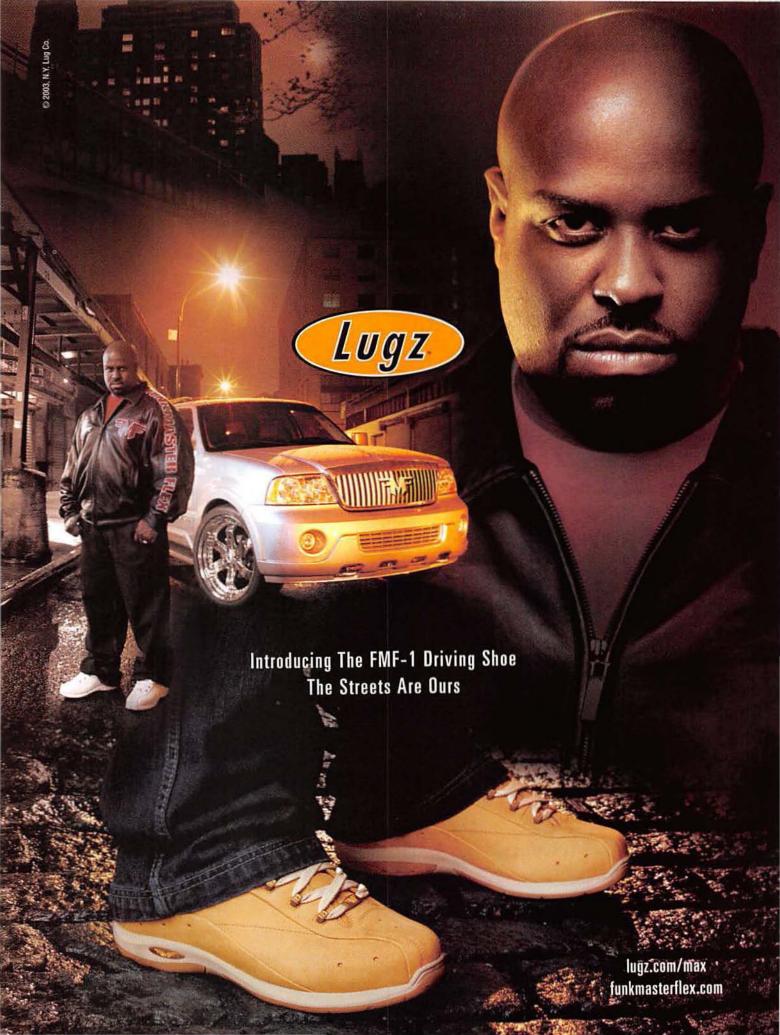
"Here's your room, Mr. Richie."



"Believe it or not, I'm paying for this."



Length, in minutes, of a pig's orgasm. Oink!



UGLY MUGS

TRADING FACES

Can you identify the two celebrities in each human-cloning pic?





1. AND

1. AND



AND

AND



AND

AND





AND

1.____AND 2.

PEOPLE BANK

Ben Affleck John Belushi Lara Flynn Boyle George W. Bush Matt Damon Chris Farley Frankenstein Sammy Hagar Saddam Hussein Camryn Manheim Joan Rivers David Lee Roth Martha Stewart John Tesh Mike Tyson Yanni



Number of days a cockroach can live without its head.



AR O' THE MONTH

GEORGE'S BAR

A Waco institution that wasn't burned to the ground by federal troops.

Baylor University is a devout Baptist stronghold dedicated to preserving moral values. The bar across the street sells 18-ounce goblets of beer for



The other head guys dream of

\$1.80. A Waco hot spot since the 1930s, George's doesn't just cater to hot coeds; it also attracts hot townies! "Every walk of life comes to George's," boasts owner Sammy Citrano, whose name is, suspiciously, not George. Come for the chicken-fried steak, but stay for the Big O, a dirt-cheap bowl o' beer that got its name in the '60s when God-fearing students too timid to order demon juice by name used the code word orange. Does Baylor condone such gluttony? "The campus first allowed dancing seven years ago, so they're not gonna openly promote it," jokes Sammy. If you can manage to escape from your besieged compound, head to 1925 Speight Ave., or call 254-753-1421.

THE MAXIM LIST

SEVEN WORST SPRING BREAK DESTINATIONS

- Cardinal Law's summer cottage, Cape Cod, MA
- 2. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's South Pole Observatory, Antarctica
- 3. The Milwaukee County Zoo's World O' Scorpions Habitat, Milwaukee, WI



- 4. Butterfest!, Lancaster County, PA
- Grandma Gizzy's Discount Whorehouse, Carson City, NV
- 6. Daytona Beach, FL
- 7. Senior editor Charles Coxe's decrepit shack, West Orange, NJ

OPEN TO DISCOVER DRAKKAR NOIR

FEEL

THE POWER

DRAKKAR NOIR

EAU DE TOILETTE

Guy Laroche

DRAKKAR NOIR DRAKKAR NOIR DRAKKAR NOIR PERFORMANCE TONIQUE APRÈS RASAGE Guy Laroche DEODORANT VAPORISATEUR - NATURAL SPRAY NET WT. 2.5 OZ. [719] Guy Laroche Guy Laroche

CINTHIA

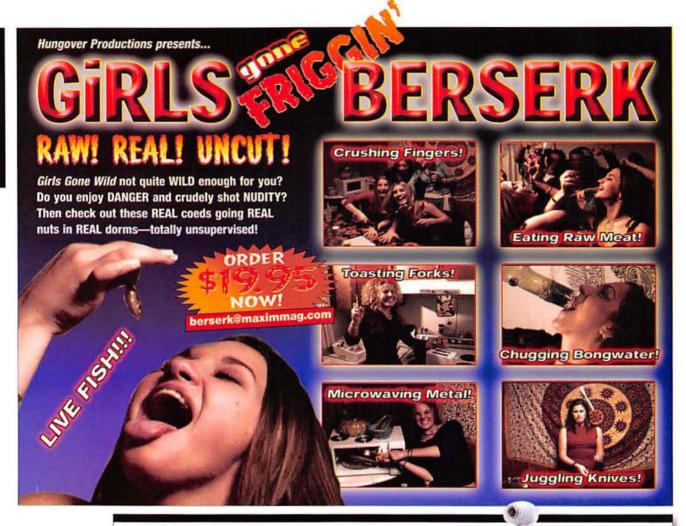
A.K.A.: Cinthia Moura

Her gigs: Italian Vogue, L'Oréal, Avon Her story: Cinthia's cousin really turned her on...to a modeling career. Dragged to a contest by her relative, the then-16-year-old-duh-won. Eight years later and it's been one lush tropical locale after another."Hey, it's better than working in an office," the curvy Brazilian admits with a pitying look toward us. Still, the jet-set life of a model, while free of TPS reports, does have its dangers. "Once, I was shooting a commercial and the director told me to turn and face the camera, but he never told me the camera would be so close," Cinthia recalls. Nine stitches in my forehead." A true master must bleed for her art. A hot couch potato: 'If I'm home, I'm in front of the TV playing Grand Theft Auto: Vice City." Well, what's she think people in offices are doing all day?

'If I'm at home, I'm usually in front of the TV playing Grand Theft Auto: Vice City.'



Finally!





IT'S ROBOF

A robotic intern that does our evil bidding? That sounds technorific! We programmed Evolution Robotics' new \$500 ER1 Personal Robot

System to perform all the menial office jobs we're too drunk to do.



FACE RECOGNITION!

Task: Identify and serve a chilled beer to editor Ky Henderson.

Result: The ER1 dropped the brew and almost provided a happy ending with its Christopher Reeve-like claw. Ky asked for its number.



NAME RECOGNITION!

Task: Sort and deliver massive piles of daily hate mail to Hiroki.

Result: Like real postal carriers, the ER1 dropped letters and got lost. Unlike real postal carriers, it didn't mow us down in a hail of gunfire.



JOKE RECOGNITION!

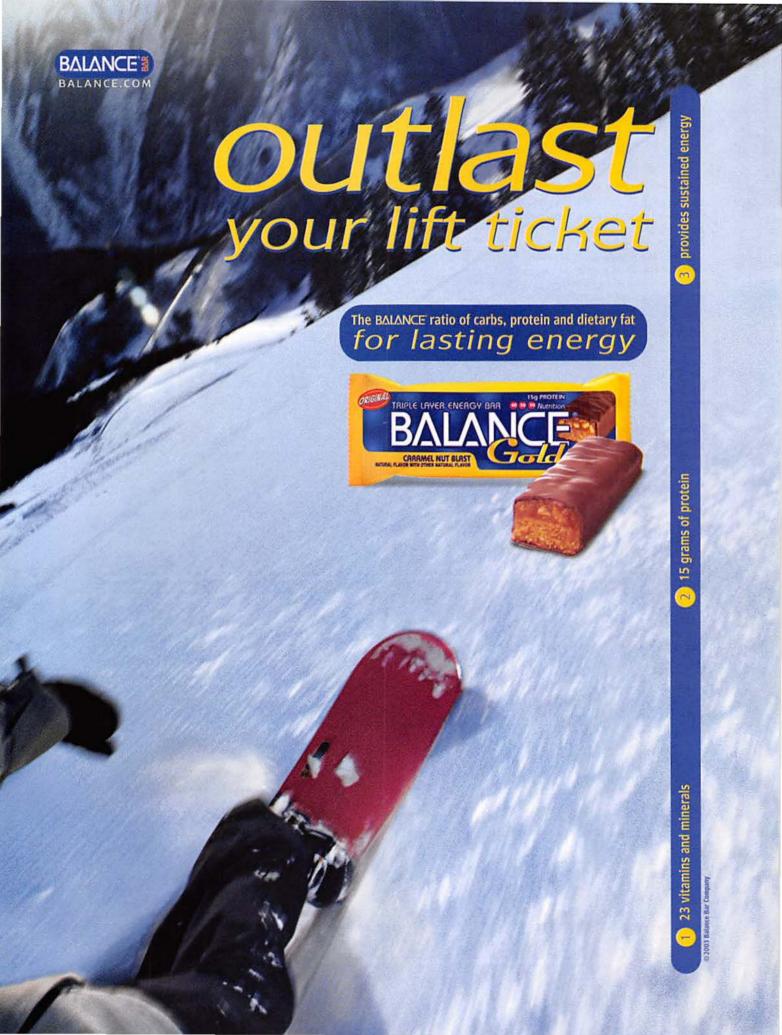
Task: Help the staff generate superduper funny story ideas.

Result: The ER1 did a pretty good job. Maybe too good. Meet Maxim's first-OK, second-wholly automated editor-in-chief!



158

The number of verses in the **Greek national** anthem."The Star-Spangled Banner" has four.



LOONEY TUNES

GROUP THERAPY

We asked our resident panel of distinguished headshrinkers to analyze the soul-baring lyrics behind today's most dysfunctional pop music.

MY GENERATION LIMP BIZKIT

"Go ahead and talk shit about my generation/'Cause we don't give a fuck/We won't ever give a fuck/Until you give a fuck about me/And my generation."

Diagnosis: "Immature personality disorder. He looks in the mirror and sees an adult, but everyone else sees a child." Which is nothing 20 more birthdays won't cure, tubby.

JENNY FROM THE BLOCK

JENNIFER LOPEZ

"Don't be fooled by the rocks that I got/I'm still, I'm still Jenny from the block/Used to have a little, now I have a lot/No matter where I go, I know where I came from."

Diagnosis: "Mixed personality disorder. She parades sexuality and material excess to overcome insecurity."

Let's hope she considers all-nude video therapy.



"What good is all the fame if you ain't fuckin' the models? / I see you drivin' sports car, ain't hittin' the throttle/And I be down and do a hundred, top down and goggles."

Diagnosis: "Oppositional disorder. He has delusions of grandeur; he's incapable of slowing down and is headed for burnout." Hey, who wouldn't burn out on a diet of wealth and women? Oh, wait.



LOSE YOURSELF

EMINEM

"This world is mine for the taking/Make me king as we move
toward a new world order."
Diagnosis: "Narcissistic personality disorder. He has an
overblown sense of self and
feels others don't understand
him. An unresolved relationship with his mother may
affect other relationships." If
he has a problem with Mom,
why not write a song about it?



"What's practical is logical, what the hell, who cares?...
I'm a slave for you/I cannot hold it, I cannot control it."
Diagnosis: "Dependent personality disorder. This is
typical in young girls obsessed with love, usually due to
an unappreciative father." We do not condone bad parenting, but we do encourage Britney's sultry rebellion.

WHAT'S MY AGE AGAIN? BLINK 182

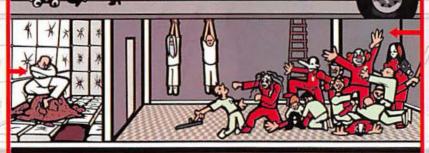
"Nobody likes you when you're 23... What the hell is ADD?/
My friends say I should act my age /What's my age again?"
Diagnosis: "Organic disorder, attention deficit disorder.
He is overanxious, unsure of himself, and stuck in arrested adolescence." Still, you have to give them credit for getting away with the "teen angst" gig well into their 20s.

cojo

HIGHER CREED

"At sunrise I fight to stay asleep/"Cause I don't want to leave the comfort of this place/"Cause there's a hunger, a longing to escape/From the life I live when I'm awake."

Diagnosis: "Depression, This indicates a desire for total numbness and separation from reality. Unchecked, it could lead to suicidal behavior." Well, it's either him or us!



EYELESS SLIPKNOT

"I'm hearing voices, but all they do is complain/How many times you wanted to kill/ Everything and everyone, say you'll do it but never will." Diagnosis: "Impulse disorder. He has overly emotional reactions to the slightest things. Scream therapy is recommended." If hysterical, girly yelling is all it takes, just make another album!





LEMON WEDGIE

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOURS'

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



130+ Concentrated Sprays



RUNNER-UP ▶ Well, of course Beaver smells like tuna. What's your point?

-Christina Gombos, Hazel Park, MI



A RUNNER-UP Charles Schulz is turning over in his grave...to get a better look. -Alex Stowborenko, San Jose, CA



BRACING POSITIONS

▲ THE \$150 WINNER

Apparently, the plane ain't the only

thing going down. Hey, now!

-Ron Grant, Concord, CA

▲ 2ND RUNNER-UP You know what they say about the size of a man's shoes... -Dennis Garanella, Pevely, MO

HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?

If it turns us on, you'll win \$150! Send your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Or, e-mail it to foundporn@maximmag.com.





PHALLICIES

▼ RUNNER-UP

MEASURING TOOL

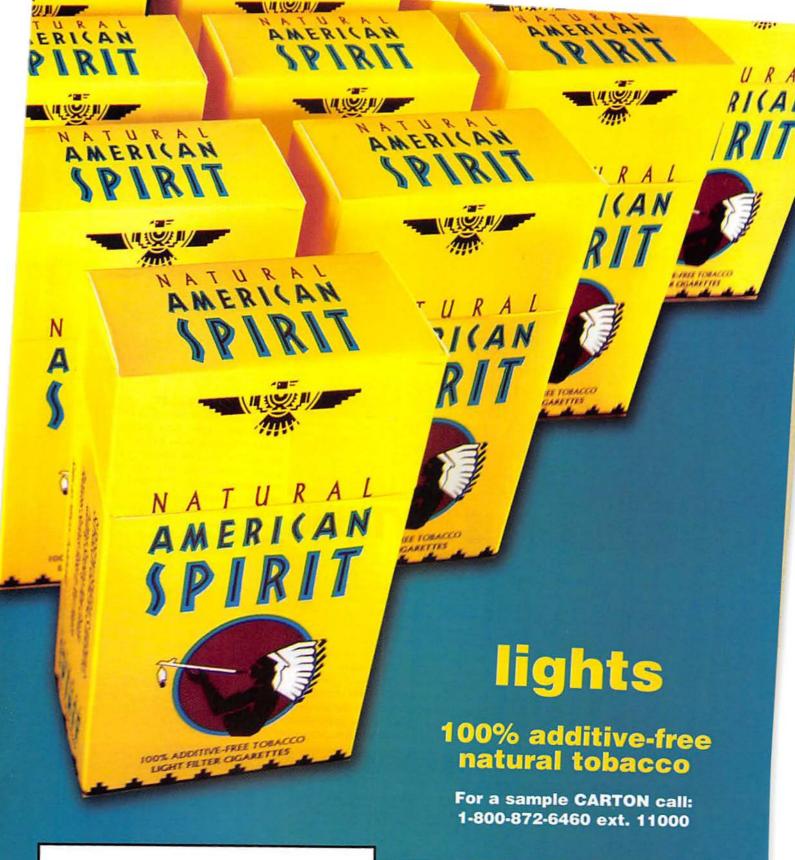
Your conquest-to-be doesn't believe you've got a big 10-inch? Prove her wrong with this recalibrated donkey ruler.

SIZE-O-METER RULER™

beaver

FLAKED LIGHT

Photographs, Robert Glasgow



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

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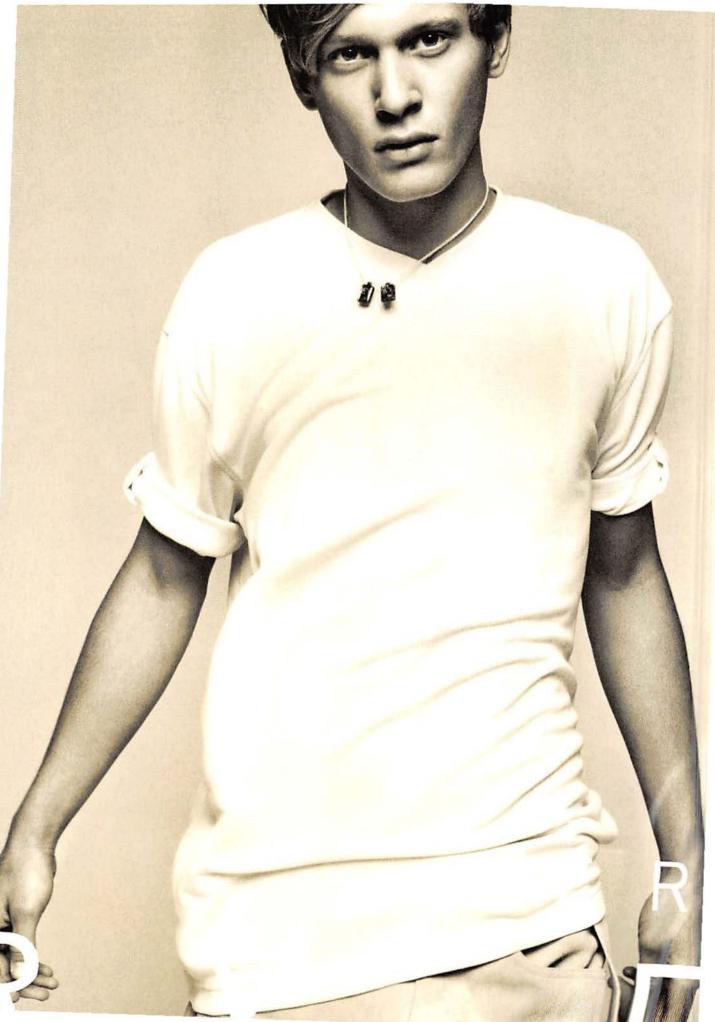
Natural American Spirit' is a registered trademark of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company.

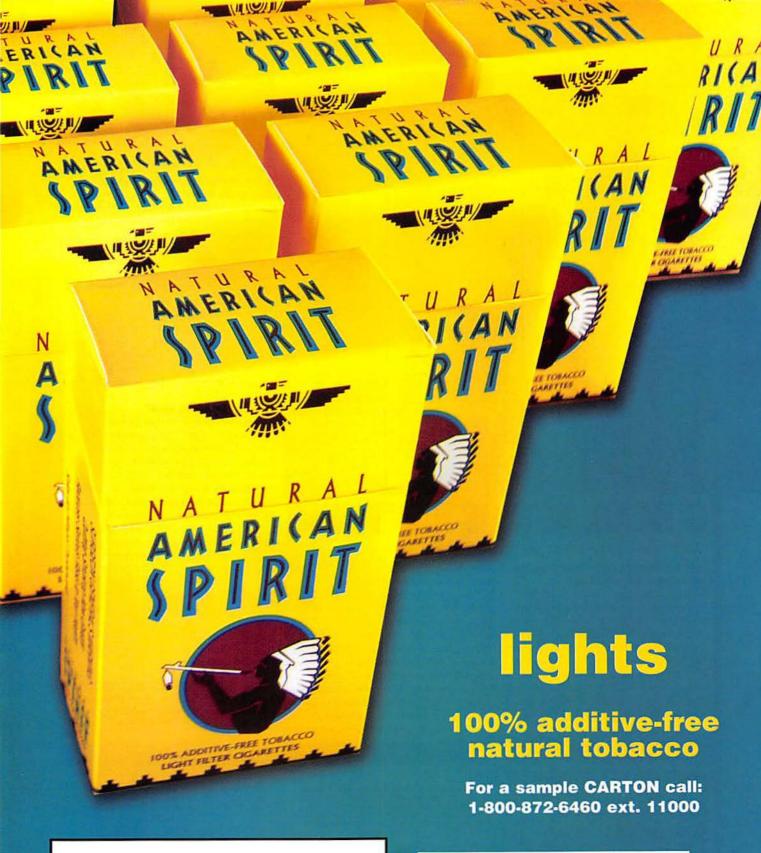
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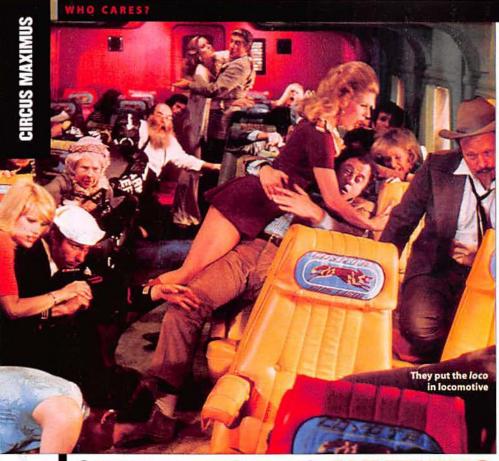
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

No additives in our tobacco does NOT mean a safer cigarette.

SMOKING TIGHT FILTERED CIGARETTES DOES NOT ELIMINATE THE HEALTH RISKS OF SMOKING. Actual levels of the and nicotine experienced by the amover may vary midely depending on now you amove. For more information, see were residenced.

Natural American Spirit* is a registered trademark of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company.

Sers 21 years of age or older. Offer good only in the USA. Offer void in GA, IA, MA, MN, MT, UT, King County WA, WI and in any other location where restricted or prohibited by law or by SFNTC policy. Limit one sample carton per person per year (12 months).



G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your roaded, exploded, coded questions.

Q: Why are there seat belts on airplanes but not on trains and buses?

A: Planes require seat belts in part because turbulence could make unharnessed passengers feel like they're in a maraca. As for earthbound transport, it's a simple numbers game: Is it worth the cost of equipping vehicles with seat belts? "A few hundred people are killed every year on mass transportation, versus 41,000 in cars," explains Phil Berardelli, author of The Driving Challenge: Dare to Be Safer and Happier on the Road. A 1987 study of school bus crashes by the National Transportation

Safety Board concluded that most deaths occurred at the point on the bus where another vehicle struck it—and seat belts don't do much good against locomotives. So the government required "compartmentalization," meaning seats had to be close together with high backs and dual-side padding. The result? There's been an annual average of only 11 school bus fatalities since 1984, making it one the safest ways to travel. Unless, of course, you're getting your ass kicked for wearing that stupid sweater.



Q: What would happen if an evil scientist blew up the moon?

A: He'd get his ransom demands met, fast. Other than that, the ebb and flow of tides would alter slightly, negatively affecting marine life. "Many fish time their spawning and migration with the tide and moon," says Philip Willink, Ph.D., assistant collection manager of fishes at the Field Museum in Chicago. "So some would go extinct." Good news: Earth wouldn't stop spinning or otherwise bust a nut. Bad news: If a half-mile-wide fragment of moon-cheese hit Earth—several probably would—it'd release as much energy as 10 million hydrogen bombs. Fires would scorch the planet before Ice Agelike conditions set in. Get the marshmallows!

Q: How do bar codes work?

A: Those black and white lines are a binary representation of the 12-digit Universal Product Code (UPC) printed below them. Lasers scan the bars, the beams are reflected to a sensor, and the computerized cash register retrieves the store-set price of your Murder, She Wrote DVD, Astroglide, and Kleenex. "Much like a Social Security number, a bar code doesn't

Kahn of scanner manufacturer Symbol
Technologies. UPCs are divided into
three parts: The first six digits denote
the manufacturer; the next five
represent the product; and the
last number is the check digit,
which triggers a geek's-wetdream math formula to confirm
that the item was scanned correctly.
Sorry you asked?



GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?

Send them to Ask Anything, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, bozo!

OF COURSE, GETTING HER NUMBER FOR LATE-

MORAL AUTHORITY

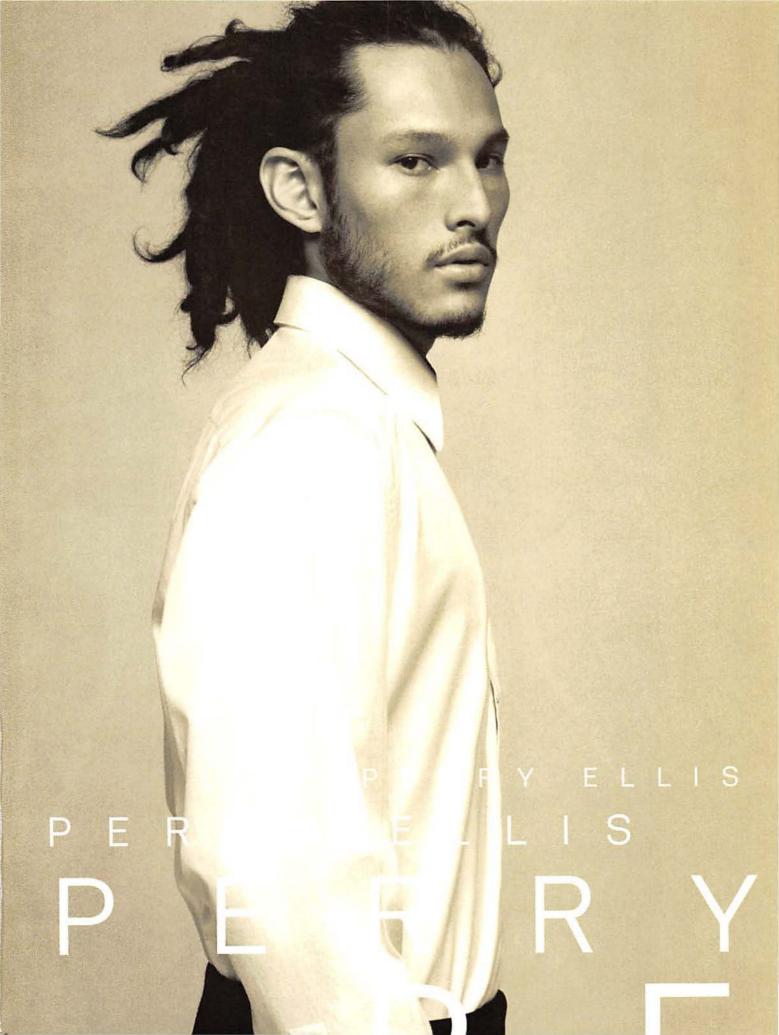


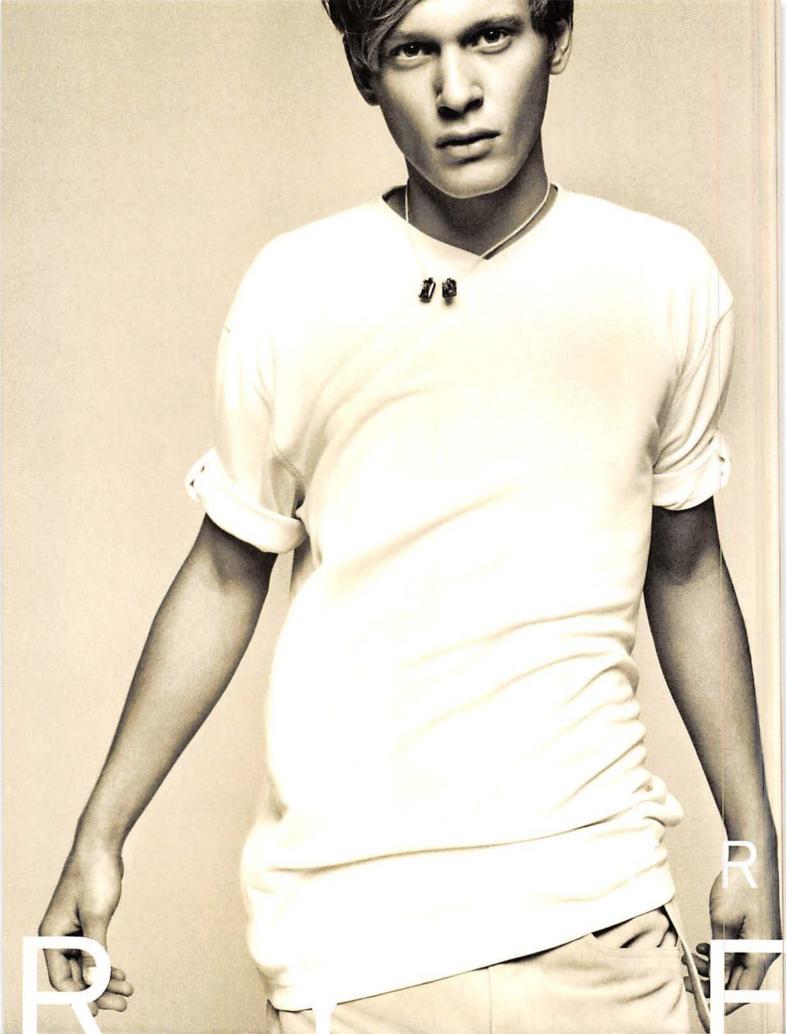


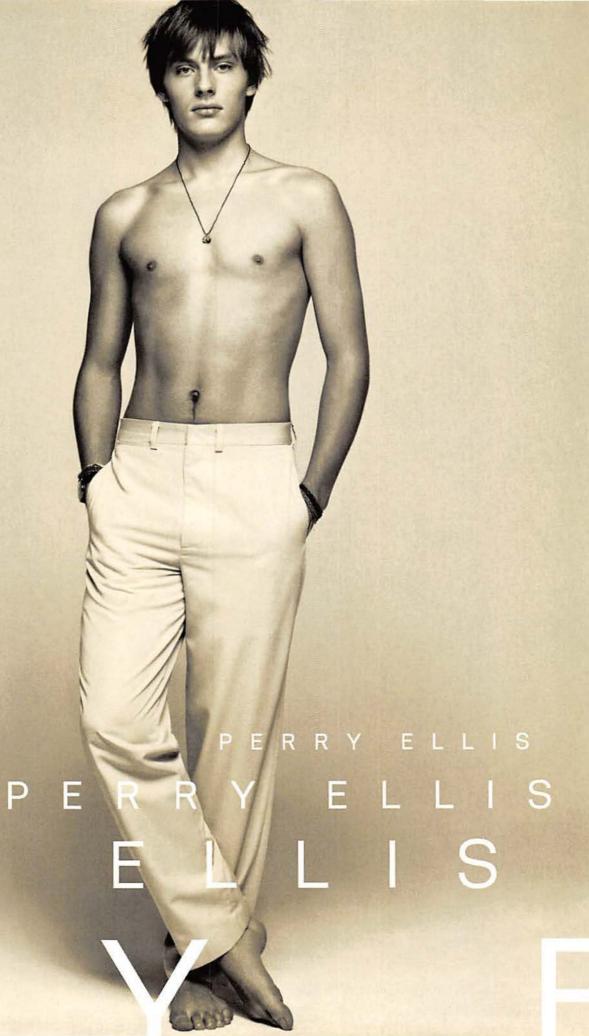
THEN AGAIN, THE FLESH IS WEAK, IT'S A MAN'S

DUTY TO DEFUSE AWKWARDNESS-ESPECIALLY



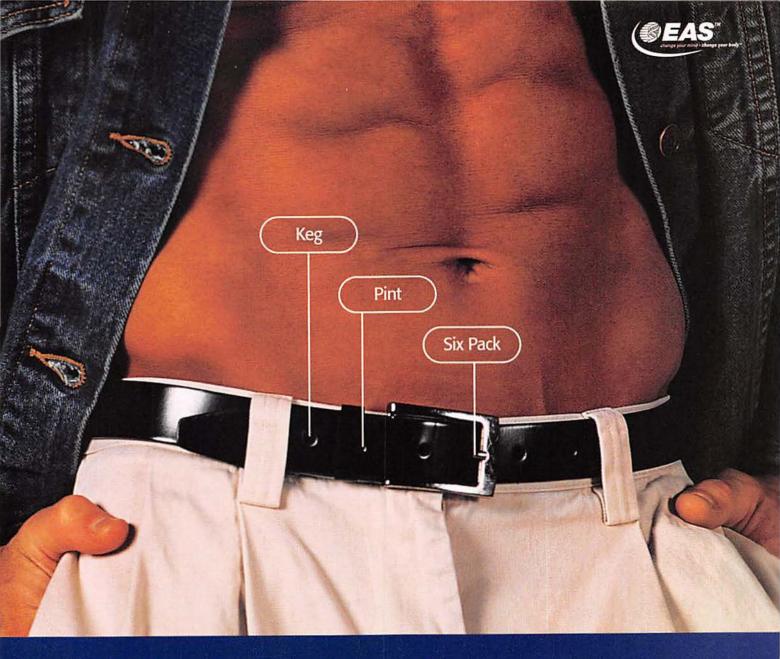




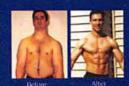




PERRIELL PERRER RELL R



Introducing the breakthrough non-Ephedra way to lose weight fast.



It's time to get down to business. Thermo DynamX^{IM} is the new fat-burning formula that works without ephedra. It has been shown to increase your resting metabolic rate (RMR) an average of 5-10%, and as much as 20% when used in conjunction with exercise and a healthy diet. RMR is how many calories you burn while resting, and it accounts for most of the calories you burn each day. Your results will astound

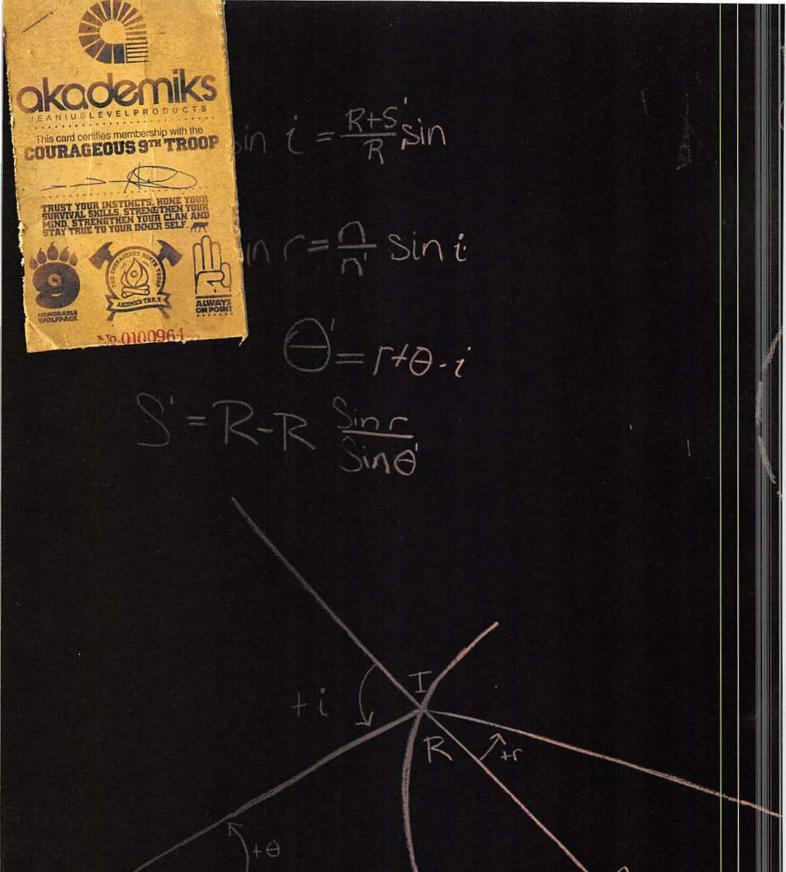
you. Thermo DynamX is guaranteed to raise your RMR – just get tested at locations around the country with the BodyGem™ metabolic measuring device by HealtheTech.™ We'll even send you a \$10 coupon.*

- · New scientific breakthrough formula
- Increases metabolism
- New Non-Ephedra fat loss agent
- Provides energy

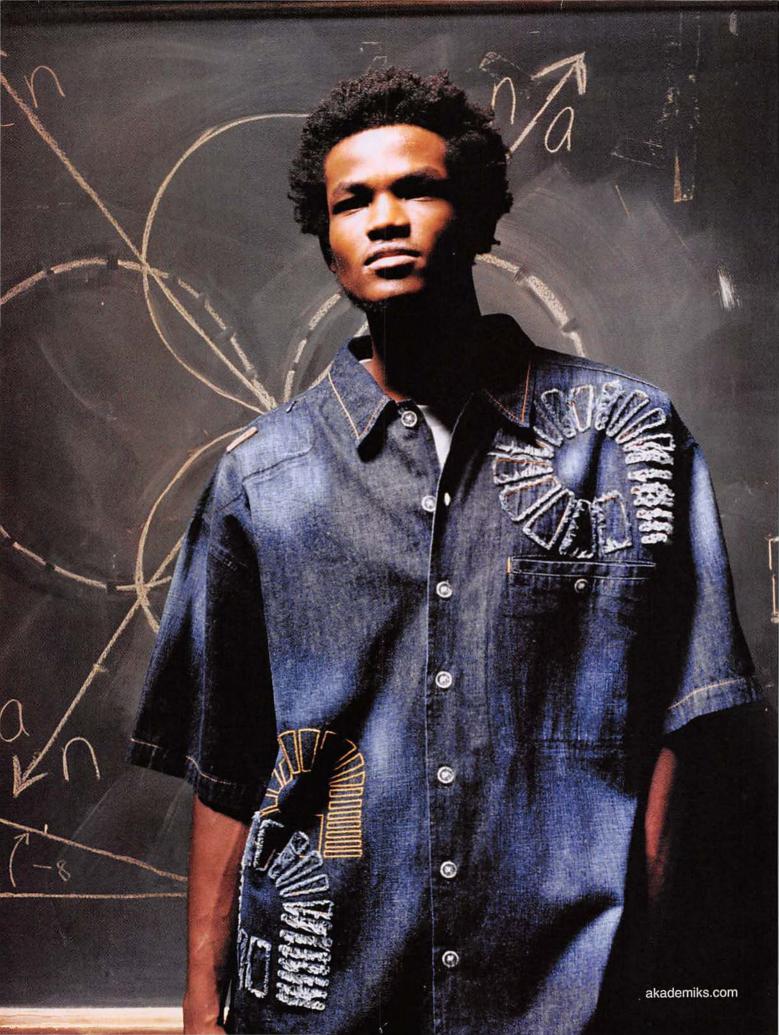
Thermo DynamX uses only laboratory tested fat-fighting agents such as EGCG (epigallocatechin gallate) in green tea, shown to increase thermogenesis and overall fat burning. Yerba Mate, Octopamine, and Citrus Aurantium. So start shrinking your waist with the real world-proven, pound-burning dynamo – Thermo DynamX.

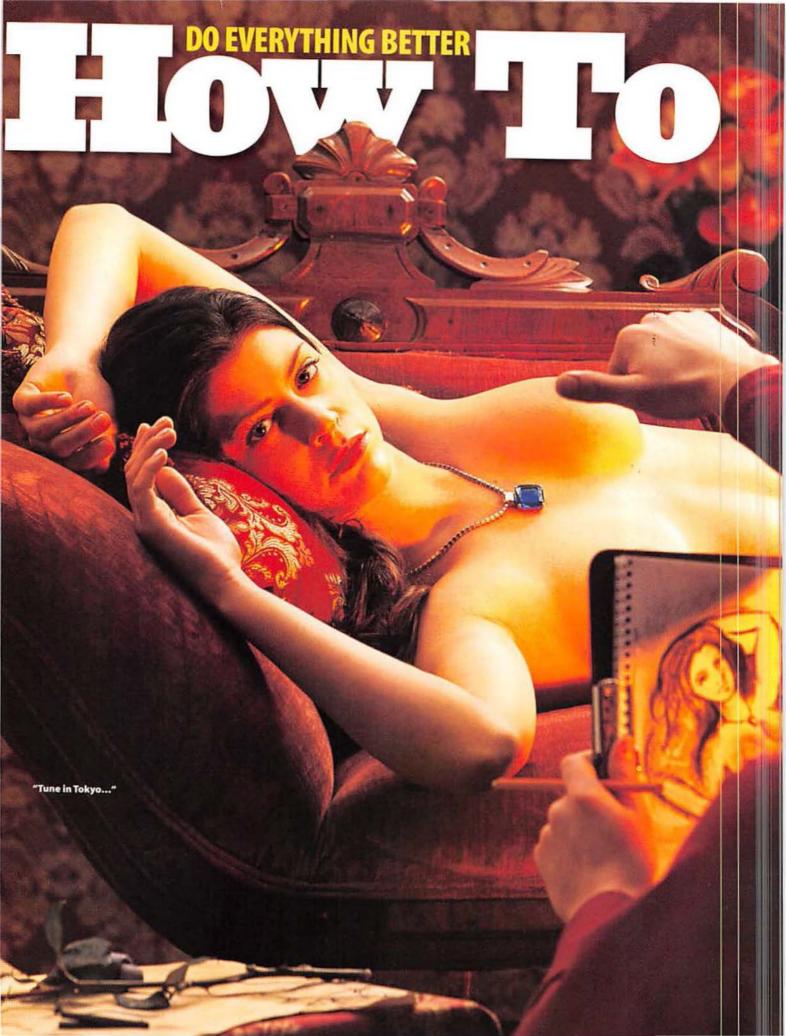


Available at GNC and other specialty retailers. *For more info on EAS products, our money back guarantee or our coupon offer, call 1-800-297-9776, Dept. MXM01, or log on to eas.com



NAME OF STREET





DRAW A WOMAN

Learn the best pickup gimmick since handing over a crisp \$100 bill!

Despite their fruity berets and Maxim editor-esque poverty, artists get laid more than blowup dolls. Why?

Because women secretly want to be immortalized for future ogling. All you need is a pen, napkin, and inspiration.



STEP ONE: PEEP HER PEEPERS

"Start with the eyes," suggests Kirk Bjorndahl, creator of the confusingly named learn-to-draw.com. "If you don't get them right, it won't look like her." Keep these approximations in mind: The space between the eyes is one eye length, the nose is one eye long, and the distance from nose to chin is an eye and a half. (For now, hold off on eyebrows and pupils.) Err on the side of big eyes, although squinting would make her look blinded by the magnificence of your tumescent manhood...



STEP TWO: SKETCH HER SCHNOZ

If the bar is full of girls who look like Gérard Depardieu—why the hell are you at this terrible bar?—you'll need to flatter your subject. "Sketch her nose smaller than it really is," says Bjorndahl; it'll exaggerate her eyes and make her look younger. Use a thin line for the bridge so she doesn't look like a Roman boxer, then thicken the line toward the bottom. "Minimize the nostrils," he advises, "or they'll look like gaping holes." This is bad—unless you're trying to hit on Miss Piggy.



STEP THREE: PEN HER PIE HOLE

Look at her purty mouth. Is it threatening to call the cops if you don't fucking untie her? No? Then proceed! "A closed mouth is easier to draw," Bjorndahl says. If your subject is flashing a toothy smile, use a single line to indicate the division between her upper and lower chompers; anything more than that will make her look like Gary Busey. Now for her noggin: The width of her head should be the same as the distance from eyes to chin. And you know how important good head is.



STEP FOUR: DOODLE HER DETAILS

Begin drawing her hair with one bold line indicating the part, then outline the rest of her coif. Fill in the hair with a few lines to indicate gloss, texture, and stray dental floss. Whatever you do, don't go overboard on her eyebrows. At this point you should have a serviceable (nudge, nudge) drawing, but feel free to add flourishes like a beauty mark and an eye patch. Sign your masterpiece, scribble your number, and see if she won't forget all about that silly restraining order!

"Wanna know where I was hiding it?"

HOW TO

DEAL 3-CARD MONTE



Cheat suckers out of their cash—and have fun doing it!*

THE SETUP

"A traditional 'monte mob' consists of five people," explains Chef Anton, coauthor of The School for Scoundrels: Notes on Three-Card Monte. Set up shop in a high-traffic area (a busy street, your mom's bedroom) and wait for a curious rube to wander by. When he approaches, your posse "closes the gate"—fences the guy in with bodies. As the "operator," you handle the cards; the "booster" keeps the cash flowing by encouraging the mark to bet; the "capper" places his own successful bets to attract attention and prove the game is, um, honest; two "lookouts" keep an eye peeled for the Five-0.

THE CON

The key is a sleight-of-hand maneuver called a "hype." Lay out three cards—black suits on the sides, red in the middle. Under the pretense of establishing where each card is, pick up a black card with your forefinger and thumb (1). Show the card, and while still holding the black, pick up the red one with your thumb and middle finger on the same hand (2). After showing the red card, release your finger's hold on the black, say, "Red goes in the middle," and let the black one slide off instead (3). Now mix them up slowly and have the mark place his bet. If he's been fooled, he'll pick black; if he selects red (4), someone yells, "Cops!" and you scatter like rats-with the cash, Just make sure you practice if you don't want a humiliating public beat-down from a bilked German tourist.

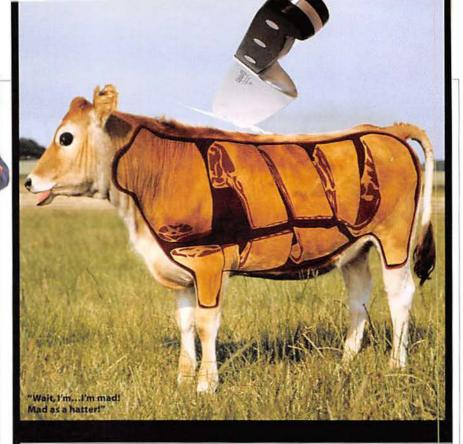








*Remember, kids: Three-card monte is illegal and should be played only for fun—your fun.



MAKE A BURGER

Impress women with your massive prime-cut loins.

1. SHOOT TO GRILL

Slaughterhouses use powerful stun guns to incapacitate their bovines, but even high school kids have trouble getting their hands on those. Follow the advice of Jerry Sydow, a meat processor for Hudson Lockers in Hudson, Colorado, and pop a cap in Bessie's forehead with a .22. Shackle 'er rear legs with a chain, hoist 'er up, and slit 'er jugular to drain the blood. (Hint: not in the living room-Mom'll go psycho!) Next, "drop the bung" by cutting a circle around the anus with a sharp knife and continuing the incision between the hind legs to the base of the rib cage; the intestines and colon should pop right out. That's colon powell-er, power!

2. CHOOSE SIDES

Use a meat saw to split your cow's brisket, or sternum—goggles are a must—and remove the internal organs. Detach the hide by sliding a sharp knife underneath—baseball, anyone?—and remove all hair and, um, fecal matter before hosing down the carcass with high-pressure hot water to prevent E. coli from ruining a perfectly good châteaubriand. Now fire up your saw again and split the carcass in half vertically. You could use a hand-

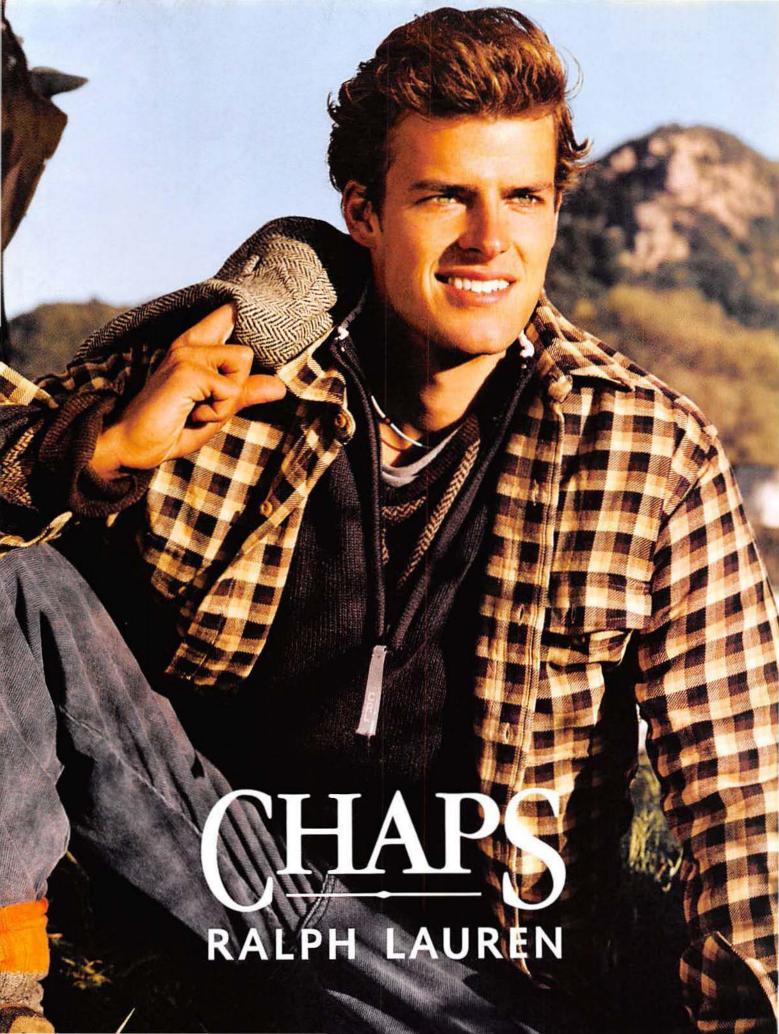
saw, but Sydow warns, "You'd be looking at 15 or 20 minutes of work." For best results, hang the sides in a big-ass fridge to give the beef time to age—and you a chance to work on your left jab. Two weeks later, whip out your meat and lay it on a table, backside down, brisket side up. Use the meat saw to cut each half in half again, crosswise. "Generally, you leave one rib on the hind quarter and the rest on the front quarter," says Sydow. Now you're ready to make like Sam the butcher and bring Alice the meat.

3. STEAK OUT

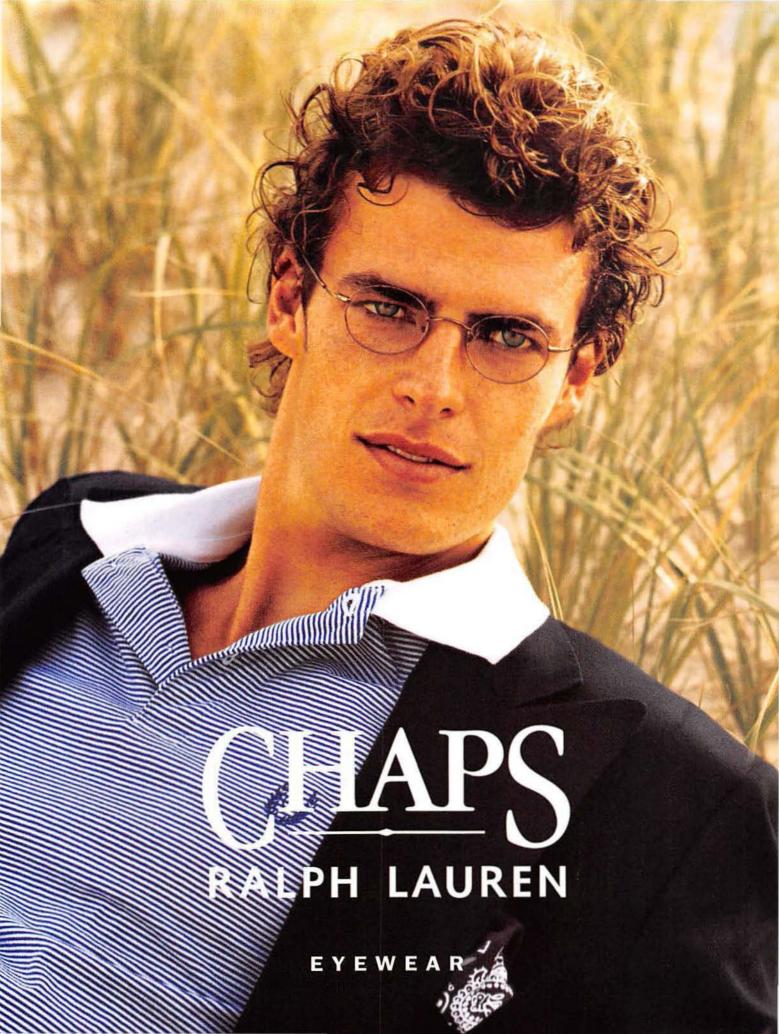
Using the sharpest knife you own—did you leave it in the hobo's corpse again?—take the two front quarters and make cuts perpendicular to the backbone between the fifth and sixth ribs. This will divide the prime rib (the back half of the front quarter) from the chuck and arm portions (the meat near the neck). Cut the loin

section of the hindquarters'
front halves into strips,
tenderloins, and T-bones. Baby
got back? Cut the rump
(please tell us you don't need
to be told where that is) into
juicy roast portions. Gather
the scraps, run 'em through a
meat grinder, form a patty,
and voilà! You want fries
with that?

"Aw...we wanted to see the Leaning Tower of Pizza."









/W.MAXIMONLINE.COM

THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE MAXIM

HOW TO









HOW TO

BE A CHEAPSKATE

Got things to do but little money to burn? Listen up, you stingy bastard.

1. AT A BAR

The guy who buys the first round buys the most rounds. So when you enter the bar, make a beeline for the men's room. When you get back-don't forget to shake-a drink should be waiting for you. Chug it, then say, "Who needs another?" No one will, so you'll only have to buy a round for yourself. As the night wears on, take advantage of your friends' inebriation."If they're bombed on rum and Cokes," advises Brian Lafferty, a bartender in North Wildwood, New Jersey, "buy 'em plain Cokes." Or some balls.

2. ON A DATE

Buy movie tix online in advance—at a senior citizen discount. (Or, if you still have an old college ID, use that at the ticket window.) On your way to pick up your date, stop by a park to cut her some taxpayer-funded flowers. Don't mind going to hell? Grab a bouquet from a cemetery! And instead of going to dinner, take her out for drinks-after sipping sugary cosmos, she won't want any more damn

calories.

3. ON THE ROAD

Since the driver can't dig around for change, be the one behind the wheel whenever you're on a toll road. When the tank is half-full, say you have to take a leak, and stop at the next gas station...where you'll take your turn buying a "tank" at 50 percent off. When you stop at a restaurant, claim a lack of cash and use your credit card; since you'll be doing the math,

you can overbill,
and your friends
won't know they
bought you
dinner.
Suckers!

4. AT WORK

Similarly, on "special" occasions (birthdays, promotions, sex changes), be the person who collects money and buys the gift and you never have to chip in-plus your boss will mistake your miserliness for enthusiasm! Keep breakfast cereal in your desk and swipe milk meant for coffee. For lunch, hit the kitchen early and sample coworkers' homemade meals from the fridge; a little from each and no one's the wiser. Then learn to drink your own blood and sustain yourself for free forever!

"These Rollerblades frickin' suck!"





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Ask Dr. Maxim

Viagra advice, the mystery of the male nipple, and avoiding toe-curling accidents. Plus: keeping it up when you're hung over, by ESTHER CRAIN

I'm a young guy, but I'm raring to take Viagra. Is it safe?

For the most part, yes, with one major exception."Never use Viagra in combo with prescription heart medicines," says Michael Perry, Ph.D., a sex therapist in Encino, California."Many of these meds are made with nitrates, which lower blood pressure. Taking them in combination with Viagra could cause your blood pressure to plummet to life-threatening levels."

That grim possibility aside, Viagra is safe and pretty much works the same in men of all ages. The little blue pill relaxes the muscles surrounding the arteries leading into your schwanson; this results in an influx of blood, causing the flag to rise until it reaches a robust full mast.

Viagra will stiffen your, uh, resolve. but it won't make you horny.

increase the actual size of your wiener or make you any less goofy and awkward in bed. And it won't give you a stiff one unless you're sexually stimulated. That is to say, the pill won't do a damn thing if you're watching Emeril Live or mowing the lawn—unless you're into that sort of thing.

"Viagra isn't a miracle aphrodisiac," says Perry."In fact, it can take 30 minutes or longer to take effect, and the result usually doesn't last for more than a span of four hours." So you'll want to pop the pill well in advance of sex. And because taking more than one dose of Viagra per day is not recommended, timing is critical.

Also, the prescription-only drug doesn't work for all guys. It's 80 percent effective. If you're in the unlucky 20 percent, our advice to you is to start drinking heavily.

like sextasy, a Viagra-ecstasy combo that's sold as a single pill in clubs, raves, and other places brimming with sexual tension and illicit drugs. The pill destroys brain cells and can send the body temperature soaring to dangerous and, at times, lethal degrees. Most important, this junk can temporarily kill your ability to climax, and wouldn't that be the worst tragedy of all?

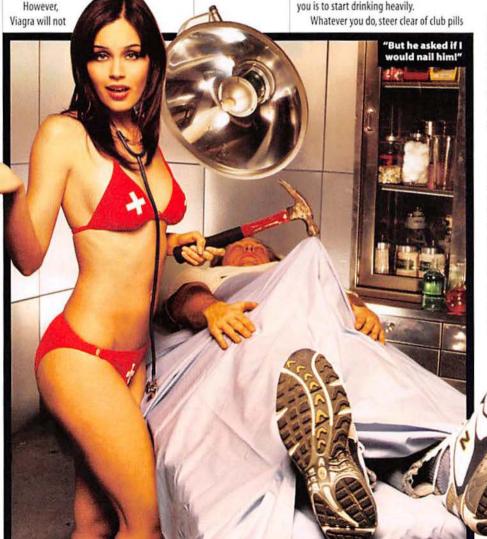


O For the same reason they must wield the remote control. It's in their genes, explains John Evanko, M.D., assistant clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. "Nipples appear early on in the embryonic stage, even before the gender is decided," he says.

In other words, men get their pink eyes before the plumbing is ever laid. Male and female embryos develop the same way until the Y chromosome kicks in and immerses the about-to-be-male fetus in a testosterone cocktail that puts the kibosh on breast growth and makes the little bugger cry for playoff tickets. By that point, however, the nipples are firmly intact.

Some scientists believe male nipples are vestigial organs; male ape ancestors once possessed mammary glands for suckling their young, and like typical guys, they shirked the responsibility at some point along the way. Other scientists—the sane, credible ones think this theory is about as plausible as an Oliver Stone biopic. But there are documented cases of grown men producing breast milk. That's right: If stimulated in the right waysay, through estrogen intake—it's possible for man-boobs to lactate...Bring on the Rice Krispies! Why would a guy take estrogen? For no good reason, although one poor slob grew

temporary ta-tas after feasting on hormone-enhanced poultry. But don't fear the Buffalo wing; U.S. chicken distributors swear they never laced feed with estrogenlike hormones. And, young man, you should take comfort in this fascinating tit-bit : Male possums have 13 nipples. So be glad you only





My toenail has turned black. Is it going to fall off?

• Why, are you planning on wearing opentoe slippers to the ball, Cinderella? Anyway, when a toenail bruises, it almost always means you've caused serious trauma to your foot. The black stuff is blood that pooled under your nail due to damage to the root of your toe, the area from which the nail grows. A good rule of toe: If the nail hasn't loosened in a month, you probably won't lose it.

Now, how did it get the black-and-blues in the first place? You might've dropped a heavy crate of delicious hickory-smoked summer sausage on it. Or perhaps you're an incredible spaz with a hammer. The most common culprit, surprisingly, is sports.

"Athletes tend to bruise their toes during workouts because their feet are constantly banging up against the sides of their shoes," says Wayne Waldman, a podiatrist in Queens, New York. "The best preventive measure is the most obvious one: Buy shoes that fit." It also helps to trim your nails so they don't cause friction on the end seam of your shoe. And if your sneakers are too big, shell out for a pair of corrective inserts, which keep feet from sliding around during exercise.

Now for the treatment: If you experience a

throbbing ache that won't go away, have your toe drained by a podiatrist. Or if you're feeling MacGyver, drain it yourself. Get a paper clip and heat it until it's piping-hot. Press the tip of the clip into your nail and burn a hole—slowly! When you hit blood (not fresh blood, but the nasty dry paste beneath the nail), gently squeeze the goop from your toe. This should relieve the pressure, as well as any questions your buddies might have about

your manhood. If your toe should start to ooze or fester at any stage, see a podiatrist. It may mean an infection has set in. The doc will prescribe antibiotics or, worst-case scenario, remove the nail altogether. Just make sure you get the nail after it's been pried loose; you'll want to give it to someone you love.



GOT HEALTH QUESTIONS?

Submit them on the Grit channel at maximonline.com.

HANGOVER HELPER

In postbinge hell? Paperwork due ASAP? Try these on-the-job cures. By Chris Connolly



A. EYE-ROBICS

To keep your bloodshot orbs refreshed after guzzling a gallon of coconut liqueur during that Gilligan's Island marathon:

- Look away from your computer every 10 minutes or so, focusing on something in the distance for at least 30 seconds. (We recommend Denise from accounting.)
- Relieve tension in the muscles surrounding the eyes by closing your lids and gently massaging around your balls.
 Yes, your eyeballs.
- 3. Feeling refreshed? Great.
 Now, back to work, slacker!
 Jeffrey Weaver, O.D., director,
 Clinical Care Group, American
 Optometric Association

B. BODY ZAPPER

This technique, adapted from Taoist self-massage (self-massage... Now we're talking!), gets your circulation—and you—going.

- Go in the bathroom and close the door. Remember to sit up straight and, if it isn't too foul, breathe deeply.
- 2. Make fists and punch lightly along the length of each arm.
- Then take your palms and slap gently just below the ribs on either side.
- 4. Had enough yet? No? OK, tough guy, give each foot a few vigorous slaps. You should now be awake enough to deal with the crowd that's gathered to listen at the bathroom door.
- -Ellen Serber, mydailyyoga.com

C. DESK OLYMPICS

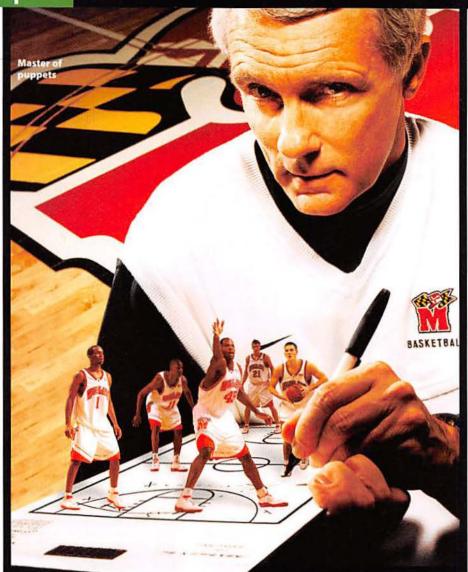
Isometric exercises perk you up. They put targeted muscles on alert, activating the fightor-flight response.

- 1. Squeeze your fists and toes as hard as you can and hold for a 10 count. Repeat 10 times.
- Keeping your back straight, push your palms together as hard as you can for a 10 count. Repeat 10 times.
- 3. Bang out 50 slow "foot pushups" under your desk. And, no, that isn't a euphemism for something else.—Josh Yellin, M.D.-to-be, Tulane University Medical Center

D. THE NAPERATOR

Ah, sleep it off.—Bum, under the overpass, skid row

Sports



Lord of the Dance

College hoops coaches are as chatty as morgue meat. But when our smokin'-hot reporter put on the full-court press, the NCAA champs' Gary Williams started singing. BY DIANE HILL



Hear more (see less) of Diane on Fox Sports Radio's The Jim Daniels Show he NCAA should be French-kissing Gary Williams' ass. In this age of Fab Five fiascos, prepubescent phenoms, and \$6 billion television contracts, the Maryland coach gets my panties in a bunch. He's the first coach to win the NCAA title without a single McDonald's High School All-American on his squad—or recruiting violation in his file. He's the first guy in 29 years to coach his alma mater to the NCAA crown. And G-Will, as some of the sappier sportscasters have started calling him, has done it all without bending a single NCAA rule in 24 years as a head coach.

In a sport where March Madness kicks off in November, most NCAA coaches are about as cool as Dickie V on roofies. Williams, however, agreed to sit down and answer every question we asked. He even pretended it had nothing to do with my 34-22-34 physique. Thanks for trying, Gary.

Let's get this party started, coach. Who's the bigger freak—Michael Jackson or Bobby Knight?

C'mon, Bobby Knight is a great coach. Michael Jackson is the weirdest person on Earth. That guy has worked very hard with the plastic surgery to look like Elizabeth Taylor. Have you ever seen those two people together?

Word on the street is you could really throw it down as a player. What's your favorite slam dunk these days? I could dunk back in the day. Now? I always like the 360—but a lot of guys can do that. So I like the tuck. You know, first they tuck it, then they bring it around. I like that one.

The tuck is real popular with female impersonators too. Tell us how the 2002–2003 Terps compare to last season's national championship squad.

There's one big difference. Last year we knew we were really good from the start. Juan Dixon, Lonny Baxter, Byron Mouton—they all played in the Final Four the year before. We've lost those guys to graduation and the NBA. But we have a great point guard in Steve Blake, who's played in more big games than any point guard in the country, and a very good freshman class. So we think we have a chance.

Picture this: There's five seconds left in the national championship game, and Maryland is down by one. Who's the one player in your 25 years of coaching you want taking that shot?

Juan Dixon. He was just a skinny kid when we found him. But that kid hit more big shots than anybody I've ever seen play in the NCAA Tournament. The UConn game, Indiana, Kansas—he saved us every time.

And now that March Madness is in full swing, how do you save your players from majoring in keg-stands?

It's hard, Diane. Campus is crazy come March. One year our fans set bonfires all along fraternity row. But I want my players to be college kids. I tell 'em, "Go to a party, have one beer—just don't have 10. Or if you walk into a party and see a pile of cocaine...get out of there." We talk about that a lot. I don't expect them to be priests, but I expect them to recognize situations where they don't belong.

We all know curfews are made to be broken. During the tournament, your guys are required to be in bed by 11 P.M. But what's the real penalty for climbing out a window in March?

I'll kick their ass. [laughs] Funny thing is, sometimes when I bench a star, the other 12 guys play better because they're pissed the team leader screwed up. I wouldn't want to play 10 games like that, but for one game it can actually be good.

We watched the tournament last year, and every game there you were





'Every time I see LeBron James, he's surrounded by guys in big coats.'

screaming psychotically on the sidelines. Are you losing your mind?

Actually, I'm very much in control. I know exactly what I'm doing. Some coaches just sit on the bench—and that's fine—but those are usually the guys with stomach problems.

Good. So you're ready for some controversy. Tell us about your NBA counterpart, defending champ Phil Jackson.
Phil's won championships, but he's always had the two best guys—Pippen and Jordan, Kobe

and Shaq. I'd like to see Phil Jackson coach when his team is one of eight or nine competitive teams in terms of the talent level.

High school phenom LeBron James is heading to the pros. Is that cool?

I don't understand the big turmoil. If LeBron James is good enough, why not? Kobe Bryant turned out OK. But I do worry about LeBron. There are a lot of people around him because he's a great player and not because they like him personally. It used to be that heavyweight

champions had the entourages. Now every time you see this kid, you see guys with big coats around him.

What do you think about college athletes being paid to play?

Here's the deal. When I went to the University of Maryland in the '60s, I had a basketball scholarship. In that scholarship was \$15 a month, cash, for incidentals. Today that would be \$90, maybe \$100. In other words, you give these kids a scholarship, but that doesn't put

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ROUND 1: It doesn't get any easier than this. In 13 of the past 15 tournaments, at least one 12 seed has upset its fifthseeded opponent in the first round. And since the average five seed will be a 6:1 favorite, here's what you do: Bet \$100 on each 12 seed. If just one 12 seed wins, you win \$300 (\$600 won, \$300 lost). If three of four win (as they did last year) you win \$1,700 (\$1,800 won, \$100 lost). If you're still nervous, bet your mom's money.

ROUND 2: Now that you're rolling in more dough than that guy with a weird bread fetish, it's time to make a splash in your office pool. Since 2000, teams favored by more than 10 won by an average of 14 points in the second round. Easy, right? Not so fast. Smart bettors cover their ass like a fat girl at the beach. It's called hedging. Enter two betting sheets in your office pool. Play one conservatively, one following your twisted hunches.

SWEET 16: Back to Vegas. Since 1995, more than two thirds of doubledigit favorites have covered the spread in the third and fourth rounds. That's 25 percent better odds than blackjack, craps, or roulette. Still too risky for you? Hike up your skirt and bet the fave to win without the spread. The payout will be less, but winning is easier than your mother during Fleet Week.

ELITE EIGHT: Unless your office

pool is a birdbath, you'll need three out of the four Final Four teams in New Orleans to see any green. Just remember that over the past eight years, only two teams seeded lower than fifth have made the Final Four. As far as Vegas goes, listen to the experts. "By the fourth round, teams are pretty even," says USA Today sports analyst Danny Sheridan. "Take the points if you get over 10. Blowouts are rare."

FINAL FOUR: Second place is for

suckers. Are you a sucker, Mr. Gore? That's what we thought. If you still have a chance at the big money in your office pool on April 7, you're gonna have to win the tiebreaker, which means knowing that since 1995 the average combined scored for the NCAA Championship game has been 151. And this year, if you win big following our advice, send us some friggin' cash for a change. We're dyin' over here.



"There goes the kid's college fund."

Staff Sergeant. Anthony Leavitt. Specialist. Renny Sotero. 10th Special Forces Group. BENG A SOLDIER MEANS S GOT YOUR BACK.



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They were the spiritual foundation for entire cultures—and they were more screwed up than the cast of *The Real World*. This is their story.

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The god of light and truth, he was an expert archer and a master musician, and he gave men the art of healing. Oh, he also took over driving the sun across the sky every day with his chariot. Think of him as the gods annoying student council president.

HERA (JUNO)

Sister and wife of Zeus (just one big, fat, horrifically incestuous Greek wedding), who spent all her time hunting down his many mistresses. And taking boatloads of penicillin.



The god of war and storms, he was caught in a net by Aphrodite's husband, Hephaestus, after he planted his spear in the goddess. Yes, the Greek god of war got caught in a net. No wonder Greece is the military powerhouse it is today.

MORTAL HEROES

With men like these, who needs gods?

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The story: His mom was knocked up by Zeus (the Bill Clinton of the gods), so Hercules was driven nuts by Zeus' jealous sister/wife, Hera. He then logically slaughtered his own wife and kids. As penance he had to complete the Twelve Labors of Hercules: killing a hydra, capturing a three-headed dog, watching Sex and the City, etc. Then all was forgiven and he got a new wife...who killed herself. Hooray!

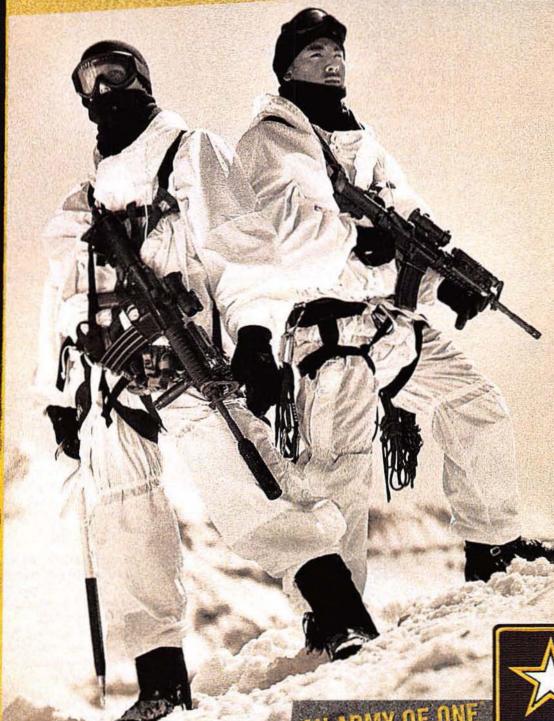
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But on his journey he got into a fight with a guy, killed him, and then married a woman who just happened to be a widow. Funnily enough, Oedipus found out the guy he killed was actually his dad, and... OK, you get it. Being a little depressed, Oedipus blinded himself. A nice gesture, maybe, but isn't this just another classic case of avoidance?



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CHEWING THE FAT

Heavyweight Utah coach Rick Majerus weighs in on the state of the game.

into the NCAA Tournament nine of the last 12 years. How do you like your chances this season? Not good. Not good at all. Our defense is coming along OK. But we really struggle to score.

You've led the Utah Utes

Sounds like our last date. As a former Olympic coach, is Team USA's pathetic finish in the World Championships embarrassing?

Not at all. I was an assistant coach with Dream Team II or III-one of those. So I'm a huge fan of USA Basketball.

Clearly. But will our golden boys ever win again?

Last year injuries killed us and some guys didn't come out. But now that we got our asses kicked, everyone'll want to play.

Back to the important stuff. It's 9:30 A.M. How many donuts have you dunked?

Normally, at least four. But I'm on my way to the dentist. Sorry. line to the international distance of 20'6". A wider court would open things up for the little guys. I'd also increase the tournament from 65 teams to 128. That's just one more game, and it ensures that the best 64 teams in the country get in, which is not happening now.

What's the chance any of that will happen in your lifetime? Zero.

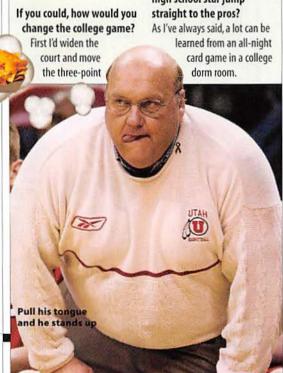
Good to see you're such a big influence. Will they ever raise the rim and make this a real game again?

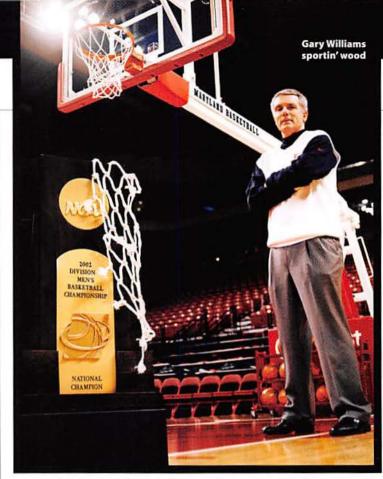
It's an interesting idea, but I doubt it will happen. That's a pretty dramatic change.

What about the pros? Do you ever get the NBA itch?

No. Coaching pros is like being a stepparent—all the responsibility with no authority. I like being able to drop the hammer.

Exactly. So why wouldn't a high school star jump





any money in their pockets. They need cash to feel comfortable on campus. The schools sure are making money off them.

But does that mean the captain of the badminton team gets paid, too?

The answer I always give on that is no. We couldn't do it for all scholarship athletes. Look, everybody's not always treated the same. That's life. If a kid is in a revenue-producing sport, then why not pay him? Basketball players see that CBS pays \$6 billion just for the NCAA men's basketball tournament. They see that 87 percent of the NCAA's operating budget comes from money raised in the NCAA Tournament. They see that and say, "Wait a minute. The Final Four is bigger than the World Series, and these baseball players are making millions?" They're not stupid people. I don't know what the answer is, but I think scholarships really have to be looked at.1 mean...things aren't even as good as they were in the '60s.

Tell me about it. Nothing's been the same since the Monkees broke up. Last year about \$2.5 billion was bet illegally on the NCAA Tournament. Does it freak you out knowing all that dough is being bet on your kids?

It's tough. People walk up to one of my guys on campus and ask, "How's the ankle?" And he thinks, Aw, they're concerned 'cause they saw me sprain my ankle last game. But what they

really wanna know is if he's gonna play, or if he's 100 percent, because that's gonna affect the way they bet. I know there are bookies living on this campus just pretending to be college students.

Are there NCAA players shaving points and throwing games right now?

There have been in the past. The problem is that 5,000 bucks looks big to a college student. A bookie will go up to a player and say, "Look, you should be getting a piece of the action. Here's all you have to do. You're favored by 15, I'm not asking you to blow the game, just keep it under 15. Miss a foul shot, throw a pass away at the end of the game. It's not costing your team the win."

Five grand looks pretty good to us too. Need some good publicity? Before we let you go, how do you like your chances of being the first repeat champion since Duke in 1991 and 1992?

We've got a little chip because people have been telling us we're not that good. But we're still the defending champions. They've got to beat us first, so we'll see . . .

Last question: Who's badder, Batman or Superman?

The original Superman, It's not even close.



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SPICE THINGS UP.





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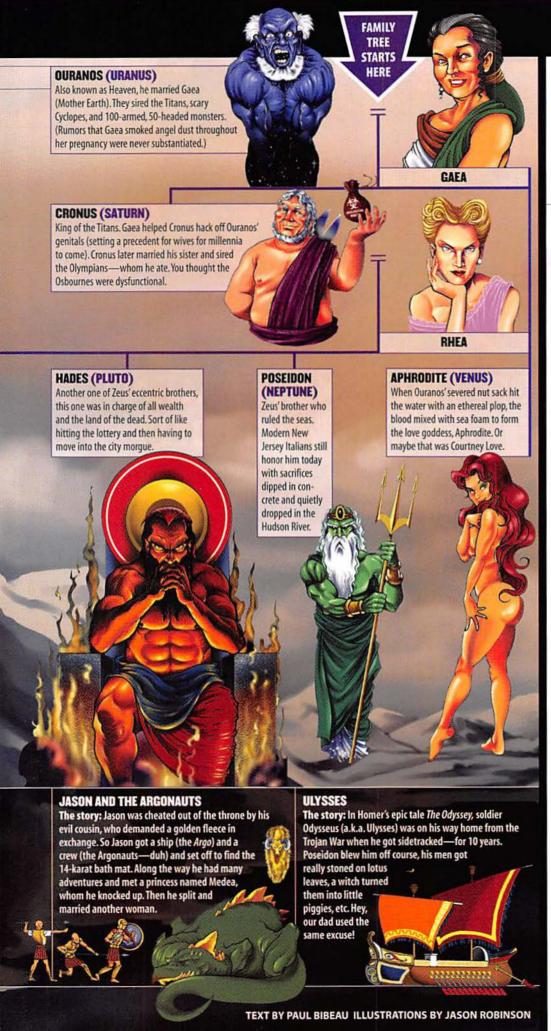
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BEST OF THE REST

It wasn't just the Greeks who had deities that sounded like daytime talk show material.

Norse gods: Their turf was a place called Asgard. They were led by Odin, who had two ravens perched on his shoulders that flew recon missions for him all over the world. So while he got fantastic intel, his dry-cleaning bills were through the roof. Thor, the god of thunder, had a superpowerful hammer, Mjollnir, and a belt that doubled his strength and held in his mead belly. Loki was god of tricks and fart jokes. Slain warriors went to Valhalla, a Legion hall with eternal beer-chugging, goat-eating, and big-screen TVs!

Egyptian gods: The sun god was either Ra or Aten, depending on which illiterate slave you asked. Osiris, king of the dead, judged your soul, or "ka," after you died. He had 42 demon assistants, or "entertainment lawyers," to aid him in this process. Osiris' wife, Isis, taught humans the secrets of mummification, but her show aired opposite Barney, so it was canceled after one season.

Aztec gods: Quetzalcoatl, the god of civilization, learning, and quesadillas, was due to reappear on Earth to usher in a new golden age. When smartly dressed Spanish conquistador Cortéz showed up in 1519, the Aztecs thought he was their god. It was one of those wacky cases of mistaken identity you'd see on *Three's Company*, only with fewer busty women and more atrocious genocide.





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Ever get tired of swilling green beer on St. Paddy's Day? Neither do we—but here are eight authentically Irish drinks to enjoy when the keg runs dry. BY KY HENDERSON



1. IRISH COFFEE

Start the day off the Irish way—and we don't mean a fistfight at the public assistance office."The key is plenty of sugar and plenty of whiskey," advises Richard Wilson, owner of Harmony Hill Country House in County Antrim, Northern Ireland. We agree.

Directions: Mix two shots Black Bush and 4 tsp. brown sugar into coffee. Top with

Wish everyone a hearty "Sldintel" (pronounced "slawn-cheh," it's Gaelic for "Let's get drunk!") and pound this 90-proof Irish moonshine that, though banned in Ireland since 1661, was recently OK'd for export to the States. Bonus: Mick moonshine won't strip the flesh from your esophagus.

Directions: Add Potcheen to an ice-filled glass. Stir with your shillelagh.

2. POTCHEEN

3. BLACK IRISH

No one knows who the Black Irish were, but you sure didn't want to fuck with 'em." It's like a Black Russian, but we add Guinness, of course," explains Shane McCabe, a Dublin bartender. "The body is black with a white head on top." Hey, just like Michael Jackson! Directions: Mix a shot each of vodka and Kahlüa, then add a splash of Coke and a wee bit o' foamy Guinness.

an inch of whipped cream.



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PHONY MAHONEY

BLARNEY RUBBISH

Think all these supposedly Irish things hail from the bonny shores of the Emerald Isle? Think again, Seamus.



IRISH SPRING

The Irish don't exactly have a proud history of impeccable grooming, so what Madison Avenue whiz named soap after them?



SHAMROCK SHAKES The only thing Irish

about this McFrothy concoction is its resemblance to vomitsoaked sidewalks outside Dublin pubs.



MAGGIE FROM CADDYSHACK

A painfully bad accent combined with a total lack of gratuitous fullfrontal nudity? Tanks fer nuttin'!



LUCKY CHARMS

Only in America could a fey leprechaun force purple horseshoes and pink hearts down the gullets of sugaraddicted children.



NOTRE DAME FIGHTING IRISH

Mention "football" and Micks will talk about soccer. Which, ironically, usually leads to fighting Irish.



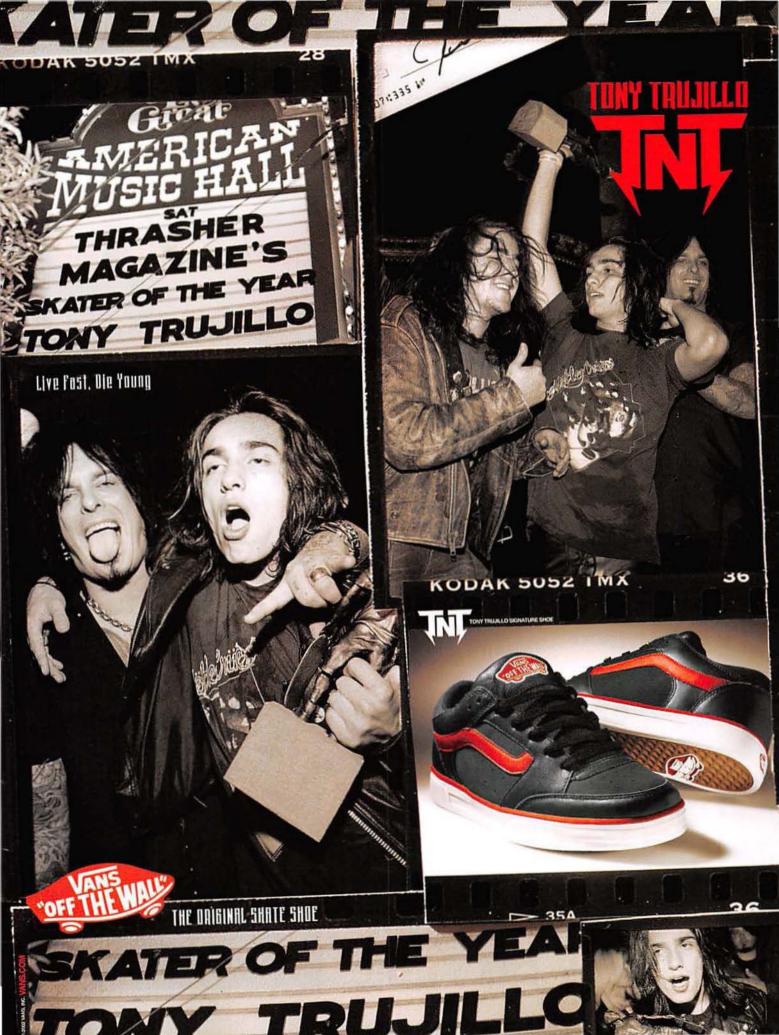
BENNIGAN'S

The restaurant chain serves, uh, traditional fare like the Big Irish—a burger with American cheese. What, no gruel?



O'DB

Rapper Ol' Dirty Bastard is violent, sings a lot, belongs to a clan, and...come to think of it, is quite possibly Irish!



POETRY CORNER

MAD LIMS

Are you drunk enough to finish our dirty limericks?

1. TOUCHING TALE

"Tis a sin," giggled Maggie O'Morris,
"All the priests and the bishops assure us.
But I'm in quite a jam,
'Cause I'd rather be damned
Than stop stroking my little [noun]!"

2. FORCED ENTRY

Mike and Molly went home for a roll,
And she fumbled a bit with his pole.
But he happily rutted
Till she suddenly sputtered,
"You dumb-ass! You're in the
wrong [noun]!"

3. BEN O'DOVER

Young Francis Xavier O'Toole Was a lecherous fountain of drool. The poor simple lad When no seats could be had Would happily push in your [noun].

4. MORAL HYGIENE

"Cunnilingus?" asked Paddy. "I'll pass. It's true, you're a beautiful lass. But you'll not win my heart, You smelly ol' tart, Till you learn to wipe your own [noun]!"

5. PUBIC NUISANCE

There was an old spinster from Kerry Whose privates were really quite scary. "Most clams have a beard," Father Donaghue sneered, "But yours is especially [adjective]."



7. THE ROVER

Think you'll murder someone if you have to listen to "Danny Boy" one more friggin' time? Then relax by downing ultrasmooth Rovers, shots of whiskey mixed with Baileys. Tommy Nevin's Pub in scenic Evanston, Illinois—only a few

miles from the Chicago River, which literally runs green on St. Patrick's Day—refuses to serve any other mixed shots. Why? 'Cause they like to keep it o'real, yo.

Directions: Mix 1 oz. Baileys and 1 oz. John Power whiskey. Shoot. Repeat as necessary.



8. BANANA O'RILEY

What if you meet a bonny lass who doesn't have your mom's staggering capacity for whiskey? Give her a Banana O'Riley, a creamy girly drink that still packs a punch. "Just a few can get you feeling pretty good," promises Banana O'Riley inventor and Dublin bartender Paul Heffernan. Are there even

bananas in Ireland, you ask? Hey, is the Pope Irish?

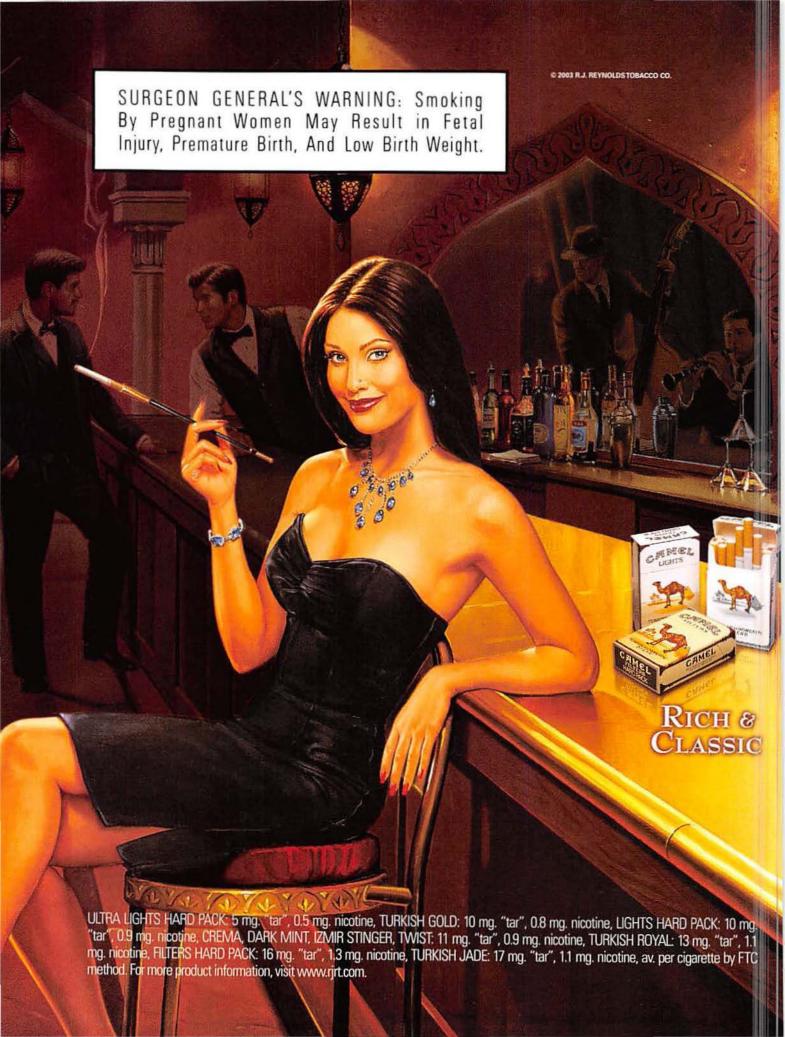
Directions: Mix one shot

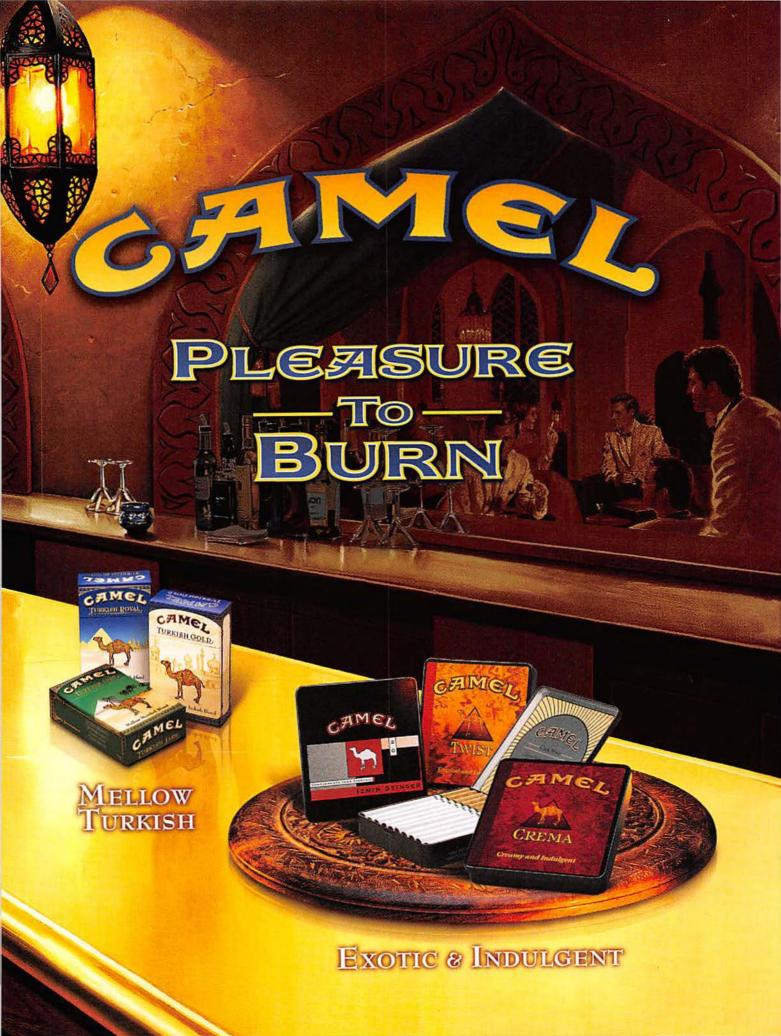
Jameson, one shot crème de banana, two shots cream, and 1/2 shot O.J. in shaker. Shake her. 20











March 2003 Your definitive guide to Entertainment

Movies Tough Jet Li! p.98 otLone



TV Hottie MD! p.100



Music Flower shirts! p.102



Games Li'l squirts! p.104



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THE NEXT BIG THING

UP THE ACADEMY!

Forget the Oscars—here are the real winners and losers of 2002.

Thrill of the Year
The Lord of the Rings:
The Two Towers
Was there a more spellbinding reason to go to
the multiplex in 2002
than the second installment of Peter Jackson's
swords-and-orcs epic?
Tower's emphasis on
bloody heroics and brainblowing effects had us
storming the ramparts.

Discovery of the Year
Adam Sandler's
surprising acting chops
Sandwiched between his
usual doofus-and-poop
fare—Mr. Deeds and Eight
Crazy Nights—Sandler
delivered a thoughtful
performance in PunchDrunk Love. For doofus
and poop, now see
Schneider, Rob.

Best Postapocalyptic Dragon Movie With Matthew McConaughey Reign of Fire

Comeback of the Year

Yoda, Star Wars: Episode 2-Attack of the Clones The last we saw the grizzled Muppet, he was plopped in a Jedi La-Z-Boy mumbling about anger leading to suffering leading to...Albuquerque or something. But Clones finally gave us what we really wanted to see: Yoda the asskicker. Sadly, that was pretty much all Clones gave us.



Most Misleading Titles The Banger Sisters Igby Goes Down Y Tu Mama Tambien

The Jar Jar Binks Award Goes To... Scooby-Doo

Scooby-Doo
An annoying CGI
canine surrounded
by human irritants
Freddie Prinze Jr. and
Matthew Lillard made for a
dog of a movie that put us
down faster than a poodle
with rabies.

Most Glaring Absence From Screens in 2002 Halle Berry's bared breasts

All Johnny
Knoxville and
crew needed
were cameras,
a couple of
midgets, and a little

disregard for personal safety and—bam!—they're in the multiplex. What's to stop you? Oh, right—you'd never try this stuff at home.

Most Impressive Car Wreck

Vin Diesel surfing a Corvette off a bridge, XXX

Least Impressive Car Wreck Swept Away

Best Actor Hidden Behind an Expressionless Mask

Tie:Tobey Maguire and Willem Dafoe, Spider-Man Hopefully Spider-Man 2 will feature mouths that actually move; otherwise just cut the fancy dialogue right now.

The Sealy Mattress Award Solaris

This lumbering slab of sci-fi pretension gave all-new meaning to the words really fucking boring.



MARCH

Like a lamb

Like a lion

ST. PADDY'S PICKUP LINE

"Kiss me, I'm Irish."

"Me cousin's Pierce Brosnan."

DEMOCRATIC PARTY PLAN

Gore in '04!

Last one to Capitol Hill has to run for president

KUNG FU STYLE

Drunken boxing

Shitfaced jujitsu

CZAR

Nicholas II

Ivan VI the Incontinent

MUMBLE & GROUCH DUO

Popeye & Bluto

6

Benicio Del Toro & Tommy Lee Jones

CONVERSATION TACTIC

Stating the obvious

Intentionally spitting

HBO SUNDAY NIGHTS

Sopran-tastic

Six Feet Underwhelming

MARCH MADNESS BET

Duke makes the Final Four A starting player makes it to class

SPRING BREAK COMPETITION

Wet T-shirt pageant Girls Gone Bowling!

OXYMORON

Jumbo shrimp

Poetry slam



EJECTION SEAT

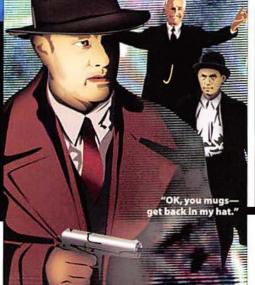
THE RENTS

C'mon, do you really want advice from the geek at the video store? Road to Perdition Mr. Nice Guy Tom Hanks plays a vengeance-obsessed hitman protecting his son in '30s Chicago. That special something: Deleted scenes where Hanks further sullies his sissy image; check out one entitled "Puppy kicking." (February 25)

The Four Feathers This sprawling epic about a disgraced British soldier manages to be duller than fifth-

period history. That special something: A documentary on the historical context of the movie-and a takehome exam. (February 18)

The Rules of Attraction Tarantino chum Roger Avary drags James Van Der Beek through this drugaddled, sex-filled college romp. That special something: Sundance Channel's "Anatomy of a Scene" special. Geddit? (February 18)





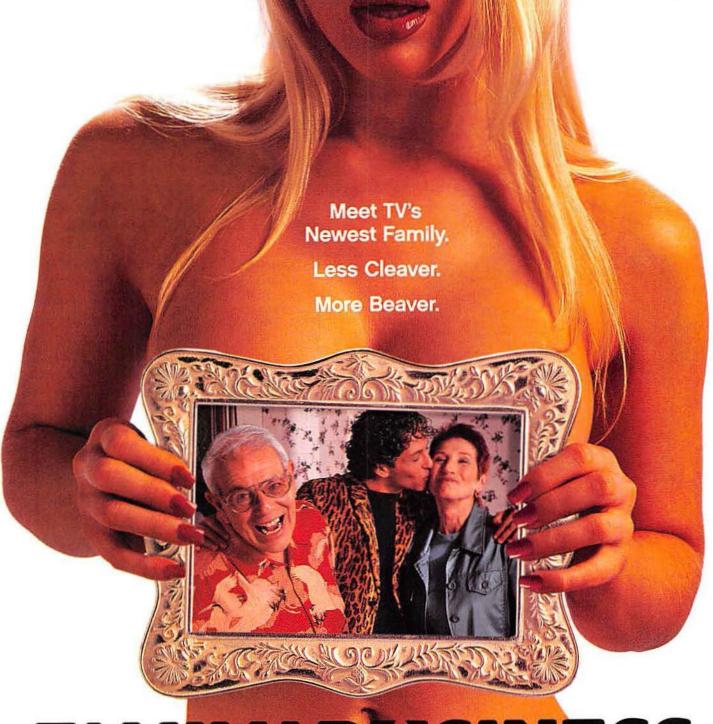
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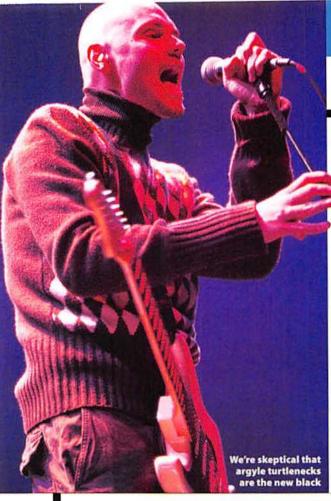
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TOP SPIN

ZWAN

Mary Star of the Sea (Reprise)

You didn't really think Billy Corgan was just gonna shut up and go away after smashing his last pumpkin, did you? He makes his return with Zwan, and fans of early Pumpkins classics like Gish and Siamese Dream will be happy to hear what he's brought with him. Zwan skip the noisy dissonance and ornery experimentation that crept into later Pumpkins albums, instead letting fly one lush, hooky guitar blitz after another. "Baby, let's rock!" Corgan sings on the song of the same name, pretty much summing up the record's loud and proud MO. Fellow ex-Pumpkin Jimmy Chamberlin bangs out the beats, lending serious muscle to tracks like "Lyric" and "Endless Summer," while former indie-rock luminaries Matt Sweeney (ex-Chavez) and Dave Pajo (ex-Slint) beef up the already pretty meaty guitar sound. We've always known that Corgan was a classic rocker at heart, and with Zwan he finally seems ready to drop the pretension and be exactly that. We say it's about time. - David Peisner



Like this? Try these...



Dinosaur Jr. Where You Been Sire, 1993



Built to Spill There's Nothing Wrong With Love UP. 1994



Catherine Wheel Chrome Polygram, 1995



Massive Attack

100th Window (Virgin) There's nothing wrong with mood music, but Massive Attack's fourth album takes the concept to dull extremes. The British outfit basically invented trip-hop with their intoxicating beatand-sound collages, so it's puzzling that they've decided to suck out all the drama here, leaving only a hushed drone. With very few exceptions, the record mostly feels muted and unchallenging: perfect as background noise in some high-end fashion boutique. In other words, a completely unaffecting snoozer.-Victor Blair



Richard Ashcroft

ക്കാന

Human Conditions (Virgin) Dubbed "Mad Richard" in the U.K., Ashcroft was notorious overseas long before his band, the Verve, swept America with "Bittersweet Symphony." Unfortunately, the band soon went bust, leaving Ashcroft to try to capture that old crazy magic on his own. On his second solo disc, Ashcroft's laid-back phrasing and loony lyrics remain intact ("I'm like a fish with legs/I fell from the tree") but this slowmotion collection of muddy rockers and majestic chamber pop never lifts off. It's good...but not mad good.—Dan Catalano





Ben Harper

Diamonds on the Inside (Virgin) Ben Harper can play anything, and he's out to prove it: "With My Own Two Hands" channels Bob Marley, the Zeppelin-ish "So High So Low" puts nümetal dirtbags to shame, and "Bring the Funk" brings, surprisingly, some James Brown-style funk. Toss in some country-folk, a few bluesy slide guitar workouts, and even one Zulu/gospel a cappella chant and you've got yourself a diverse motherfucking record that makes up for its lack of cohesion with plenty of blood,



sweat, and soul.-D.P.



American Hi-Fi

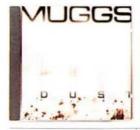
The Art of Losing (Island) Stacy Jones is a graduate of the Dave Grohl Finishing School, having made his mark drumming for '90s alt-rockers Veruca Salt and Letters to Cleo before taking on frontman duties. Fortunately, The Art of Losing sheds the slick production sheen of Hi-Fi's 2001 debut (and the bubblegummy hit "Flavor of the Weak"), so even when songs slip into autopilot, Jones' proudly snotty vocals save them."If you don't like me, I don't give a fuck," he snarls on "Teenage Alien Nation." A little attitude does go a long way.-D.P.

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It's puzzling that Massive Attack have decided to suck all the drama out of their music.







Muggs

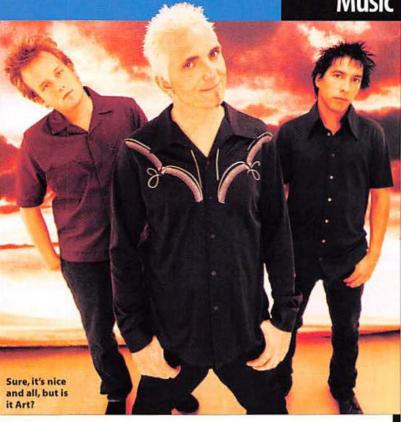
Dust (Anti/Epitaph) Although fans of Cypress Hill's bouncy tales of weed and urban combat won't be too stoked about Muggs' first solo disc away from that loco crew, those who appreciate layered beats and smoky ambience will definitely find the groove. Although the likes of Everlast and Amy Trujillo make understated vocal appearances, Muggs is the trip-hop superstar here, showing off a remarkable range of sounds, from classic U.K. psychedelia ("Rain") to down-and-dirty hardboiled scratching ("Gone for Good"). This is a mindaltering buzz of a different kind.—Steve Appleford



Johnny Marr + the Healers

Boomslang (iMusic/BMG) A founding member of the Smiths, a one-hit wonder, and a Beatle's kid walk into a studio. No. this isn't a joke, Marr, whose solid riffs helped Morrissey's whining go down easier, and his band, the Healers (Ringo Starr progeny and Who drummer Zak Starkey and former Kula Shaker bassist Alonza Bevan). have pulled together a strong debut album that at best recalls U2 minus the self-importance ("Down on the Corner") and at worst sounds like the dull hum in your brain ("You Are the Magic"). The punch line? Boomslang mostly rocks.—Jim Howlett





Everclear

Slow Motion Daydream (Capitol)

In a modern-rock universe where it's impossible to tell anyone apart, Everclear have an unmistakable sound: roaring guitars, killer hooks, and that sub-Nirvana loud/soft dynamic. By their sixth album, though, we've had plenty of it. At least "Volvo-Driving Soccer Mom" has some fun with the format, posing the provocative question, "Where do all the porn stars go when the lights go down?" Hey, don't ask us, Art, tell us!—D.P.

00000

Everclear have an unmistakable sound, but by now we've had plenty of it.



CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

DAVID CROSS

The Who—Quadrophenia

Ah, the Who's other rock opera.

It's my all-time favorite album. It's watched me grow up from afar. It's always been in the corner of my room, looking over me, making sure I was sleeping soundly, like a little angel. But specifically, because of what it's about: isolation, confusion, self-esteem, questions of suicide. It's the perfect mixture of rage, drugs, rebellion, drinking, and violence.

So you weren't a big Tiffany fan, then.

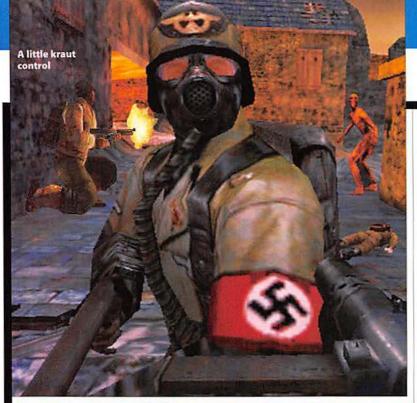
I was that classic outsider. Even though Quadrophenia takes place in '60s England, I could relate to it, being in this shitty

apartment complex with my mom and sisters in Georgia, surrounded by a bunch of fuckin' rednecks in the late '70s. I felt like an outsider with my Jew-fro and crooked teeth. I was a total freak. And this was in that era when anybody who wasn't a jock was a faggot.

So Quadrophenia reminds you of high school ass-kickings?

It does, but now it's more like I'm watching a movie I'm in as opposed to really connecting to it on a visceral level like I did when I was younger. But if I'm really fucked up on whatever cocktail of drugs I've been taking, I still come home and crank it. Two years ago I remember doing that—running and jumping around, kick-

ing and hitting the couch. I don't even really recall what all the anger was about. Actually, I'm pretty sure it was about a girl.



GAME ON!

RETURN TO CASTLE WOLFENSTEIN:



Like this? Try these...

Prisoner of War (Infogrames-Xbox, PS2, PC)

Medal of Honor Frontline

(EA-Xbox, PS2, GC)

(Microsoft-Xbox)

You've endured Grandpa's endless tales of the shell shock, trench foot, and C rations he suffered during the Big One, so now's your chance to fire back with some Europe-liberating yarns of your own. We bet Gramps never blasted his way through intricate Nazi laboratories to foil Hitler's plans for a race of inhuman supersoldiers. The latest installment in the guts-and-guten tag epic places you (as U.S. Ranger B.J. Blazkowicz) deep inside Germany as the last stand against the SS' twisted occult shenanigans. Playing alone or with online teams (Xbox Live hooks you up), you clean kraut house with sniper rifles, machine guns, and rocket launchers. Not so talkative now, are ya, old-timer? -- Alex Porter 00000

The King of Route 66

(Sega-PlayStation 2) Remember how '70s movies like Convoy made the life of a trucker seem like one high-stakes adventure after another? Well, King hopes to rescue those asphalt cowboys from the diesel-choked, Preparation H-splattered workaday hell their lives have become since the glory days. As one of the game's crazy truckerseverything from a samurai to a soul brother-you pilot humongous 18-wheelers from windy Chicago to balmy L.A. There are plenty of rival rigs and objectives



(like impressing the "Queens of Route 66"and, no, none of them are named Bubba) along the way in this Crazy Taxi-style romp. Unfortunately, the game's pace rarely manages to grind past second gear, making this a much longer haul than it really should be .-- A.P.

000

Vexx

(Acclaim-GameCube, Xbox, PlayStation 2)

There really is more than one way to skin a cat-and Vexx proves that beating, burning, and bludgeoning are pretty good options, too. Yes, the hero of this iump 'n' run adventure game is a not-so-pretty kitty, but, no, this ain't some cutesy romp through Mario land. Vexx is a curiously grim exercise featuring gargantuan free-form levels fraught with danger and a surprisingly combatheavy fighting system of combos, uppercuts, and vicious slashes.



Geometrically twisted worlds play unfriendly host to your continually morphing objectives, with enemies and puzzles that change as the levels progress from day to night. Don't let the whiskers fool ya; this is one pussy that could end up licking you. -Scott Steinberg

0000

DIESEL-POWERED

XXX-BOX

Vin Diesel flexes his muscles with a brand-new gaming venture.

Action star Vin Diesel has time for video games?

I'll spend 20 hours playing some of these suckers. I love them so much I'm creating my own company. It's called Tigon Games. We'll be doing stuff for all platforms. Just wait and see.

Um, what's a "tigon"?

It's the offspring of a male tiger and a female lion.

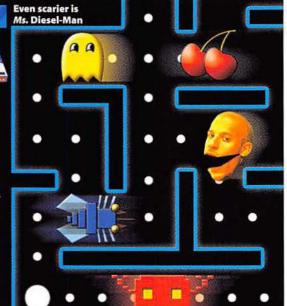
Of course. How'd you decide gaming would be your next big venture? I wanted to challenge myself to see

if I could create games that I would enjoy playing.

We felt like we needed a PlayStation controller in our hands during some of XXX's action sequences.

Hey, some games are using real screenwriters. The line between movies and

games is becoming less apparent. So this isn't just a vanity project? Trust me, I'll follow through. When you see Tigon Games on the box, you know it will be off the chain.-S.S.





It's wrong to judge others—unless they're begging for it. We turn the tables on the Internet's best, and weirdest, "Rate My" sites.

Sometimes a simple "Am I Hot or Not?" is just a little bit too limiting. Newer, more specialized "Rate My" sites have been popping up all over the Internet, expanding this brilliant concept to include some of the most bizarre, creative, and ridiculously pointless amateur photography imaginable. And the best part is, these punishmentglutton Net denizens are not only accepting your harsh, ill-informed judgment; they're actually asking for it. Boy, are they asking for it.





RATE MY MULLET

ratemymullet.com

Rat-tail, hockey hair, Bolton bouffant-whatever you call it, there are those who are so proud of their coiffure choice that they want you to weigh in on the matter. So how does this site rank on a scale of "bad" to "the parking lot at a Bon Jovi concert"?

Accessibility: Since this is a site for those who can manage to cut only half their hair, they keep it simple. It even defines what a mullet is, in case you don't watch Cops.

Photo quality: Not all that bad...for a prison portrait studio, that is.

Addictiveness: You'll be so transfixed you'll sprout your own mullet before you can pull yourself away. Final verdict: Over the ears, down the neck-it's fun as heck! 00000



RATE MY RACK

ratemyrack.com

Hallelujah! Whether knownst or unbeknownst to their owners, hundreds of amateur breasts are displayed for the connoisseur. This is what the Web does best-because if we're not scouring the Internet for free nudity, we're scouring cable or our neighbors' houses for free nudity.

Accessibility: Well, it's free for us, since we're well over 18. Otherwise, you'd better stick to maximonline.com. Photo quality: Glorious closeups of bare breasts.

Not even Ansel Adams can compete with this. Addictiveness: As with

potato chips, you can't have just one-and they go great with beer. Final verdict: A perfect

idea marred by limited access and tons of irritating porn pop-ups.

00



RATE MY WHEELS

ratemywheels.com

Dudes who dig cars post their photos so that other dudes who dig cars can dig them digging their cars. Wait, the dude with the jacked-up lime-green AMC Gremlin only scores a 5? What a friggin' ripoff! Accessibility: The ID/ password prompt is a drag. Anyway, this sort of thing is more fun on eBay, where you might actually be able to buy the damned thing. Photo quality: Almost perfect. But could you step a little to the left? A little more? OK, a little more... Addictiveness: Hard to slow down once you've started. (For added fun, watch for crossover picks from "Rate My Mullet.") Final verdict: A pretty fun

ride overall, and it's not just

for rabid NASCAR freaks

(you know who you are). 000



RATE MY FINGER

ratemyfinger.com

You don't have to be a white rapper or Madonna's husband to flip off the camera. "Finger" presents a rich storehouse of photos of people who don't like having their pictures taken and aren't afraid to show it. Accessibility: Easy. No intro, no greeting menu, no

registration prompt, just fingers. We have finally found the true universal language.

Photo quality: Strangely good. So much talent, so little point. But a bland 1-10 rating scale is a missed opportunity for more humor.

Addictiveness: Extremely high. You'll keep coming back to see whom you most want to punch in the teeth.

Final verdict: Yeah, fuck you too, buddy.

0000



PICTURE THIS

VINYL Hayride

By Paul Kingsbury and the staff of the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum (Chronicle Books, \$24,95)

In case you've been neglecting your "little bit country" side, along comes the definitive collection of the good, the bad, and the hilariously cheesy from the world of country music album art. This hefty volume chucks aside petty things like words in favor of page after page of gloriously garish images. Whether it's Mad magazine illustrator Jack Davis' madcap works for Jerry Reed or obscure Ferlin Husky covers, Vinyl's got it. Impress truck stop chicks or use it as a buying guide; either way, it'll appeal to country-fried fans and newcomers alike.—Kevin Morgan 00000







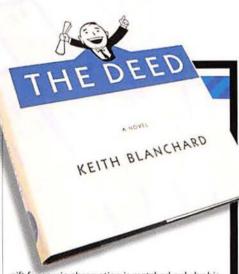


TEXT APPEAL

THE DEED

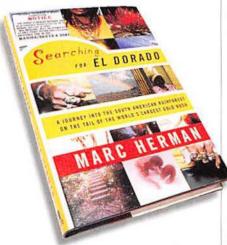
By Keith Blanchard (Simon & Schuster, \$23)

How many birds and chipmunks went homeless so this turgid hackwork could get printed? Your Aunt Fanny could bang her ass on a keyboard and produce a better book. Nobody could have a life so valueless as to waste even five minutes reading this tripe about some schlub who discovers he might be heir to all of Manhattan. For the love of God, who let this Mr....um...aw, nuts. Er, ah, we of course meant to say that this brilliant first novel by—looky here!—our editor-inchief heralds the arrival of a boldly original new voice in American fiction. Blanchard's dazzling



gift for comic observation is matched only by his pitch-perfect ear for hilarious dialogue—says so right on the back cover. He's also a damn goodlooking man, and hung like a rhino.—John Walsh

'Entering the pool room was like walking into a cigar: tight and brown, and full of the thick, roasty stench of old tobacco.'



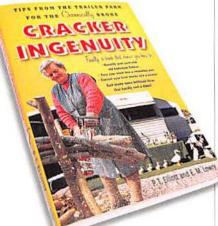
Searching for El Dorado

By Marc Herman (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, \$25.95)

El Dorado, the fabled "city of gold," has inspired adventurers and fortune seekers as far back as the Spanish conquistadors—and eluded every last one. But rather than drag out the myth for another tired run-through, Herman looks closely at real-life Guyana—the supposed South American home of El Dorado—and considers why a country literally sitting on gold mines is one of the world's poorest and most dangerous. Part memoir and part sociological study, this book's loaded with questions but offers few answers. Nonetheless, the trail from ancient myth to

harsh reality is a fascinating journey. There's gold under them thar hills!—Ben Goldstein





Cracker Ingenuity

By P.T. Elliott and E.M. Lowry (St. Martin's, \$12.95)

First of all, this book does not contain the recipe for whiskey-flavored saltines. That said, Cracker Ingenuity does offer a collection of the best tips, tricks, and lifestyle enhancements from the trailer park's best and brightest. Want to make your busted-ass ride sound like a muscle car? Poke holes in the muffler. Planning to serve scalloped potatoes but don't have any... potatoes? Layer bread and cheese in a casserole dish, pour butter on it, and bake—voilà! Can't afford real narcotics? Eat tons of nutmeg, since it contains a chemical similar to Ecstasy. And you

it contains a chemical similar to Ecstasy. And you thought Cops taught you all you needed to know about white trash livin'.—Eric Alt

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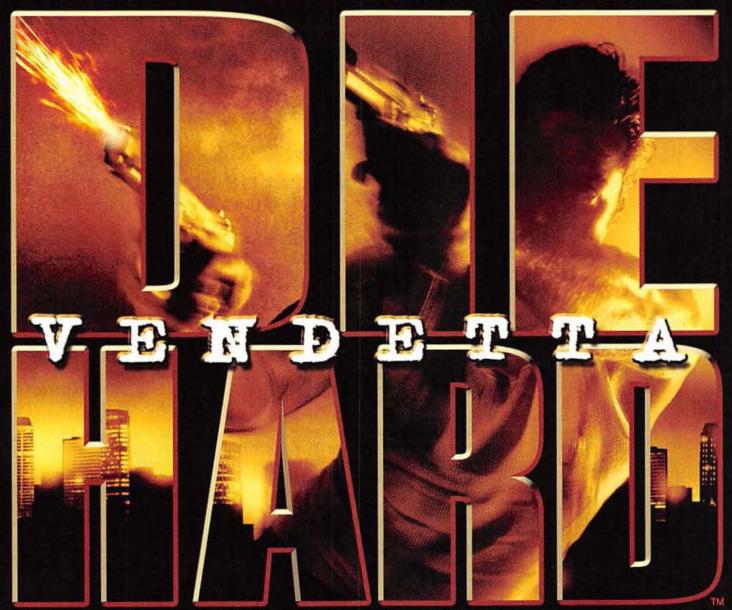


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styling. Wendy Schecter: grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne; props, Liz Engelhardt

WILL FERRELL



He graduated with an advanced degree in Funny White Guy Studies from Saturday Night Live. Now he's reliving his college days in the back-to-the-frat flick Old School.

Old School is a throwback to frat comedies of the '70s and '80s. Do you chug from experience?

Yes, I was in a fraternity at USC, but we were kind of the antifraternity fraternity. Vince Vaughn gives me shit about that. He says everyone who was in a frat claims theirs wasn't the stereotypical "C'mon, dude!" kind of place. We did throw some excellent parties. We weren't good in intramural sports, but if you wanted us to turn our entire house into a Vietnam-themed swamp, we definitely were your guys.

You, Vince, and Luke Wilson play buddies in their 30s who start their own frat. Would you have partied with those guys in real life?

I can see Vince being a great frat president because he's well-spoken and debonair with the ladies. Luke would be the contemplative guy in the house. But the running joke on the set was that we'd all be saying, "Man, if this were the '70s, we'd have female extras in and out of our trailers all day long." But, well, I'm married, and happily. So it was more like, "Um, you guys wanna grab some dinner after we're done shooting?"

What, no Belushi-style debauchery?

Well, we kinda cut loose on the last night of shooting. We were doing this big college party scene with about 300 extras and Snoop Dogg performing. Let's just say Snoop and his gang had some herbal remedies with them. And since we were *supposed* to be drunk in the scene and there were all these 40s of malt liquor lying around, we were like, "What the heck?"

Back in your own old school, were you the resident "funny brother"?

I was the frat "song chairman," which was a thing where we'd all walk over to a sorority house and sing songs back and forth. In chapter meetings, I was supposed to stand up and give the song chairman's report. Once I just suggested that our fraternity should go gay to save us all the hassle. Half the guys thought it was hilarious, and half the guys found no humor in it whatsoever.

Break your code of secrecy and regale us with a great moment in hazing.

We had a hell week, where pledges couldn't change their clothes or get any sleep for several days. And I had Cheez Whiz poured down the front of my pants. Which isn't that exciting, really. In hindsight.

Is it true that you actually majored in "sports information"?

Yeah, somehow USC offered that as a major. Believe me, when I saw that in the catalog, I went, "Oh, I've got to do this." It was supposed to be a legit course of study for print or broadcast journalists or, like, university sports directors. One of the cool things about the major—depending on how you looked at it—was that I was required to take a volleyball class for my degree! I had it in my mind that I was going to be a sportscaster.

So how's that working out for you?

After I graduated, I worked for a community-access cable news station...truly small-time. We'd trade off from night to night—like one night you'd anchor, the next you'd work the camera. So one night I was anchoring, and I made a joke and thought, You know, I don't really care about the reporting part. I just like performing on-camera. Maybe I'm not doing the right thing after all.

We gotta ask: Are you the whitest person on the planet?

I'm pretty white. That's my thing—suburban, lame white person. I grew up in Irvine, California, which is this middle-class, Republican community that, looking back, was actually a great place to grow up and make fun of. I have a love of lame white people and extremely boring people. I'm the kind of person who'd listen to a Christopher Cross CD just because the songs are so good and yet so queer at the same time.

Somewhere, John Tesh is smiling. You're not shy about showing off your whiteness, either.

It was a constant battle with the SNL censors. We did this one sketch where—this was post-9/11—we had people in an office wearing patriotic clothes, like flag ties and stuff. And my character comes in wearing a red, white, and blue tank top and short shorts. When we did the dress rehearsal, I wore the shorts normally, but live on the air I hiked them up so they were like a thong. Two days later I bumped into the censor, and she was like, "Will Ferrell, you got me in trouble last weekend!" And I was like, "Hey, live TV, what are you gonna do?"

Will we ever see you come back and host SNL?

Not to sound like too much of a purist, but there's a kind of strange sanctity to being a cast member. Part of me says I should just be that. But I debate it. I guess we'll see.

How do you spend your Saturday nights now?

Well, I'm doing a movie called Elf. It's about a human who was raised at the North Pole by elves. He finally realizes he's not an elf, so he goes out into the human world to find his parents. The whole thing's me in a big elf costume running around New York City.

Is there anything you'd consider really out of character?

Anything Merchant Ivory, like an Edith Wharton novel directed by Ang Lee or something. Or me doing anything Shakespearean with lots of ruffles and rouge. Hey, maybe I can do that movie: Ruffles and Rouge.

Describe your ideal movie sex scene.

If I get to do this movie I'm working on called Ron Burgundy, I've already written my ideal sex scene. It's the most overwrought, best-slash-worst sex scene ever filmed, and then it morphs into an animated sequence with a "love panda." That's all I can say. Keep your fingers crossed that it gets made.

Can't you throw around some of your celebrity muscle?

I try. I've walked into restaurants without a reservation like, "Are you sure you don't have a table?" "Yes, we're sure. And, yes, I know who you are, and, no, we still don't have a table." So it always backfires.



Interview by Eric Alt. Old School opens February 21. So go see it or you're all worthless and weak!





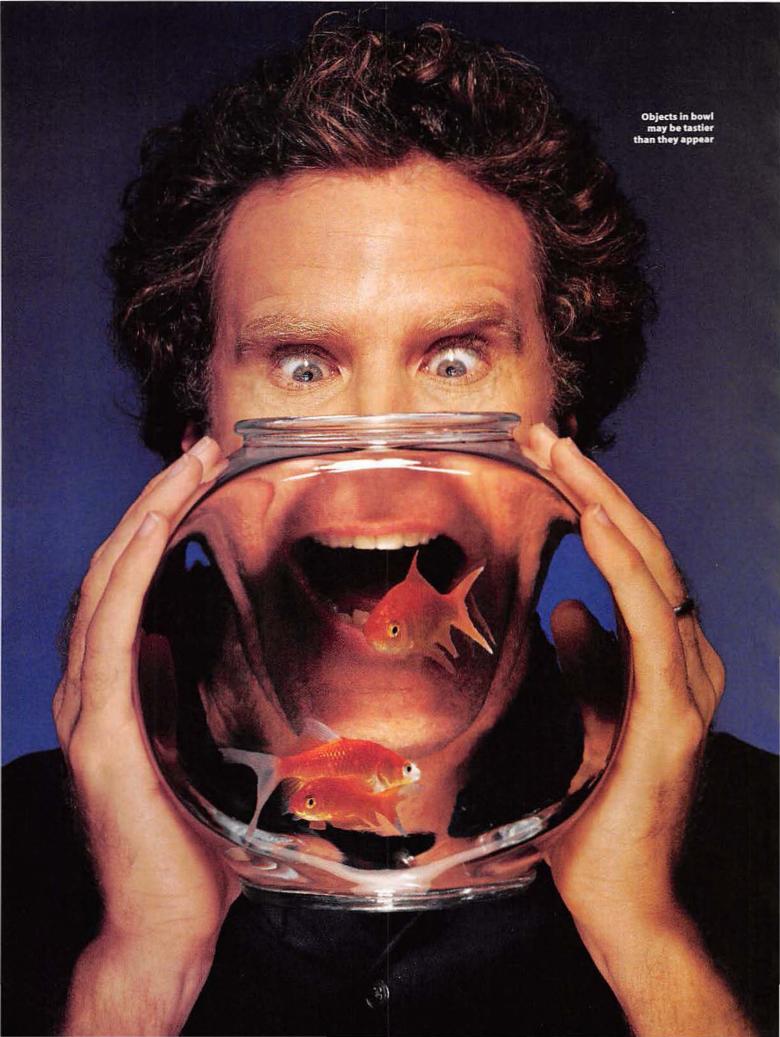
SPORTS
MOMENT: 2002
World Series. "As a
frustrated Angels
fan, the fact that
they actually won
the Series was
pretty great."



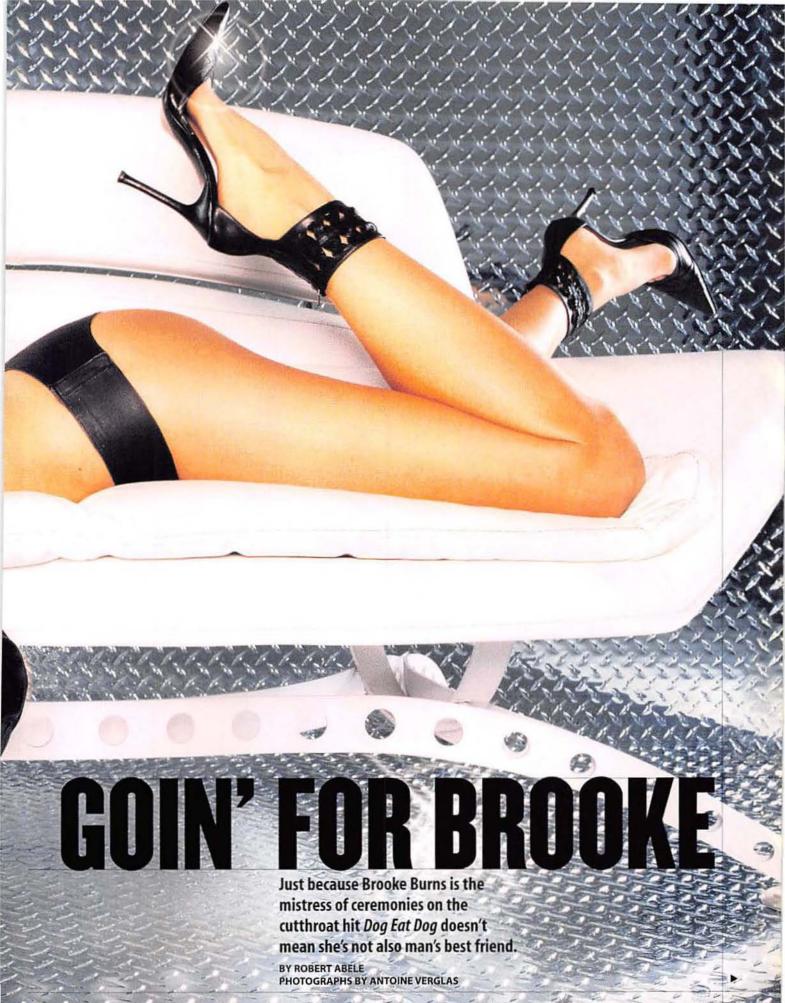
PICKUP LINE:
"'Hey, baby, how
would you like to
go down to
Mexico with me in
my van?' I think
that's a pretty
good one."



CHEAP BEER: Hamm's. "It's the same brewery that makes Olde English 800, which they try to class up as 'a smoother malt beverage."













Normally, we laugh at the fools who humiliate themselves on reality TV. C'mon, is a slim shot at prize money worth slurping down yak testicles? But when tall, blonde drink of water Brooke Burns showed up as the hubba-hubba hostess of NBC's stunt-filled *Dog Eat Dog*, we reconsidered. We'd subject ourselves to just about anything. If it meant being in the same room as Brooke. Luckily, an old badminton injury disqualified us from competition, so we bypassed on-air embarrassment and sat down with Brooke in the safety of a Los Angeles café. Settling down for breakfast, the 5'9" former dancer and model, easily as hot as her last name, sweetly demands her bacon charred to a crisp. "It's a Texas thing," she says, her luscious lips giving life to a Lone Star drawl. Down, boy!

You're always there to offer a sympathetic arm to Dog Eat Dog losers. Have any guys taken that gesture too far?

One contestant per show typically asks me out, which I think is really funny. I had a glass wall around me on my disc at home base...

Your "disc at home base"? Is this Matrix-speak or...

No, home base is where the contestants line up, and I have my own little disc to stand on. When contestants say they want to run over and give me a hug—whomp!—a glass barrier comes down. Then you hear the booming voice of God, our stage manager: "Please step away from the host!" [laughs]

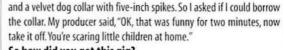
Have any female contestants asked you out?

I don't think that's happened to me so far. Hmm...I guess I'll have to work on that one.

Black leather and chokers are certainly our idea of appropriate TV wear. Do you like your hostess garb?

Sure. It's been a lot of fun going through the wardrobe and trying stuff on. We had a Goth guy contestant who had, like, 15 piercings in his face

'Chewing bull testicles is just not something that's exciting for me.'



So how did you get this gig?

By accident, I did Baywatch for two and a half years, so I became pretty good friends with David Hasselhoff, and he was appearing on celebrity Fear Factor. One of the girls wasn't able to do the show, and he goes, "I know the perfect insane, adventuresome girl who would love to be thrown off a double-decker bus." [laughs] So they called me, and I had to run down there for the taping. Then, about a month and a half later, I got a package in the mail from the producers with a note saying, "Here's our new show, and we think your personality might work with the larger-than-life concept."

If we remember correctly, you didn't even make it past the first round on that *Fear Factor* celebrity edition. Were you embarrassed at all by your performance?

Pissed would be a better word. I'm pretty competitive. I'm a really good sport till I start to lose, then I'm like, "Shit! Step out of my way!" But after I lost and found out the next day's stunt involved a tank full of scorpions, I was like, "OK, thanks, you guys! Have fun!"

What about eating pig intestines and other sundry animal nether regions for sport?

Oh, my God, no. That would be really wrong and terrible. I'm so happy that our show doesn't have that part. I could've psyched myself up for jumping into a tub of worms or even the scorpion tank, but chewing bull testicles is just not exciting for me. Sorry.

But have you ever actually eaten dog?

Hmm...I lived in Romania with my family for a few months—could there be a chance that I ate dog but didn't know about it? Once there were cow eyeballs floating in one of the local soups. I tried to avoid it.

How does a Texas girl like you wind up in Eastern Europe?

My dad was doing missionary work, and I had the opportunity to dance with the Romanian Opera Ballet, which was really cool. I was 13, so it made a big impression on me. It was a scary time to be there, but it's a life experience I'll never forget. All the roads were dirt or mud. Pigs were running through the streets.

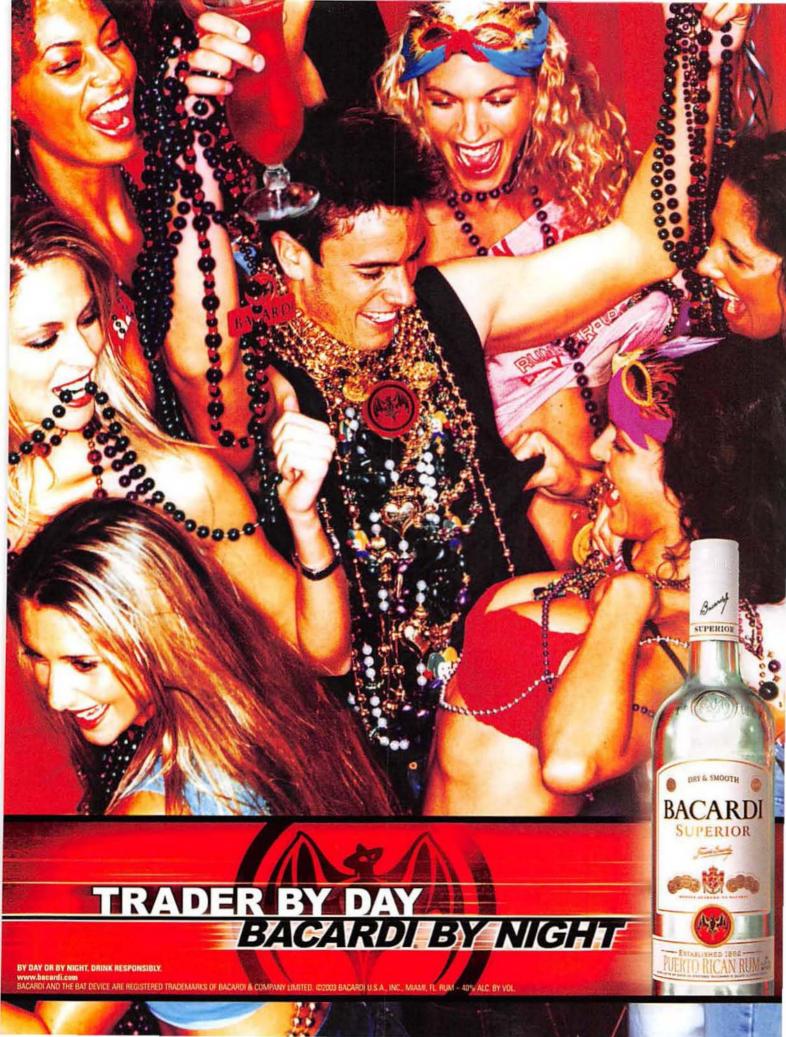
So what's the most Texan thing about you?

The laugh, definitely. I'm kind of known for my cackle. It's a running joke that you can hear Brooke coming before you see her. My mom has the laugh, and when she'd pick me up from ballet class, my teacher would turn off the record player and say, "Brooke's mom is here." I used to beg my mom to be quiet.

We don't normally think of ballerinas as raucous types.

What's funny is that I grew up in a very conservative Bible Belt family, and my dancer friends were these pierced Nine Inch Nails girls. I was the little sister of the group, and they were all very protective of me, but I was exposed to a lot at a very young age. Dancers can have a lot of issues as far as drugs and eating disorders go. But I was pigging out on my bag of candy and dancing. I was chubby when I was little.







BROOKE BURNS

Well, all that leaping and twirling certainly paid off, then. Are you still pretty limber?

Yeah, definitely.

Um...how limber?

Should I totally frighten you?

Well, we're not sure...yes!

[takes her right foot in hand, brings it out from under the table, and positions it behind her head] There. Great, now I've frightened the waiter. We won't go any further.

Hey, we can do that.

You can?

Sure—with one of your legs.

[laughs] Anyway, I can still do the splits too. Sometimes I freak people out by putting my leg up a wall and just continuing the conversation. They're like, "What are you doing?"

Why didn't you stick with dance?

Snow-skiing injury. I avoided the slopes for a while, but one year I decided to give it a shot. On my last run I got a little overconfident and wiped out—tore my left ACL all the way through in my knee. The doctor said I'd be rehabbing for an entire year, so I moved on to modeling.

When did you start acting?

I got a commercial agent through my modeling agency and went on a whole bunch of commercial auditions. That was fun because it was more than just, "Here's a picture of me, do you want to book me?" I got to show a bit of my personality. But I'd never had an acting class in my life.

When you did Baywatch, what kind of fan mail did you get? It came from all over the world. The scariest letters are from prisoners. Even when they're nice, they sound a little twisted.

That's men for you. When did you first notice that guys were paying more attention to you?

Probably around 14, 15. I was so madly in love with my first boyfriend that I didn't have eyes for anybody else. But he started getting really jealous about things I never noticed. That's when I started realizing that guys were checking me out. I was like, "I didn't even think about it till you pointed it out!"

So besides a great appreciation of revealing clothes, what do you look for in a guy?

[raises her hand over her head] I'm a big girl.

Do vertically challenged guys have any kind of shot at you?

Jeez...[laughs] I have gone through total guilt on this issue, by the way. I've tried to date shorter guys. It just doesn't feel right. They're always like, "Can you please not wear heels?" and I'm like, "I want to be a woman, dammit!"

Are you a candlelight-and-four-courses lady or a beer-andwhatever's-on-the-tube chick?

Both. I'm totally a chameleon: baseball, hot dog, beer, T-shirt, and jeans—perfect. Fun date. All the way to getting dressed up in heels and having wine.

Is there a foolproof seduction technique with you?

I guess persistence. It's nice to be sought after.

What do guys think is sexy about you?

Guys think it's sexy when girls are into sports, and I love baseball, football, and basketball. That's my sports love triangle. I'm very into jocks.

Jocks who are also in touch with their feelings, we bet.

No, I like a man's man. A lot of women are more into the sensitive guy thing, but I'm like, "Eh." I mean, obviously that's important at certain times of the month.

What do you think is most sexy about you?

I don't know! [laughs loudly]

The cackle!

God, no! There is nothing sexy about the cackle!

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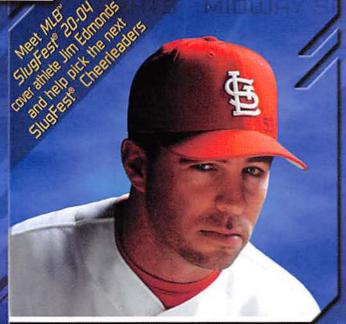
Midway Sports is conducting a search for the next Midway Sports Cheerleaders, and you have a chance to be a part of the action.

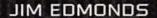
Go to www.midwaysports.net for more details.

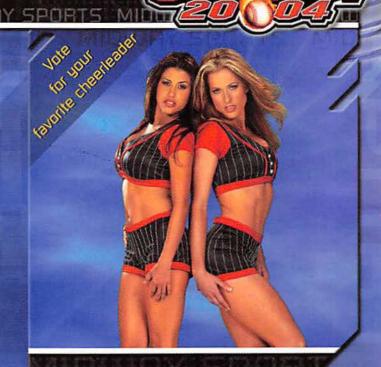
No purchase necessary to enter or win. Sweepstakes begins on January 14, 2003 at 12:00 p.m. (E.S.T.), ends on March 10, 2003 at 11:59 p.m. (ET). Enter online only at www.midwaysports.net (full rules available at that site). Sweepstakes open to residents of the 48 contiguous United States, excluding Florida residents, who are not eligible, Must be male, 18 or older, and have Internet access, and be available to travel on or around March 18, 2003. Prize includes three day trip for one to Miami and tickets to watch Jim Edmonds in spring training. ARV: \$2,300.



ignite your game'





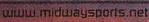


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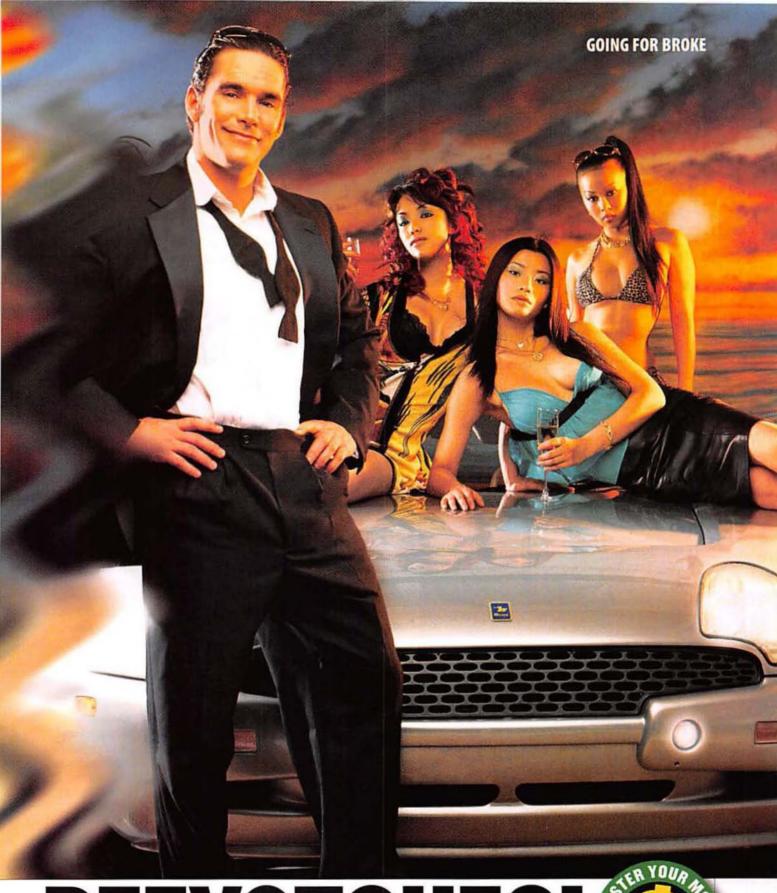




With the economy in the crapper, it's time for you to seriously take charge of your finances. Do it today so when the bull market begins to chalk its horns again, you'll be poised to make a killing.

BY KAREN HUBE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

RAGS TO



BEEYOTCHES!



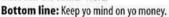
STEP 1: BUDGET OR BUST

Time to find out where the hell all your money is going.

Sure, balancing your checkbook and getting a handle on your expenses are no damn fun, but neither is having your kegerator repossessed at 3 A.M.

Do the math: To stave off starvation, first total up your fixed monthly bills (rent, car loan, utilities) and cash outlays (beer, chicks, video games, beer). If it adds up to more than your monthly paycheck, immediately move back in with the 'rents and beg your KFC shift manager for more overtime. Then identify your extraneous expenses—do you need every Pauly Shore movie on DVD?—then trim that fiscal fat.

Get help: Personal-finance software like Quicken or Microsoft Money comes with automatic bill paying, which should eliminate your three-bounced-checks-a-month habit. You'll need to input some random expenses, but don't drive yourself nuts. "Just keep track of how much you're taking out of the ATM," advises Chris Cordaro, a financial adviser at RegentAtlantic Capital in Chatham, New Jersey. "For young men that's half the battle." Word.





POWER INTERVIEW

DON ALEXANDER Economist, Citigroup Private Banking

Where are global markets headed? Toward recovery, albeit a slow one. Asia depends on Japan, and Japan's recovery is going very slowly. The European Union's recovering faster. And the U.S.? The U.S. will have a faster recovery because the government and the Federal Reserve have acted quickly and timely. For example, Bush's tax cuts and the Fed's interest-rate moves have helped a lot.

STEP 2: UNLEASH HELL ON DEBT

No amount of alcohol will blur a bottom line in the red.

Ain't a college diploma a bitch? Student loans drop you in the hole, and your first job pays a whopping \$18K. Five years later you're playing six-credit-card monte and using overdue notices for toilet paper. Don't despair; just like breaking up with a nutjob who's great in bed, getting out of debt can be done!

Face the enemy: Your biggest problem is probably credit card companies, which somehow manage legally to charge up to a wallet-fisting 29.99 annual percentage rate. If you pay only the minimum required monthly payment (usually two percent of the balance), plastic will fleece you like a career divorcée from Boca. For example, paying the monthly minimum on a \$4,000 credit card bill with 14 percent interest, it'd take almost 27 friggin' years to pay off the charges. In the end you'll have blown \$5,150 in interest alone!

Get a deal: If you have a decent credit record, obtain a card with no annual fee and a single-digit rate, such as First Tennessee Bank's Classic Visa (800-234-2840) or USAA



Platinum MasterCard (877-632-3002). (Find other deals at cardweb.com.) Just make sure to get one with a fixed rate that doesn't carry balance-transfer fees. Then switch all your debt onto that card and cancel the rest. Sacrifice a chicken for good measure.

Borrow from yourself: Went a little crazy with the 10-piece La-Z-Boy set? If you own a home, get a line of credit to pay down your debt. "Home equity loans are cheap, and the interest is tax-deductible," says Cordaro. But perform due diligence before signing anything; some lenders lure the weak with low rates and then hit them with hefty service fees... Yep, just like champagne rooms.

Go cold turkey: Once you're in the clear, consider hooking up with American Express. Sure, the \$65 annual fee stings, but that buys you girlfriend-quality nagging for the full balance each month. Another option is to use only a bank debit card. As vile as the thought of actually paying for something up-front might be, C.O.D. is the Zen apex of financial discipline.

Bottom line: Get out and stay out of credit card debt. (Bar tabs don't count, of course.)

BANKRUPTCY: YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT

While many types of loserdom—getting dumped, fired, wedgied—are funny up until a guy gets hitched, declaring bankruptcy is truly pathetic. It's also a financial belly flop off a cliff. So here's why you should never pull an Enron.

It'll depress you. If you're thinking of redecorating your den with brain matter, call the nonprofit National Foundation for Credit Counseling (800-388-2227). It will refer you to a member agency in your area that will negotiate a payment plan with vour creditors. So pawn the .357.

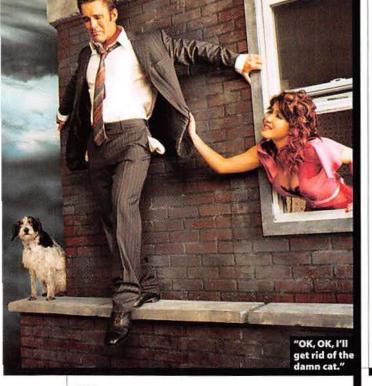
■ Nobody will hire you. For many jobs, particularly in financial services or the government, you'll be asked if you've ever filed for bankruptcy. Just think, would you want to hire a shifty deadbeat like yourself?

mock you. As the courts will order all your crap sold off, you'll be left with nada, and it takes approximately seven years for a Chapter 11 to disappear from a credit report. That means you won't

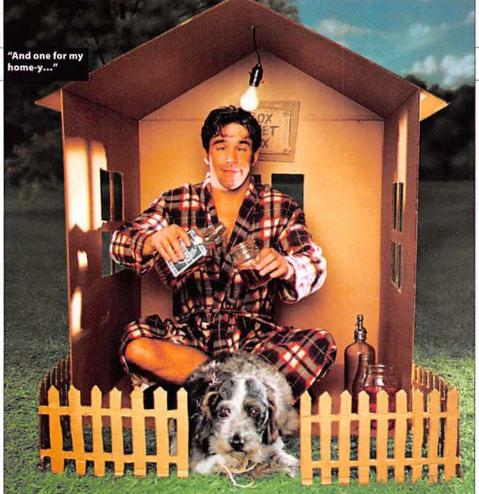
qualify for a decent car loan, mortgage rate, or credit card—or you may not get one at all. Cough, loser!

Bottom line:
The only person

lower than a guy who welshes on a debt is the guy who steals his roommate's bucket of chicken wings on Super Bowl Sunday. Oh, thought we didn't notice, huh?







STEP 3: ESTABLISH A HOME BASE

Being king of your own castle guarantees not only long-term financial security but also a fire-breathing dragon!

Still renting? Well, unless you actually enjoy flushing wads of cash down the toilet every month, it's time to consider buying your own address. With mortgage rates at 35-year lows, you'd be a fool not to grab a rock-bottom deal before the markets begin to recover from the dot-bomb. Better hurry!

Movin' on up: Between closing costs and sales commissions, getting in and out of real estate isn't cheap, says Keith Gumbinger, vice president of HSH Associates, a financial research company in Butler, New Jersey. With an average inflation rate of about two percent per year, it takes at least three years for your



home to increase in value enough to offset such costs. And to avoid paying major capital gains taxes on the sale of your home, you need to stay put for two years anyway. So be doubly sure the place isn't haunted before you buy. House deals: As a rule of thumb, you can qualify for a home loan three times your annual salary. At current rates, figure on a \$300-per-month mortgage payment for every \$50,000 you borrow. Some lenders allow down payments as low as five percent of a home's price, though 10 to 20 percent is more common. For example, if you're eyeing a \$250,000 abode and can qualify for a \$225,000 loan, you'd have to put down 10 percent, or \$25,000. Closing costs and other fees, typically four percent of the sale price, add another \$10,000. So altogether you'd need \$35,000 of Granny's mattress money up-front, and then \$1,350 a month.

The payoff: OK, so you're a quarter-million in the hole, and now you have higher monthly payments, homeowner's insurance, and a goddamn lawn to mow. Things start looking up in April, when you claim the holy grail of tax deductions: mortgage interest. Depending on your tax bracket, your refund can equal as much as a fourth of your annual mortgageinterest payments—knocking that \$1,350 monthly bill down to \$1,010. More important, with every installment paid to the bank, you're building equity—personal wealth, basically-instead of giving away hardearned dough to some bloodsucking landlord. Hot tip: Make a mortgage payment every four weeks (13 payments annually) and you'll knock about seven years off a 30-year loan. Bottom line: There's no sign housing prices are going to fall, so take the plunge while rates are low. And for God's sake, don't forget to forward your Maxim subscription!

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

Followed our advice and got lots o' money to burn? Here's where to aim your gold-plated flamethrower.

CADDY WHACK

The problem with golf? Too much sunshine.
Thankfully, Elmco's \$10,630 fourpassenger Royal Ride golf cart comes with tinted windows. (the-greengoddess.com)

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KINGPINS

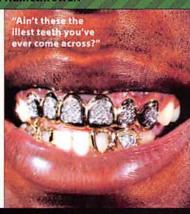
For the low price of \$36,000, you can have two bowling lanes installed in your basement.
And you can wear whatever damn shoes you please! (minilane.com)

CREATURE COMFORT

Like snoozing in style? Let Royal Luxury Products set you up with the king-size remains of skinned mink carcasses. Bedspreads only \$4,995! (800-983-7800)

ICED TEETH

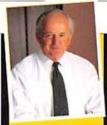
Nothing intimidates old farts in the boardroom like a pimpin' mouthful of gold and bejeweled chompers."Open your reports to page 37, bitches!" Prices range from \$310 to \$1,890. (gangstagold.com)



STEP 4: B-SLAP THE TAX MAN

'Cause the only thing certain in life should be Cops reruns.

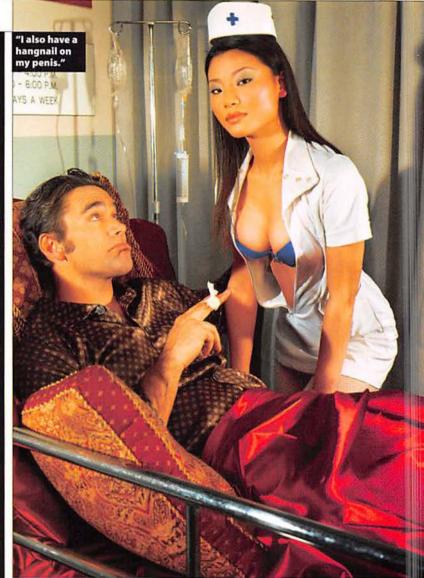
With Washington already draining 30 fucking percent of your salary for cockamamie weapons programs, farm aid, and hooker slush funds, you need to do as the rich do and fight the power. Hire an accountant: If you're making more than \$65,000 a year, it's time to get help. A pro is way more likely to find deductions, especially if you're married, own your own home, work freelance, or have an illegitimate Thai child. In the end your savings or refund will more than make up for the \$250 service (don't pay much more). Oh, yeah, the bean counter's fee, along with all other financial advisory fees, is deductible. Plead stupidity: If you ever do underpay or ignore your taxes, the IRS will come down on you hard. While you can't get around paying interest, you might be able to ditch the penalties, which can run up to five percent of the taxes you owe, says Lisa Osofsky, a tax specialist at Weiser LLP in New York City. She suggests writing a letter and using language like,"I made a goodfaith effort based on all the information I had at the time, and I respectfully request that the penalty be abated." Fart in envelope and punch walls as necessary. Bottom line: Don't cheat, but be creative.



POWER INTERVIEW

HUGH JOHNSON Chief investment officer, First Albany Corp.

Why should people get into the stock market now? The bubble we've just been through is over, and the stock market will be up this year...if there are no more disclosures of corporate wrongdoing. So what kind of gains are you predicting in 2003? The Dow will rise between seven and eight percent. Which sectors are you especially hot on? Technology and telecommunications -what goes down the most recovers the fastest.



BAD POLICY

Celebrities insure the darnedest things.

How nervous were the St. Louis Cardinals that Mark McGwire's creatinefueled swing might sag? Somewhere in the ballpark of a \$12 million policy on his health.

Claudia Schiffer had her gorgeous face insured for \$5 million. She also made a healthy decision when she split with loser magician David Copperfield.

Lord of the **Dance Michael** Flatley took out a \$40 million policy on his leapin' legs. And if we ever find that leprechaun in a dark alley, he'll be glad he did.

Squeeze **Dolly Parton's** mountainous mammaries too hard and you'll make the country singer an easy \$600,000.

WWII poster girl Betty Grable insured her gams for an even million, approximately the same amount as Germany's GNP in 1946.

STEP 5: COVER YOUR ASSETS

A little bit of the right insurance guarantees a totally gnarly payoff: no financial wipeouts, dude.

Sure, we all hate the idea of insurance: Fail to get shredded by an alligator and it seems like you're not getting your premium's worth. But now that you've finally got assets worth protecting, it's time to be responsible and prepare for Plan B. The game of life: If you have a family and don't have decent life insurance through work, you need to pony up. The best coverage for just about any regular Joe in his 20s and 30s is term life. Straightshooting and cheap (as little as \$150 a year for \$250,000 in coverage on a 20-year rateguaranteed loan), it covers you for a period of your choice, usually 15 or 30 years (typical mortgage termsget it?), then expires, says John Ryan, owner of

Ryan Insurance Strategy Consultants in Greenwood Village, Colorado. Agents might try to sell you expensive universal or variable-life policies, but just politely give 'em the finger. They're complicated tax shelters that mainly benefit the very wealthy.

Safeguard your stuff: Banks require all homeowners to have adequate insurance, but renters are notoriously underinsured, says Bonnie Reps of Personal Lines Insurance Brokerage in Denver, And renter's insurance is a bargain, running as low as \$260 a year for a \$75,000 policy with \$300,000 liability coverage and \$500 deductible-a small price to pay to quard against natural disasters and lawsuits from bitter paraplegics.

> Bottom line: Murphy's Law is in full effect-plan on it.

> > Breath mint?

No, thank you."

drive

legs

lip

chip

scratch

smoke

lie

beach

hole

swing

wood

balls

bite

cup

shaft

bag

rough

head

choke

club

score

etiff

length

No wonder guys like golf.





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STEP 6: SEARCH AND DESTROY

Invest now and get the party started right later.

BANK ON NOT DYING

No matter what your age, it's time to start planning for the day you're deemed useless to society. With Social Security going the way of impotence, investing for retirement is absolutely imperative if you have any hopes of dogging all those nurses from Trinidad at the nursing home.

Max out your 401(k): These plans are hard to beat: You contribute pretax money that is automatically deducted from your pay, so you hardly notice it's gone. The cash grows tax-deferred, without penalty, as long as you don't touch it until you turn 59 years old. What's more, many employers will match up to 50 percent of your contributions. That's the closest you can get to free cash, short of armed robbery. Start an IRA: Don't want your granddaughter to earn her college education \$20 at time? Then open a Roth IRA. You can invest up to \$3,000 dollars a year and won't owe any taxes on earnings when it's cashed out. To qualify for a Roth, your annual income can't exceed \$110,000, or \$160,000

bucks in a regular IRA. You won't pay tax on gains until you withdraw. But there are early-withdrawal penalties.

as a couple. Making bank? Hide the post-tax

Have a secret stash: Keep three months' worth of living and playing expenses in a money market account just in case you get fired or fall in love with some cutie named Candy.

Bottom line: Retirement instruments rock. They mature steadily over time, protect your stash from Uncle Scam, and pay out big when you're finally ready to drive the Winnebago down to Palm Beach.

BET BIG ON WALL STREET

"Damn

diet...

gotta

Ethiopian

smoke?"

You're finally out of debt, on budget, insured, building a nest egg, and have some disposable income. Time for gourmet beef jerky, right? Wrong. Stick to Slim Jims, maintain financial discipline, and use the extra cash to start empire-building, beginning with mutual funds, bonds, and stocks.

Check the odds: If you're under 40, at least 80 percent of your dough should be in stocks and 20 percent in bonds. Sure, your portfolio will nosedive if the market does, but you have plenty of time to recover any



POWER INTERVIEW

JIM BARROW Manager, Vanguard Windsor II mutual fund

What does it take

to successfully invest in stocks? Sometimes you need nerves of steel. If you're a nervous type, for God's sake, don't buy individual stocks. You'll probably make bad decisions, like selling when the market drops. If you do get in, remember: Stocks go down sometimes. You can't have it any other way. Why do so many stock investors fail? They don't diversify enough. You can't excel with just three or even seven stocks. Your assets have to be spread across emergingtechnology to bluechip stocks in different industries like utilities, banks, and retailers, so if there's a disaster in one sector, it won't wipe you out.



losses, says Steven Enright, an investment adviser for Enright, Mollin, Cascio & Ramusevic in River Vale, New Jersey. Ante up: Unless Martha is slipping you tips, the best way to grow money is to invest aggressively in mutual funds. Even if you can afford only \$50 a month, funds diversify your money across dozens of securities. In contrast, it'd take loads of research and substantially more money to accomplish the same with stocks. And if you're smart enough to sign up for automatic bank deductions (as little as \$25 for most funds), you'll have the discipline to invest even when it's raining brokers. Roll the dice: If you like the excitement of individual stocks, go for it."But only use

Makin, president of Professional Planning Group in Westerly, Rhode Island."Because unless you're an experienced investor who can afford to lose, there's a chance you will." Mind the vig: Each time you make a trade, commissions and taxes will eat up a chunk of the profits. So if in doubt, let 'er ride! Don't bluff: For online earnings forecasts, buy/sell recommendations, and stock charts, check out cbs.marketwatch.com or thestreet.com. And for fundamental research, visit multexinvestor.com or morningstar.com. Bottom line: The moneys you invest and save now are the necessary steps toward buying a home and having financial security. It may be tough at first, but there's nothing sweeter than a six-figure portfolio.

MAXIMUM GROWTH

Don't know what mutual funds to buy? Try these low-fee, top-ranked earners.

about five to 10 percent of the money

Royce Total
Return: A small-cap
value fund that has
whipped the Russell
2000 Value Index the
past three years.
Not the best
option

2000 Value Index the past three years.

Not the best option during bull markets.

■ Baron Growth
Fund: This tiger has outperformed the Russell 2000 Growth Index by 18 percent

■ Clipper Fund: This large-cap value fund has a phenomenal track record in down markets. In

This large-cap value fund has a phenomenal track record in down markets. In 2000 it returned 37 percent while the S&P sank nine, and in 2001 it was up 10 percent vs. the S&P's 12 percent drop.

■ Jensen Fund:
While it lagged
behind the S&P
slightly during the
last market run, this
large-growth
company fund has
trounced the index
by 15 percent a year
since 2000.

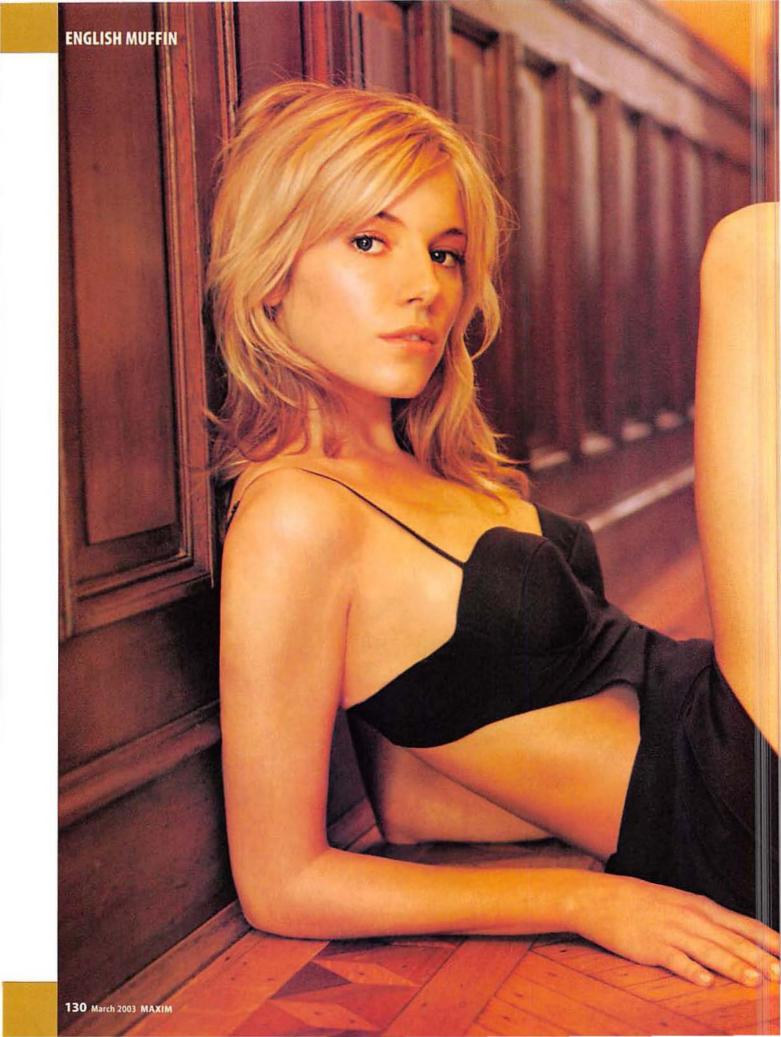
■ Vanguard
International
Explorer: Holds
mostly smaller companies in foreign
markets. It's beaten
the MSCI EAFE index
of foreign stocks by
almost 10 points
over the past five
years. Cool name too.

"I got any bats in the cave?" motorola c332 download tracks. remix rings. lay down massive bass lines for your deep house beats.



THITIMIH THE

REMOTO











and I have a cat. They fight; we fight."

OK, so it sounds like a script from Dial-A-Sitcom, but we were impressed by how the traffic-jam-inducingly gorgeous actress waltzed her way into a breakthrough role.

"When I auditioned, I had just gotten back from spending Valentine's Day weekend in Rome," she explains."I was completely in love at the time, and I just walked into the audition with a 'whatever' attitude. Executive producer Simon West (Lara Croft: Tomb Raider) later said he called me back because I gave the impression that I didn't care whether or not I got the part. It annoyed him," she laughs.

Sold on her apathy, West determined Sienna was perfect for the part. After all, she actually had sexy roommate stories of her own. "I went to an all-girls boarding school for most of my youth. We used to do stupid, fun girly things like pull tights over our faces and streak through the lacrosse pitch. And once I snogged the gardener." But don't go thinking she has a Groundskeeper Willie

fetish. "He was young and quite handsome! All the girls fancied him. We used to sneak out to the greenhouse and smoke cigarettes with him. So I kissed him."

But our favorite boarding school story, hands down-and stop us if you've heard this one before-involves Sienna, a horny mutt, and the Domino's Pizza man."I was really sick one day, so I ordered a pizza. I was in bed, wearing nothing but a T-shirt, when I got up to answer the door. Now, I had this big spaniel-and I was all groggy. So I'm standing there ready to pay the guy when the dog comes up and starts humping my leg! I turn around, and before I know it he's pulled my shirt up around my head. And I've got no knickers on! So I'm standing there with my bare bum in the pizza guy's face! I just threw the money at him and shut the door. After that, whenever Domino's came around, they'd walk by my room and snicker." Wouldn't surprise us if she also started getting a lot of pies she hadn't ordered...but let's move on.

While she's certainly not the stereotypical

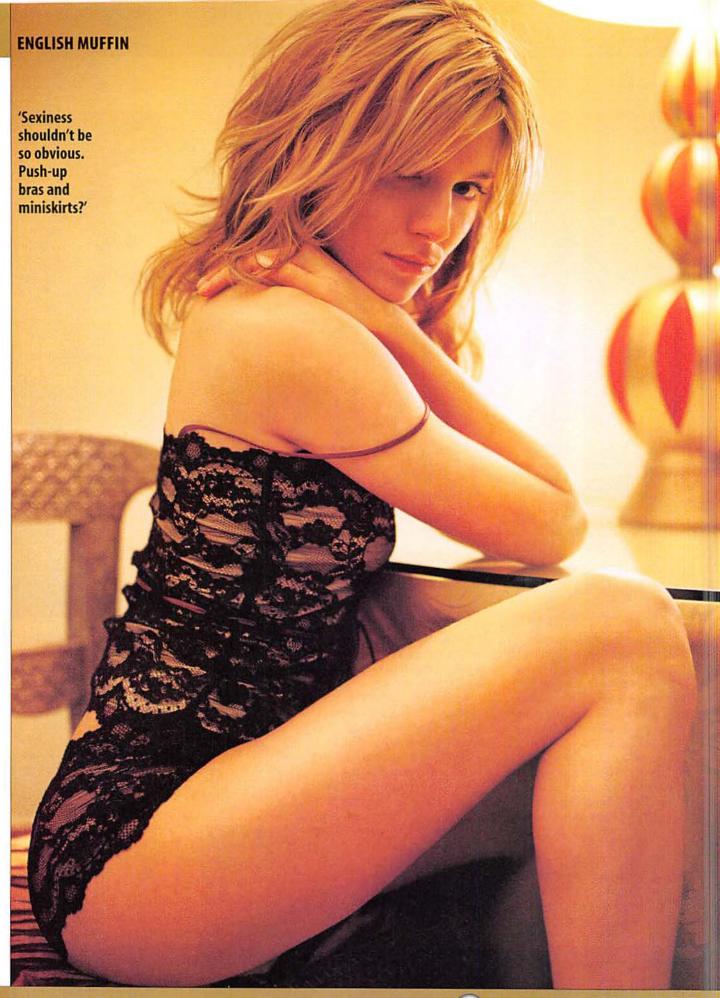
'The New York cop is cool, and the London cops are endearingly gawky.'



In England this is called "laughing hysterically"

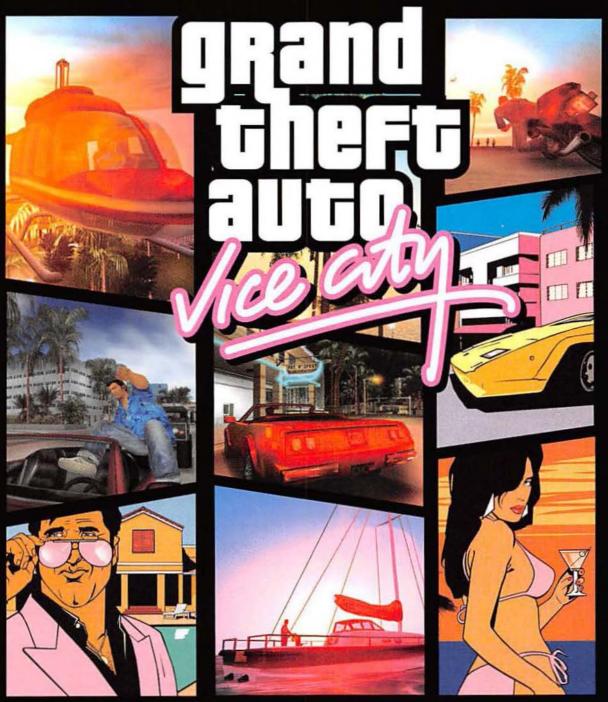
uptight Brit, Sienna admits that such cultural stereotypes are key to Keen Eddie. "I think American men are more conscious of putting up a good impression. There's more of an earthiness to Englishmen. But Americans aren't afraid to come up and say, 'Hi, I'd like to go out with you.' Englishmen are far more sheepish about it." And we thought it was the Greeks who were sheepish. "But on the show the New York cop is cool and the London cops are gawky—endearingly gawky."

And who among us doesn't love snogging a geeky bobby? Still, awkwardness is only the second Brit stereotype that comes to mind. "I know: bad teeth! But I hate that one. It's not true!" So what other irrefutable truths does Sienna want to piss on? "Men's traditional view of sexiness isn't sexy. It shouldn't be so obvious: push-up bras and miniskirts? Sexiness, to me, is when people are comfortable with themselves." You heard it here, fellas: Single white female seeks comfortable guy with good teeth to share apartment. Gardening skills a plus. Bring pizza.



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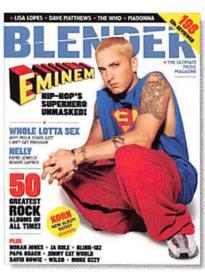


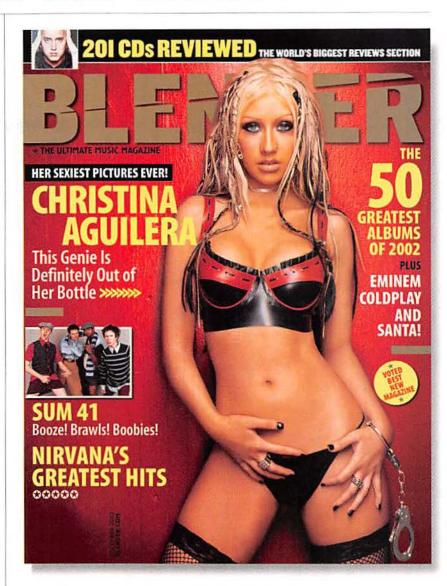
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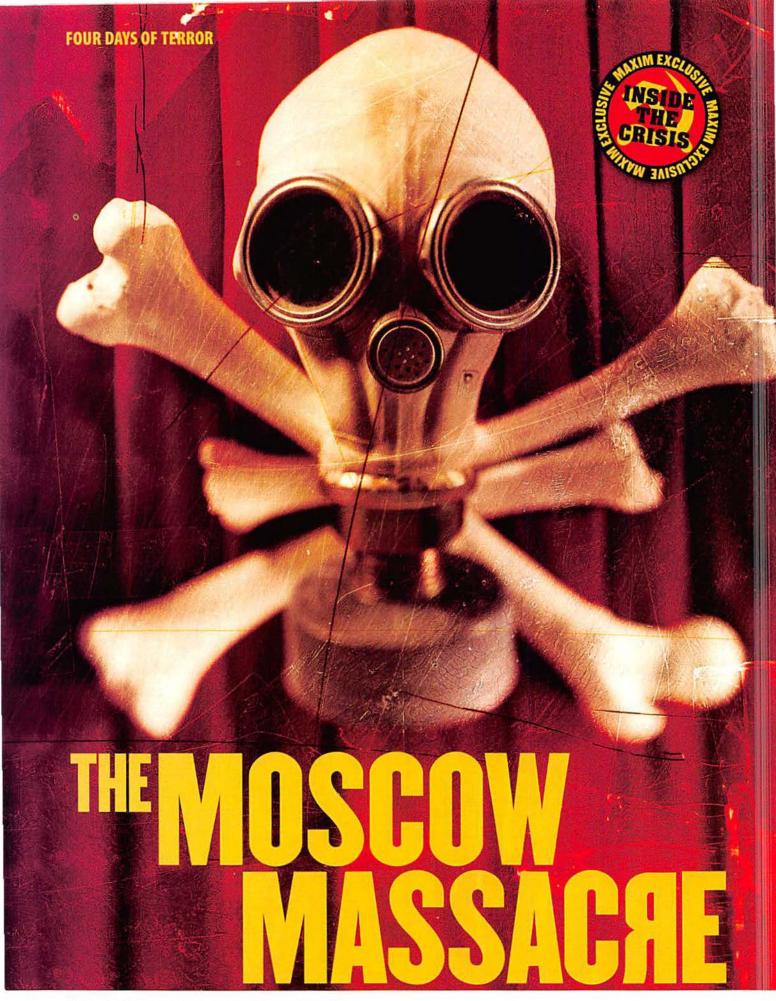




THE BOONIES







Last October a group of 50 Chechen terrorists seized a Moscow

theater. Vesselin Nedkov was one of the 750 hostages caught

between suicidal terrorists and a Russian government that

refused to negotiate. This is what really happened.



ne of the an AK-47 and shou move!" A think any wrong. I about wa was full of and actor soldiers i

ne of the soldiers fired an AK-47 into the air and shouted, "Nobody move!" At first I didn't think anything was wrong. I was at a play about war, and the stage was full of military props and actors dressed as soldiers in action.

But the music stopped. The actors scattered with the gunshots, and I saw that the shooter was wearing modern fatigues and a black ski mask. Within seconds about 30 more ski-masked men with AK-47s poured in through the theater's various exits. Another 20 women in black veils came in as well, brandishing pistols and wearing belts studded with grenades. We were surrounded. The man onstage fired another shot: "Most of you know there is a war in Chechnya," he shouted in Russian. "We are from Chechnya, and we are bringing this war to Moscow!"

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2002

I'm Bulgarian, but I live in Toronto; I'd gone to Moscow to visit friends. My friend Dimitri* had an extra ticket to Nord Ost, a show at the Dubrovka theater about Russian World War II pilots. Around 7 P.M. I met up with him and another friend, Svetlana*, at the House of Culture, a Communist-era block building in downtown Moscow. We walked through glass doors and the red-carpeted lobby into the theater, The auditorium was only half-full; a few hundred men, women, and children were scattered on either side of the center aisle, with another 30 up in the balcony. We took our seats in the 16th row. The show was pretty dull, and about 50 people left during intermission. My friends and I didn't have anything better to do, so we stayed.

9:10 RM. WEDNESDAY

Four Chechen gunmen shoved the actors off the stage and ordered the musicians out of the orchestra pit. The Chechen women sat along the aisles about 10 feet apart. Each was dressed all in black and held a pistol in one hand and a detonator in the other. Terrified, I turned around to find a female Chechen guard behind us, staring at me. She narrowed her eyes and said in Russian, "We came here to die."

The terrorists shouted orders to each other in Chechen. They swarmed the area and quickly turned the room into a minefield, wiring explosives on the walls and securing the exits with booby traps. I kept on hearing the name Movsar and figured it was the man onstage—he had to be their leader.

"Get out your cell phones!" Movsar yelled out from the stage. "Call your friends! Call your families! Tell them we've taken you hostage!"

I called my friend Andrei*. "Listen to me," I said when he picked up. "I'm at the Dubrovka theater. We're being held hostage." My phone beeped; the battery was dying, so I cut the call short. "Call the Bulgarian embassy now!"

10:10 RM. WEDNESDAY

"Anyone from Azerbaijan or Georgia, anyone with small children, come here!" Movsar shouted. A group of 30 people, 20 of them kids, were pushed out the door by gunmen and set free. But children older than 12 would have to stay. "In Chechnya children that age are soldiers," Movsar said.

Hearing one of the terrorists mention foreigners, I sensed an opportunity. Svetlana was Russian, but she was also an English teacher. Hiding her Russian driver's license in my shoe, I pulled out my Bulgarian passport and walked over to the Chechen, telling him that we lived in Canada and that she was my wife. Once he heard her fluent English, he bought it. "Go to the back of the theater," he said. Their war was with Russia, not us. We gave one last look at Dimitri, and I felt awful about leaving him behind. But there was nothing I

In a taped interview, Chechen rebel leader Movsar Barayev lays out his demands.



could do for him. I walked up the aisle and sat in the last row.

As Movsar listened to a portable radio, waiting for the news to report his attack, a burst of gunfire erupted outside and the windows in the lobby shattered. I dropped to the floor; the Russians were here. But the Chechens quickly secured the building. Movsar was unfazed: "We'll kill 10 hostages for every Chechen who gets shot."

2 A.M. THURSDAY

I wondered if I'd seen my family for the last time. Suddenly, the silence was broken by screams. Two of the gunmen appeared, dragging in a young woman by her arms; they'd found her in a sweep of rooms surrounding the auditorium. Six feet away from her, I couldn't tell if she was drunk or out of her mind, but the guns pointed at her face didn't seem to bother her.

"Who do you think you are?" she screamed in Russian. "Why are you holding these people hostage? Let them go!" She shoved one of the terrorists out of her way and slumped into an empty seat. The two men vanked her up and dragged her over to the stage.

Movsar looked down at the woman. "Execute her," he ordered.

"No! Don't shoot!" someone yelled. "She's drunk!" One of the terrorists grabbed her hand and led her toward an exit; she followed him as passively as a child. He opened the door and shoved her out, then raised his gun and fired. People screamed in horror.

Was it real? We found out later it was. "Quiet!" Movsar velled. "She was a spy!" First blood had been shed. The Russians would never let them live now, and we'd be caught in the crossfire.

Russian special forces surround the theater, preparing for an all-out assault.

Movsar looked down at the woman. 'Execute her,' he ordered.

3 A.M. THURSDAY

Movsar stood near the orchestra pit. "Everyone with foreign passports, come up!" he ordered. Svetlana and I got in a line of about 60 people. "Don't worry," a female Chechen assured us. "We're starting negotiations this morning. We'll release you. This is our war, not yours." I wanted to believe her, but there was a dead woman in the hallway.

I handed my passport to Movsar. By now he had taken off his ski mask. He was 5'5" and no older than 26, with a narrow face, dark brows, and some sparse stubble on his chin. He motioned me to the first three rows. That's when I first noticed the bomb. It was huge-about three feet long, the kind you'd drop from an airplane. They had put it in a chair in the 11th row; a veiled woman stood beside it, her fist clenched around the detonator.

One of the Chechens, a short, stocky man with a broad face, started shouting at one of the Russian hostages, then pointed a pistol at the cowering man. Movsar laughed as he walked by me. "Watch out for that guy," he said. "He's the meanest of my men."

9 A.M. THURSDAY

Movsar left the auditorium to negotiate with Russian authorities, leaving us under the watch of his unpredictable followers. Three or four terrorists guarded us from the stage at all times. while the others prayed and listened to religious music. One recited the







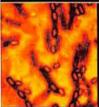
FOOLS RUSSIAN

en disaster strikes, the Russian Feds are guick...to draw the iron curtain.



October 24, 1960: At the Baikonur Airfield, Field Marshall Mitrofan Nedelin orders the repair of a leaky missile. The repairman crosses a wire, and a 390foot fireball incinerates 92 men instantly, including

Nedelin. Soviet authorities claim that Nedelin and his men died in a plane crash. Footage of the accident is finally aired on Russian television—30 years later.



April 2, 1979: A gram of anthrax leaks out of the ventilation system of Military Compound 19, a biological weapons facility in Sverdysk, and 66 people die. Authorities blame the outbreak on tainted black-market meat.

Boris Yeltsin admits that the military was at fault-13 years later—offering no further explanation.



April 26, 1986: A major meltdown at the Chernobyl power plant causes a 5,000degree chemical fire that spews a radioactive cloud across Europe. After Swedish scientists discover high radiation levels, Russian officials

admit to the accident—but refuse foreign aid. The fire burns for another 10 days. Over the next 15 years, 15,000 people die as a direct result of the radiation.



August 12, 2000: A torpedo explodes aboard the nuclear sub Kursk, trapping 118 men 350 feet below the Barents Sea. Four days later **President Putin finally** accepts foreign aid. Within hours of arrival, Norwegian

divers pop the hatch and find notes recounting the crew's slow suffocation. - Nick Mosquera



Muslim chant Allahu Akbar: the others shouted responses from around the theater. I still get scared when I hear it.

When hostages needed to go to the bathroom, the terrorists would escort them at gunpoint. But when one man in his mid-40s asked to go, the brutal terrorist Movsar had warned me about smashed his gun into the back of the man's head, knocking him flat. After that the Chechens decided to make the orchestra pit a communal latrine. Two gunmen stood at the lip of the pit, counting those who went in and out. (People who couldn't climb in, such as the elderly, were allowed to use the hallwav-alongside the dead woman's blood-soaked body.) As one hostage emerged, the brutal terrorist kicked him. The man stumbled into the aisle and hurried back to his seat. The atmosphere seemed to be intensifying.

With nothing to do but sit and wait for Movsar to return from the negotiations, rumors ran rampant among the hostages, started by any bits of information the Chechens would give us. Later that night I stopped one of Movsar's deputies as he walked down the aisle past me. "Have you heard anything from the negotiators?" I asked, "Don't worry," he said, "Your ambassadors are coming to pick you up at 9 o'clock in the morning." Tired but hopeful,

the bodies of rebels after the siege

Svetlana and I huddled in our chairs and tried to sleep. We were all worried, but no one was crying. Maybe we were just too exhausted.

11:30 RM. THURSDAY

I woke to rustling. Four rebels stood in the aisle, fiddling with their guns. "Get up!" one yelled. "Everybody move to the middle!" We all stood up nervously and started shuffling toward the center. "Now sit down!" they ordered. "Don't leave any empty seats!" Then I realized they were moving us next to the huge bomb. We were all about to die.

"Get under vour seats!" A Chechen shouted. I hit the floor, trying frantically to force my six-foot body under a twofoot-high seat cushion. People around me screamed for their lives, hitting me with elbows, knees, and feet as they jostled for cover. I waited for the blast. But all I heard was...laughter?

"Get up!" one of the Chechens ordered, snickering derisively. We climbed cautiously back into our seats. It was nothing but a sick joke.

9 A.M. FRIDAY

The release time came and went; our female guard told us the ambassadors didn't arrive in time. How could my

The Chechen-Russian conflict has lasted almost 200 years. Are the Chechens terrorists or freedom fighters? You be the judge.

After 40 years of fighting with the Russians in the Caucasus the largely Muslim Chechens are forced into the Russian empire.

May 11, 1918 With the collapse of czarist Russia, Chechnya is granted independ-

Russian forces invade Chechnya again, ultimately making it a Soviet republic.

During WWII, Soviet leader Joseph Stalin deports 400.000 Chechens to Siberia where 100,000 of them die from cold and hunger. Soviet empire.

Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev allows exiles to return to Chechnya and reestab lishes the republic within the

Radicals take control of Chechnya. The elected leader, General Dzhokhar Dudayev,

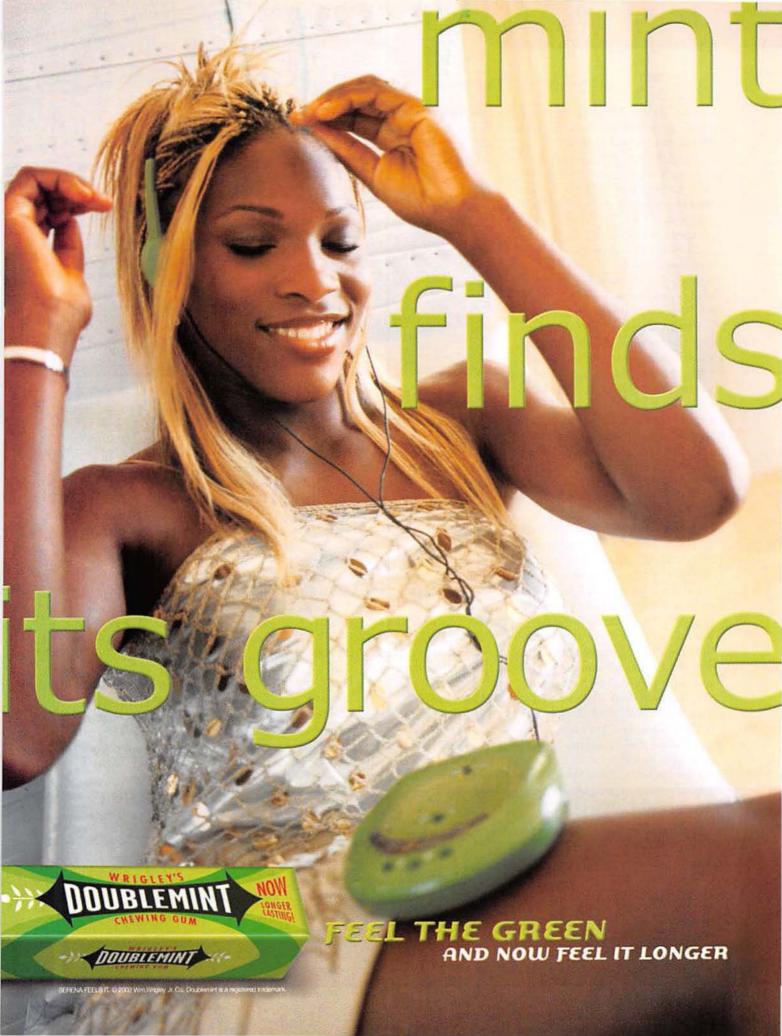
encourages

former Soviet

republics to secede.

December 11, 1994 Russian president **Boris Yeltsin** orders a Chechen war. Two years and

30.000 corpses later. Chechens and Moscow sign a peace treaty.



embassy do this? I asked for permission to call my ambassador, but I didn't have his number, so I called Andrei.

"He was there at 9 o'clock-all the ambassadors were," he assured me. "I'm watching it on the news. They have buses outside waiting!" I didn't understand. I got the ambassador's number from him and dialed it.

"We were there," my ambassador explained, "but the Russians won't allow us to go through the terrorists. We're doing everything we can to get you out." But would that be enough?

Finally, Movsar came back in, furious. The Russians weren't giving them enough press coverage, they weren't taking the Chechens seriously, and they weren't giving in to his demand for a cease-fire in Chechnya. We heard that a Russian television station had filmed a statement made by Movsar but didn't air it. "That's it!" one of his deputies shouted. "No more negotiations! Now we start killing hostages!"

NOON FRIDAY

I was exhausted. I was terrified. I was desperate. The stench of human waste in the orchestra pit filled the air; paper cups and bits of clothing littered the aisles; elderly people cried for food and medical treatment. I had to find a way to give the terrorists something they wanted-anything to end this. If the Russians weren't letting our embassies deal with the terrorists, maybe we could give the terrorists access to the media. My phone was dead, so I borrowed one from Movsar and called my embassy. Other foreigners did the same, and ambassadors for 12 countries agreed to the plan in exchange for our freedom; it was our last hope. When Movsar came



'No more negotiations! Now we start killing the hostages!'

back, I told him what we'd arranged. "It doesn't matter anymore!" he barked. "We're going to start treating you like Russians." He turned to his soldiers. "Pick up their cell phones; anyone caught with a phone will be shot." One of the phones rang in the palm of a female terrorist; she toyed with it for a moment and then answered. "Yes, he's here," she said, "but he can't talk right now. We're holding him hostage."

It was lunacy...and we'd lost our only links to the outside world.

11 PM. FRIDAY

Later that night the silence was broken when two Chechens dragged an older man onto the stage. One grabbed the man's shirt and looked him in the eve. "Who are you? A Russian decoy? A

Russian spy from Russian forces?" The man shook his head, desperately trying to explain himself. "I'm just looking for my son," he whimpered. The Chechen threw the man down and kicked him; the other one joined in, clubbing him with the butt of his gun, "Please, I'm looking for my son," the man begged, trying to shield his head with his hands. Blood was streaming down his face. "Please..." The soldiers finally stopped.

"What is the name of your son?" one of them spat, and I'm ashamed to say I can't remember his answer. The Chechens called out the name, but there was only silence. They pulled the man away, and we never saw him again.

3 A.M. SATURDAY

I woke to shouting. A suit-clad man in his 50s was climbing over the seats toward a sleeping female terrorist about three rows behind me. One of the Chechens onstage opened fire. The man dove into one of the rows unharmed, but stray bullets hit human flesh-

Fall 1998 The Islamic Regiment, a rebel group led by Arbi Barayev, gains influence in Chechnya by masterminding kidnappings there.

Chechen rebels engineer a major bombing campaign throughout Russia.

troops to Chechnya.

June 23, 2001 Arbi Barayev is killed in a Russian raid and is succeeded by his nephew Movsar, who killing 300; is reportedly Russia sends 100,000 funded by Arab war

lords and terrorists.

Fall 2002 Movsar Barayev's followers get jobs at Central Station, a club located in the same building as the Dubrovka, and they start stockpiling weapons.

October 19, 2002 Barayev's group sets off a car bomb outside a McDonald's near a Moscow metro

station: one

person is killed.

October 23, 2002 Chechen rebels storm the Dubrovka theater during a perform ance of the

musical Nord

Ost and take 750

people hostage.

October 24, 2002 resident Olga Romanova, 26. Thirteen hostages are freed.

Rebels kill Moscow





Wounded are taken to a local hospital (top right); dead female terrorists (right); a woman kisses her slain husband (above).

blood poured from an elderly man's eye, and out of a young woman's chest, just below her heart. She fell into the arms of an older man next to her, possibly her father, wailing hysterically.

Movsar ran back into the room.
"What happened?" he asked. His men
rushed to where the man in the suit had
hit the ground and dragged him out of
the theater. They were going to kill
him. They were going to kill us all.

"Shut up!" Movsar yelled. He got on his phone and called for Red Cross doctors, but we never saw them. All the negotiations, all the desperate calls we'd made to our ambassadors...none of it had gotten us anywhere.

5:30 A.M. SATURDAY

I was so exhausted I couldn't sleep. It was early in the morning when I noticed that something was bothering my nose. It was just a slight irritation, but I instantly knew it was gas. I poured a cup of water onto my handkerchief and put it over my face.

The next thing I knew, I woke up on

a bus. My entire body was convulsing. I couldn't move or feel my face. Two men carried me off the bus and laid me on a bench in a hospital. When a nurse came over, I asked her what had happened. "Sarin gas," she said. I only found out later that she was wrong. She gave me an injection, and I was moved into a room with two other men. One of them was violently vomiting up a horrible black liquid. Both seemed barely alive.

Finally, my spasms began to ease. I was alive and euphoric. The Russians had obviously searched me before taking me to the hospital; my passport, wallet, and credit cards were gone, and my pants were around my ankles. I could still smell that orchestra pit. But somehow I'd made it.

Three agents from Russia's internal security agency, the Federal Security Service, came in to see me. I had a three-day beard, and I could tell they thought I was a terrorist. "Where are your documents?" they demanded. My wallet was gone, so I gave them the number of the Bulgarian ambassador

who'd vouch for me, and they left. Later the ambassador himself came to see me. I used his phone to call my family and let them know I was OK.

Two days later they moved me to a private room with a TV, and I finally realized the full scope of what had happened. It was all over the news: Russian president Vladimir Putin had ordered Security Service chief Nikolai Patrushev to pump a derivative of the opiate Fentanyl into the theater to knock out the terrorists before an allout assault. But the gas was far more potent than the Russians had planned. Whether it was the damp handkerchief, how close I was to the exit, or the hand of God, I don't know; but I survived. So did Dimitri and Svetlana. But 128 other hostages succumbed to the gas,

It's easy to call the Chechens animals, and I can't exactly feel sympathy for people who threatened my life. But I find myself trying to understand their motives. I can't imagine the life they led in Chechnya. On Russian TV I saw the building where Movsar lived, and it was riddled with bullet holes. I don't feel sorry for him, but I wonder what would make a man willing to sacrifice his own life and kill innocent people. I don't think anyone can understand.

It isn't easy to take the Russian side. During the crisis, we were sure they were bungling things. The Russian hostages were especially critical of their government's refusal to negotiate with the terrorists. Russia claims that none of the terrorists made it out alive, but dozens of the hostages didn't either, and almost all of them died at the hands of the Russians, not the terrorists. But I don't blame the Russians. I can't blame them, because I'm alive.

TIME NEOFRESELLON

October 25, 2002
One man and two
teenage girls escape
the Dubrovka. A man
reported to be a
Federal Security
Service agent
enters the theater.

October 26, 2002
President Putin
orders a
militarygrade gas
pumped
into the
theater's
ventilation system. Russians refuse

to name the gas.

Reports claim three
terrorists were
captured
while three
escaped;
others,
unconscious
from the gas,
were shot by the

November 4, 2002 The Russian military blows up six apartment buildings in Grozny, Chechnya's capital.

November 8, 2002 The Chechen home of a woman believed to have been a hostage taker is blown up. Her passport had been found at the theater. November 10, 2002 Federal Security Service officers ransack the offices of a local Russian paper.

November 2002
Russian forces cordon
off five towns
in Chechnya
and eject
Chechen
refugees
from tent
cities in Russia.

cities in Russia.
Putin vows to wipe
out insurrection.

Ray Allen, the guy you didn't pick to break 100 points. (continued)

In his relatively short NBA career, Ray Allen has established himself as a tremendous talent. He is a very exciting player to watch and to support. He's capable of lighting it up on any given night. Also, Allen has the mental toughness to keep his head in the game no matter what happens. This translates into points. Lots of them.

When it comes to breaking the century mark in one game, it's a lot easier for Allen Allen can also refine his touch by using NBA ShootOut 2003's Total Control Shooting. This leads to Hot Streaks and that leads to buckets galore. Along the way, Allen's Play Creator lets his players design their own custom plays and save them to their playbook, giving him an offensive edge like none other. Soon the untouchable record of 100 points could be in jeopardy.

Many ask why this record has stood for so long. For starters, the total level of skill in the NBA is much, much higher than is where a feature like Practice Mode comes in handy. Here, Ray has the opportunity to get focused or practice new moves before he puts himself in the game.





In reaching for 101, Allen could also look to ShootOut's Total Control Dribbling. With this feature available, the Bucks are less apt to turn the ball over, giving Allen more looks at the basket, again translating into points.

Always humble, Allen reminds us that hitting 101 is secondary to the success of his team. "It would be nice, and maybe it's possible, but an NBA championship is what I want most. No doubt about it."

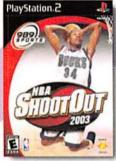
Even so, you're going to see #34 shooting his way to win after win. And on one lucky night, we might all witness Ray Allen break the unbreakable record.



PlayStation₂



Even better than being on the cover of a cereal box.



than your typical 300-plus pound center, since it's easier to do it with three-pointers than with free throws. Being a perimeter player gives Allen the edge in this scorers' matchup because he's able to get in a rhythm rather than being triple-teamed and fouled every trip down the court.

Another piece of what Allen needs to break the 40-year-old record might be NBA ShootOut 2003's Hot Streaks. With this as part of his game, it wouldn't surprise many people to see Allen hit 10, 20, maybe 30 shots in a row. That hoop



just starts looking bigger and bigger when a guy like Ray Allen gets in his rhythm. With the addition of Total Control Screening, Allen's teammates can set a pick for him or he can call for a screen to give him an open look.



in the early 60s. It's harder for one player to dominate.

Still, Allen could do it. His intensity and honed talent are what make him a legitimate contender for the record. This

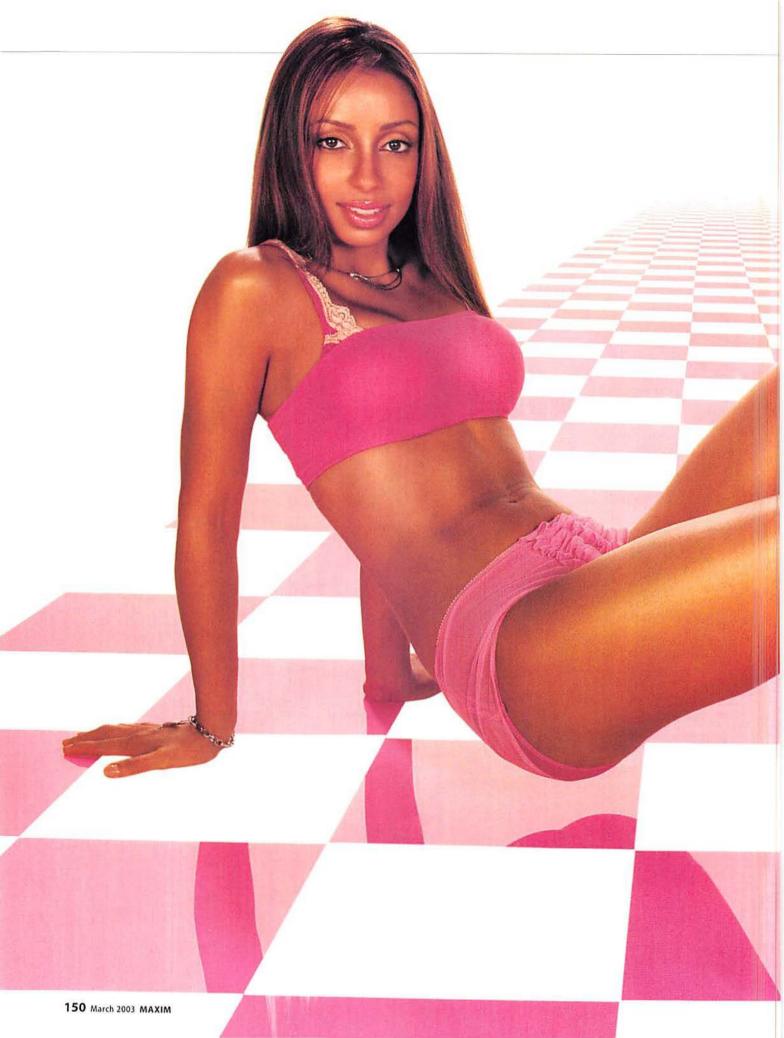
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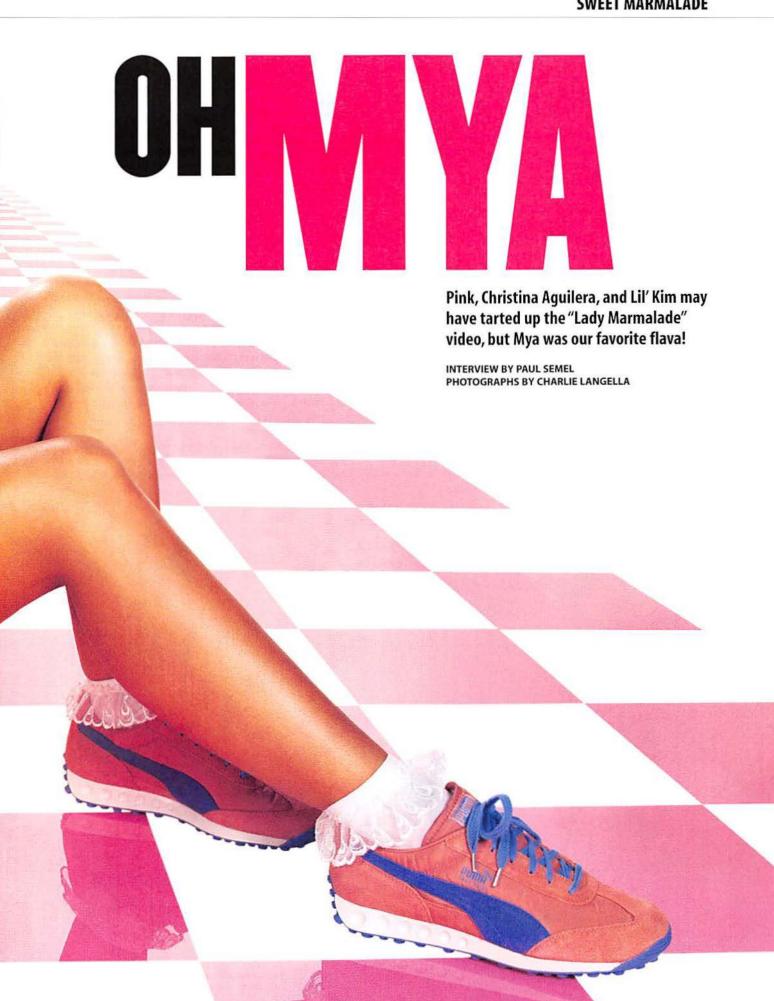
Also available on PlayStation*





www.989sports.com www.nba.com





SWEET MARMALADE

If it seems like R&B singer Mya has grown up right before our eyes, it

might be because we're stalkers. Since releasing her debut album in 1998, Mya has morphed from sweet to supersexy. She's since slipped into a corset for "Lady Marmalade" and even less in the movie musical Chicago. And everybody's noticed—even the guys without high-tech surveillance equipment. "People have always perceived me to be a lot younger than I am," she explains, "but now people know I'm not 16. Though I still get carded." Any doubt of Mya's legal status will be eradicated when she releases her new album, Bittersweet. "There's nothing bubblegum about it," she says, adding, "I actually wrote about 80 songs for it: There's '70s funk, a rave song, a touch of reggae." Jah, mon—so let's get this bird singin.

Mother of all turnoffs:

"When I did the 'Lady Marmalade' video, it was strange because my mom was there, and I'm standing around with a whip in my hand and my crotch in the crowd's face. In fact, I'm pretty sure I would've gotten a little nastier and a little grittier if my mom hadn't been there. Which could've been why she was there."

The bottom line:

"My outfit in *Chicago* was really skimpy. Let's just say every girl dancing had to get a Brazilian wax. I've done sexy stuff in my stage show, but I'm not used to my ass hanging out when I perform."

When opportunity knocks:

"I don't usually use guys, but I did once get a guy to buy some underwear for my boyfriend. This guy who liked me asked if I needed anything, and I said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I need to get some birthday

thing, and I said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I need to get some birthday

'Don't tell me I have to act like a wife and be faithful while you're out being a ho.' presents." So I sent him to get some boxers and some socks. He didn't like getting another dude's clothes too much. But he did ask. . . "

Cheaters will be expelled:

"Guys should really avoid preaching what they don't practice. Don't tell me I have to act like a wife and be faithful while you're out being a ho—that just drives me crazy. I don't know if I could get pushed to commit murder, but I've wanted to slash tires before."

Who's in charge here?

"I like guys who are aggressive. I don't want a man to order me around, but I like it if there's a sense of authority. I think we females like it when it feels like we have guidance. I want a man who wants to know where I am, who gives a damn."

Dance fever:

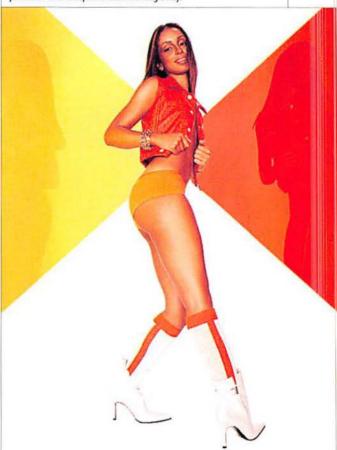
"You can tell a lot about a guy from the way he dances. I saw this one guy—he was fine as hell, but when he started dancing, he had no rhythm. He just didn't seem like a guy to me anymore. I don't care how fine or intelligent you are—that just irritates the hell out of me."

The naked truth:

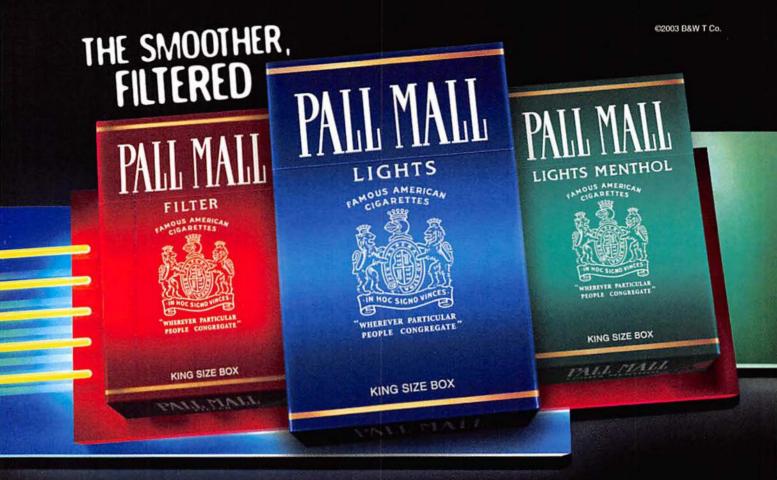
"There's no book on how to grow up; it's different for every woman, and you are ultimately going to have to live with the decisions you make. So at a certain point in my life I might be ready to be buck naked on the cover of a magazine. But there are things you can do to show people you're a woman other than getting undressed. Though it does get people's attention."

Fatal attraction:

"I've been in that situation where a guy was treating me like shit but I kept going back. And I didn't know why until I realized—goddamn!—he just looked too freakin' good! It wasn't healthy, but the physical was just so on that it kept me from walking away."







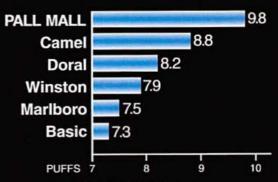
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ROADS I LEAD TO

The highway to bedroom bliss can be blocked by all kinds of unexpected obstacles—but with a little help from us, there's nothing you can't get over.

BY AMY KEYISHIAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN CUOTO

There you are, cruising along Relationship Road, making regular pit stops at Horizontal Hollow, when suddenly your gal blows a gasket. Some random act of fate has detoured her into a funk that not even back-to-back episodes of *Trading Spaces* can cure. And you know what that means: a big red stop sign in the bedroom.

To downshift frustration and turbocharge sex, you need to become the problem-spanking hero of her melodrama. Just follow the map we've unfolded for you below: simple psychological shortcuts for every situation that are sure to get her back on track—and make her engine purr. Free lube job included!

Breakdown: She just stepped on the scale and—waaah!—is five pounds heavier.

Detour: Low self-esteem. Instantly, she thinks she's a behemoth ready to star in

Downshift your girl's frustration and jumpstart sex with mind tricks.

Godzilla Returns. You know how you don't want her to see your johnson when you climb out of a cold pool? Well, she doesn't want you to see her anything when she's just been splashed with flabby reality.

Roadside assistance: "She's looking for external validation from the man she loves." says Gilda Carle, Ph.D., a relationships expert and author."And this is one of those times when a little white lie is your very best friend." Convince her that you still find her sexy: Run your hands over the areas she thinks are grossest and swear she's the hottest thing since Hiroshima; show her how petite she looks wrapped in your big, strong arms. Bonus for jazzing up compliments with terms like juicy and just the way a woman's supposed to look. Do not, under any circumstances, utter the adjective Rubenesque. (Later, with the crisis fading in your rearview mirror, you can mention that it wouldn't hurt to pass on that second helping of hash.)

Closest-case scenario: "I love it when my girl thinks she's packing on the pounds. It's like a calling card for sex. She's feeling insecure, and I take her in front of the full-length mirror and tell her she's so hot there's no way the scale is right. Never mind that it's more like 10 pounds."—Nick, 24

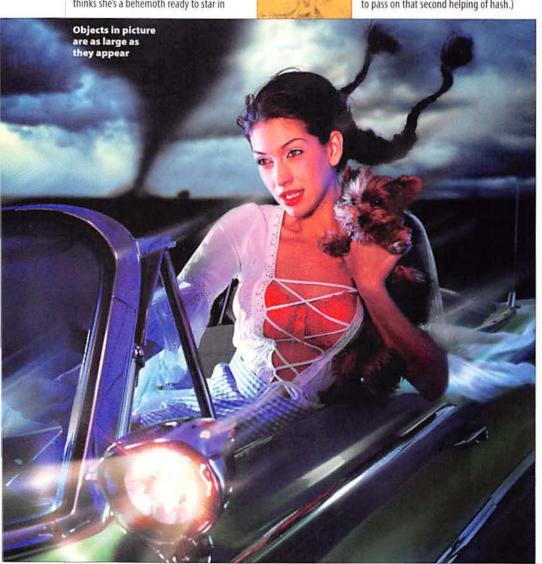
Breakdown: A Rottweiler ate her beloved poodle.

Detour: Bereavement and emptiness. You may be less than crushed about Fifi's contribution to the food chain, but in her mind that shivering little rat-dog was gonna live forever. She hasn't only lost a lap-warmer; she's lost a steady source of comfort and love.

Roadside assistance: "You have to replace that comfort and love," says Mark Goulston, M.D., a psychiatrist and author of The 6 Secrets of a Lasting Relationship. Use "mirroring" to get her through the tears: When she says something, feed it back to her. If she says,"Oh, Fifi was the best dog," you say, "Fifi was a great dog." If she says, "I'll never have a dog like that again," you say, "She was really one of a kind." This makes you seem like aget this-empathetic, sensitive guy. Tell her you're there for her and you want to comfort her, maybe by getting her into warm jammies and climbing into bed to hold her. Don't be surprised when her need for consolation turns into a desire to feel close to you. Woof! Closest-case scenario: "When we finally had to put down our old mutt after a long illness, my girlfriend took it really hard. I didn't dare to hope she'd need that kind of comfort, but sure enough, when I nosed around, she was up for a tumble. I guess dogs really are man's best friend."-Lamar, 29

Breakdown: She's pissed off at her best friend.

Detour: Danger! She's entered the anger zone. Have you noticed that women always seem to be mad at even their closest gal pals? Well, trying to understand the bizarre love-hate dynamics of female relationships isn't your job. All you need to do is keep your girl from redirecting that anger toward you. Roadside assistance: "Understand that her anger has to go somewhere," Goulston says. Rather than taking cover as she gets wound up, you should "subtly egg her on" by letting her vent. Don't say anything bad about her friend; that could backfire and make her defensive. Say, "Wow, you're really mad," in an admiring tone, making it clear that her being flushed with feminine fury is alluring. As you allow her to work out





her own feelings, she'll take herself right to the peak of her anger orgasm. Tell her she's sexy when she's angry, especially when it's not at you—humor plus compliment equals furious sex.

Closest-case scenario: "My girlfriend comes from a family of five—all girls—and they always seem to be having some kind of drama. At first I dreaded these arguments. Then I learned she doesn't need me to do anything but pretend I'm paying attention.

She just has to get her pissiness out of her system, and when she does, she feels all warm and lovey, like she wants to replace the bad with mmm-mmm good."—Seth, 28

Breakdown: The birthday present you got her was wrong, wrong!

Detour: Unfulfilled expectations. To you it's just a gift; to her it's a ribbon-festooned symbol of your entire freakin' relationship. Do

Tell her she's sexy when she's angry...a compliment plus humor equals furious sex.

not underestimate a woman's ability to assign earth-shattering significance to a trinket you spent five minutes picking out. Roadside assistance: "Quash your instinct to get defensive," advises Lisa Haisha, an L.A.-based therapist. "She wants an explanation, not an excuse." Let her know you have a clue, even if it's not the clue she had in mind. Explain why you thought a bra with nipple holes was what she really wanted; toss in a dash of self-deprecating humor ("I'm

dumber than dirt") to lighten the mood. Basically, you must communicate that while you might've screwed up the delivery, the motivation was pure hearts-and-flowers. Once she's calmed down, promise something better, starting with anything she wants you to do...in the sack. Birthday presents are best delivered in your birthday suit.

Closest-case scenario: "My ex took a lot of photos of us, so I bought her a photo album. She wigged. Turns out she wanted something girly, preferably a locket she could wear around her neck. I let her sulk a bit, then told her the sturdier album just meant that I wanted to help protect our memories. Heck, I almost believed it myself. She felt so relieved once I laid the cards on the table, and I was laying pipe soon after."-Brian, 27

Breakdown: The president just declared a state of national emergency.

Detour: Fear of the unknown-sort of how you'd feel if your favorite bar announced it was hosting Village People theme nights. Her world is in danger of crashing—literally. Roadside assistance: Create an escape hatch by making her feel connected and safe, Goulston advises. Tell her too much CNN is going to make her feel worse. Add that you're worried about her emotional state (rather than annoyed by her hysteria) and you'll get points for being nurturing (that equals less effort on foreplay). Offer to draw her a bath and light those scented candles she loves. Say, "Let's just get through tonight without

listening to every news broadcast and see how it turns out in the morning. If the world's going to end, baby, I want to go out with you"...and a bang. (Just don't say that last part out loud.)

Closest-case scenario: "During the last elections, my girlfriend just got more and more upset as each state's results came in. I told her I couldn't stand to see her get any more upset and banned all TV. I thought she'd be pissed, but she was totally flattered that I was worried, and when I gave her a relaxing backrub, she rolled over and turned it into a full-body front-rub."-Eric, 27

Breakdown: She's being audited by the IRS.

Detour: Financial freak-out. What if the auditor doesn't consider weekly spa treatments a legitimate deduction? Or worse, what if that meanie can't be won over by the low-cut blouse she plans on wearing? Roadside assistance: Fact is, the IRS is a bumbling bureaucracy with little interest in

persecuting one person. In a soothing CNBC voice, tell her, "The reason audits sound so scary is because they used to do these super-

audits in the '70s and '80s, but they phased them out. In fact, nearly seven percent of all auditees get money back." Advise her to make it somebody else's problem by hiring an accountant. Then really relieve the pressure by promising to help financially if the need arises. Once she's stopped hyperventilating, lift her mood with humor. "Point out that the IRS is much more clumsy than she is guilty. By using this reality check, you can keep her fear from getting the better of her," says Goulston. Ask her, "What's black and tan and looks good on an IRS auditor?" (Answer: a Doberman.) Then ask, "What's cute when it's worried and would look good on me?" (Answer: her.) The laughter will release soothing endorphins, freeing up the rest of the night for 1040 EZ-SEX.

'We'd be happy

to oil your can

Closest-case scenario: "My girlfriend got an IRS letter saying she'd underpaid three years ago. God, you would've thought they were coming to repossess her spleen. I gave her the number of my accountant and swore she could freak out, but only if and when it turned out to be serious. That day never came, and she's never stopped thanking me for being so clearheaded."—Ed, 32

CLIP 'N' LIE #1

Use these parodies to encourage

your girl to green-light wilder rides.

BACKDOOR BONANZA

Are you part of the anal-sex renaissance? Cosmo readers confess.



Have anal sex

ictually prefer

ave trouble finding willing





Breakdown: A big-ass bear is attacking your car.

Detour: Mortal danger. Adrenaline has flooded her system like gasoline flooding the engine of a '74 Monte Carlo, resulting in total shutdown until she can calm down.

Roadside assistance: "She's engaged in total panic, fight-or-flight response," Goulston says. The only way to quell the panic is to convert the tidal wave of adrenaline into sexual energy. How to get her there? The direct approach is your only hope. Hold her out of the line of sight of Hannibal the bear and make an aggressive, obvious move, like squeezing her breast or pulling her into the backseat. What you're doing is coming off as her caveman-style protector, shielding her from the impending danger. That converts her rush into a sexual appreciation of your primitive urges. Calling a park ranger on your cell phone is a good backup strategy. Peeing in your pants, not so much.

Closest-case scenario: "My girlfriend suffers from panic attacks that flare up when she's stressed out. When she gets that googly look in her eyes, I hold her in a way that doesn't make her feel smothered, then I reach down and pull her hips against mine. She knows from experience that if she has an orgasm, the panic subsides; I'm just lucky enough to be the conduit."—Stan, 30

Breakdown: She lost her purse. Or was it stolen?

Detour: Your gal is panicking. Faced with missing credit cards, driver's license, and "lucky lipstick," her emotional side is short-circuiting her practical side. That damsel in distress needs a knight in shining armor to rescue her from the Red Tape Dragon.

Roadside assistance: "If you can help her control the damage herself, you'll not only look like the good guy but also give her the tools to take care of herself next time," Goulston says. Resist the urge to take over. Instead, just nudge her into the first step of making a list of everything that was in her purse, then leave the room while she reports the losses. Return only for reassuring youcan-do-this butt-pats. She'll eventually turn to you, full of pride that she could handle the crisis. So nudge things from fiscal to physical: "You're a superstar, babe! Now put all this crap aside and come hang out with me." Playfully say that you've lost your wallet, but you're pretty sure it's somewhere in the bed. Closest-case scenario: "My girlfriend left her bag on the subway. Once home, we hunted up an old one she could use in the

meantime. I told her they'd find her purse, minus the cash, in a Dumpster the next day—and I bet her that if I was right, she'd perform certain favors. Sure enough, she got a call the next day from a good Samaritan. And, no, she did not welsh."—Emilio, 25

Breakdown: Her parents are getting a D-I-V-O-R-C-E.

Detour: Her safety net has split right down the middle. Even as an adult, she'll suddenly feel like a soot-streaked Dickens character—without a home, orphaned. Plus, if it's a bad breakup, she'll have to deal with being a Ping-Pong ball between parents.

Roadside assistance: Your first instinct might be to promise that you'll be her new home, but that won't get you laid—it'll get you married. Instead, play shrink-for-a-night with a little cognitive therapy. "Reframe the situation so that instead of thinking it's the end of something, she begins to see it as

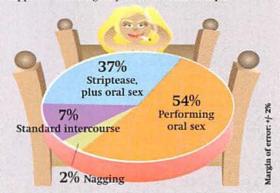


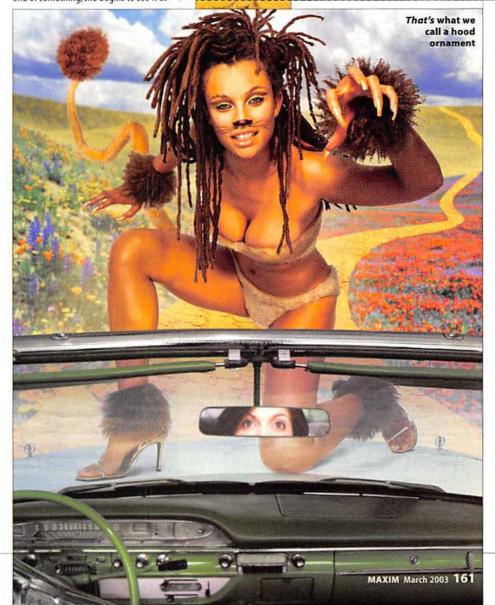
CLIP 'N' LIE #2

USA TODAY Snapshots

The Road Less Traveled?

In a recent phone poll, women were asked to name the one bedroom practice they most credit with the happiness and longevity of their relationships.





SEXPRESSWAY

the beginning of a better situation," Goulston advises. "She's now free of their authority and can make her life decisions on her own, and her parents will never get to her as much in the future." Once you take her from lonely orphan to empowered grownup, capitalize on the transition by suggesting some activities of which her parents would definitely disapprove. Caution: Under no circumstances should you mention how hot her dad's new 28-year-old girlfriend is.

Closest-case scenario: "My fiancée found out her dad, after years of infidelity, was leaving her mom. First she almost called off our wedding. Then she stopped talking to her dad. But we talked about it, and she began to feel she didn't have to vet every decision—from where to eat dinner to how to buy a car—past the old man. She went from being a total daddy's girl to trusting her own instincts. Our wedding plans got geared up again, and I detected a noticeable increase in her adult activities."—Dave, 31

Breakdown: You forgot to call.

Detour: Insecurity. You made her feel like you forgot her, which made her feel like a second-class citizen, which made her furious at you, you cad.

Roadside assistance: Jump on the grenade, and pronto. While she expects excuses, defense, and evasion, you're going to hit her with what Goulston calls "the Power Apology." This ultimate ass-kiss—not to be used too often—consists of three components: What you did wrong (made your late-night partying seem more important than her feelings), why it was wrong (she deserves respect even when you're not together), and what you'll do differently next time (there won't be a next time)."Nobody

Give her the Power Apology nobody can resist it. can resist it," Goulston promises. "You tap into the fact that she wants to move on but can't, because then she'll be getting walked all over." By giving her the ability to forgive you, you become her Superman. And what gal has the power to resist Superman? Asking for sex will be like asking a Twinkie to taste good. Not only will you be having sex; you'll be having make-up sex. Mm.

Closest-case scenario: "When I know I've made it to the top of my girlfriend's shit list, I cut my losses right away and tell her she's right. You can call me a wuss, but it gets me

out of the doghouse and into her kitty-cat. Who's a wuss now, dawg? Me or the guy sleeping on the couch with his monkey in his hand?"—Andrew, 23

Breakdown: You're not sure, but given that she's got a strange incision in her armpit and your butt hurts and neither of you has any memory of the previous 36 hours, you think you were just abducted by aliens.

Detour: Extreme paranoia. You could be you, her loving partner—or you could be a pod-man from the planet Narvon.

Roadside assistance: "You've both been literally invaded by an alien body," Goulston says. Go ahead, let her believe you are a Narvonian pod-man. But, impressed by her human female physique, you now wish to remove the cosmic tracking chip from where it was planted inside her, using your special tentacle. Yes, that one.

Closest-case scenario: OK, so we don't know anyone this actually happened to. But at least now you're prepared for just about anything. Bone voyage!

CLIP 'N' LIE #3



How Does She Do It?

Sex-cess secrets of Wall Street's most powerful women.

While it might shock stuffier members of the Old Boy Network, the correlation between a woman's sexual appetites at home and her success in the workplace is an open secret among the female corporate elite.

"It just makes sense," says Prof. Eleanor Beauchamp, author of Women Know What They Want, "A woman who's willing to explore boundaries in one area of her life—by engaging in some harmless sadomasochism—will be more innovative in the workplace as well." And while female assertiveness can mistakenly be labeled "bitchiness," Beauchamp says that a woman with a daring sex life exudes a quiet confidence that softens those edges.



"If you want to succeed in the boardroom, S&M in the bedroom is key."—CEO Jayne Buttslapper, a.k.a. Mistress Spanksalot



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

hot spot the inside story on healthy sex

Learning "The Ropes.".

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband.



The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely, Tina C. Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about *the ropes*, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and

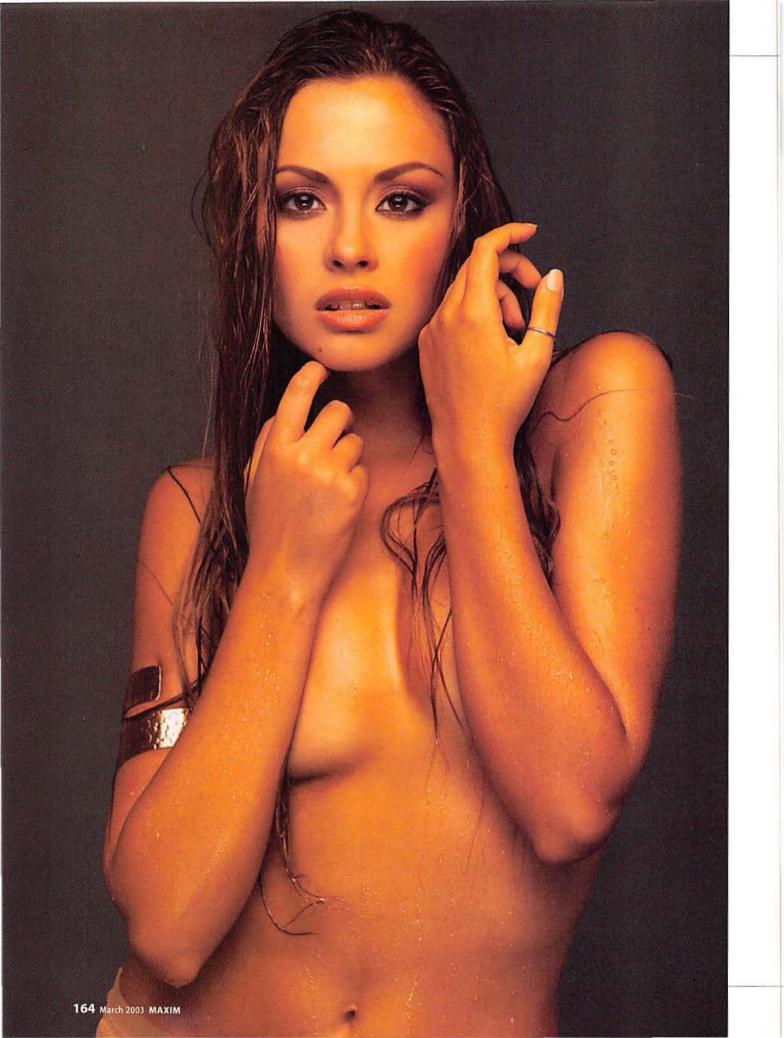
experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or Mioplex.com. Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-a-day tablet has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

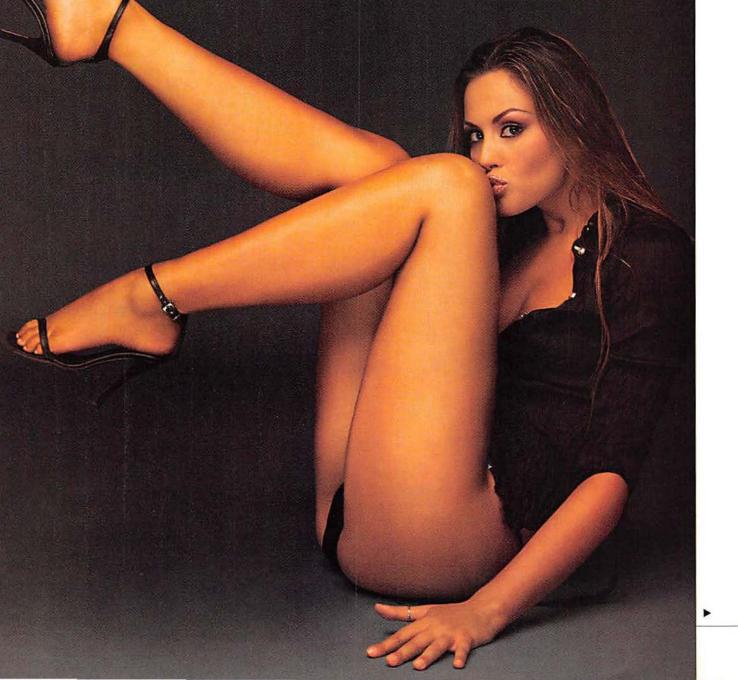
Jamie Ireland





We imported international hottie Eleonora Di Miele from Italian *Maxim*. The interview tape was garbled, but luckily our intern was able to make something out of it, *capiche?*

BY GIOVANNI GOTTABEDDA PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO ROCCO



BELLA DONNA

Che fortuna! Buon giorno, Eleonora, mangia pasta fasula, no, bambina?

Si. Prosciutto, gnocchi pomodoro, lasagna. No Atkins. Parmigiano-Reggiano, tortellini.

Che cazzo fai?

Porco, take it easy. Lo sono una modella per prodotti di bellezza, ballerina, ed attrice sulla televisione Italiana ed anche nei film.

Et tu, Brute?

Parli Italiano, o no? Stupido che cazzo dici? Bellisima, mucho caliente. I say, che culo sexy.

Che dice? Dove my publicist? Owe, ay-o, mio boyfriend-o Fabio-tipo Zoolander-breaka

Tu vuoi far L'americana, 'mericana? Si, ma son nata in Itali. Bevo whiskey e soda. Rock e rolla.

Dóve you born then?

Picollo paese, Pistóia near Firenze. No Bolognese.

Tu legal?

Sicuramente, quasi 24 anni. Segno astrologico

Tu last name, Di Miele, eh, means honey? I chiama you honey?

No, grazie. Mi chiamano culo al mandolino. Ti chiamo horny?

Mucho importante: Mangi? Bevi? Molto buono. Calamari, pesto, fra diavolo.

How you say, putanesca?

Arrabiata!!! Cornuto. [Makes horn symbol similar to surfer "hang 10."]

Paesani tue?

Tanti, tanti, tanti: Sylvester Stallone, Martin Scorsese, Al Pacino, Leonardo DiCaprio, Rudy Giuliani, Tony Soprano.

Don Corleone, I make you an offer you can't-a refuse-a.

Che dice? How you say, what the hell are you talking about? Like-a that? Basta, niente. The cinema I like Life Is Beautiful, Marriage Italian-Style, My Cousin Vinny, Roman Holiday, Arrivederci Roma.

Ciao, bella.

Semper ubi sub ubi. Ciao!

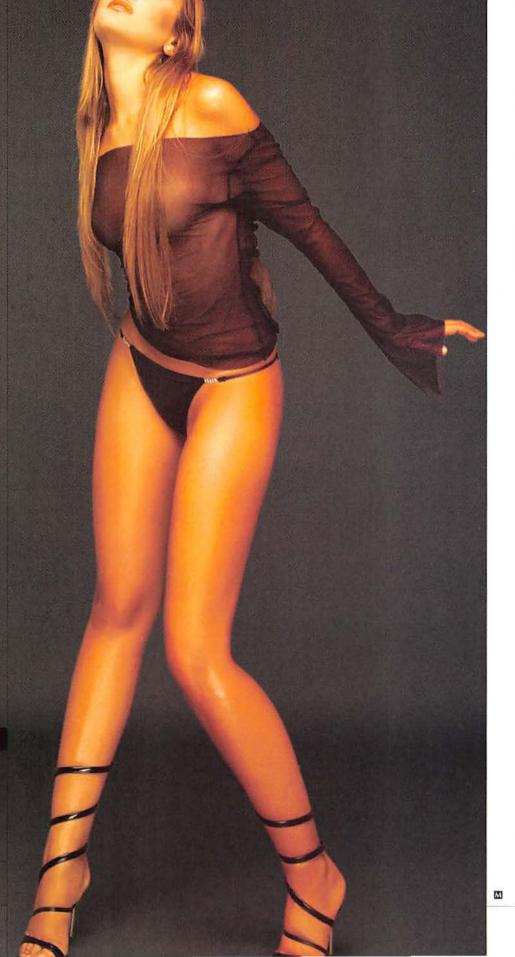
MAXIM PASSPORT



Miele heated things up in this issue of Italian Maxim.



subscribers score extra photos and video at maximonline.com.





Free For One Month ... A Full Head of Hair In 32 Seconds A Day!

Proven Breakthrough Used By Over 200,000 Men and Women! Try It FREE!

NEW YORK -- If you have thinning hair. receding hair or balding areas, there is now a solution for you.

This natural remedy for lost or thinning hair requires NO drugs or surgery, NO club to join, NO pills or ointments at all. And the best news is, you can try it and enjoy a full, new, natural head of hair FREE for 30 days!

Breakthrough Science Adds "Hair" Fibers To Your Hair

Revolutionary Toppik combines natural keratin protein fibers -- the exact same organic makeup as your own hair -- with electrostatic bonding technology.

You simply hold Toppik's custom container over your thinning areas and shake the color-matched natural hair fibers out. In literally seconds, they intertwine with your own hair forming a nearly inseparable bond of thick, real hair.



Toppik fibers bind securely to your thin hair for a full, natural look.

Relax ... No One Will Ever Know

With Toppik, you can relax and stop worrying about your hair ... or about someone discovering that you're trying to cover something up.

Toppik fibers are completely natural and invisible even to a trained eye as close as 2 inches away. Their electrostatic bonding technology ensures that Toppik fibers stay in place as long as you want them to -- all day and all night -- until the next time you shampoo!

All-natural Toppik fibers can never smear, stain or "shed". They are proven to withstand both wind and rain.

© 2002, Spencer Forrest, Inc.

NBC 30 News, Hartford - "It really looks like my hair grew back!"

KYW-3 Eyewitness News, Philadelphia - "You can look years younger in less than a minute. It really seemed like more hair was being created as the bald spots just disappeared. Toppik really does live up to its ads."

KFMB-TV News 8, San Diego - "That's honest-to-goodness hair. I've got to admit it -it does look like the real thing. It doesn't come off. It's a miracle."

FOX TV News, Los Angeles - You can have a full look on top ... It's one of Hollywood's best kept secret's."

The only thing people will notice is a thicker, fuller, more natural looking head of hair than you have ever imagined.

Look 10 Years Younger

As soon as you apply Toppik, friends will marvel at how you grew such a thick head of hair ... and new acquaintances will never suspect you ever had a balding or thinning problem at all.

Most importantly you'll love the way Toppik makes you feel as young as you look. Most people find they instantly subtract 10 years or more from their looks.

By combining your own thinning hair with the amazing Toppik fibers, you will even be able to wear your hair in the new younger-looking styles that you had all but given up on. Read these typical comments from Toppik users:

"I was amazed how Toppik filled out my hair. It was as if I'd had 1,000 hair transplants in less than a minute. I strongly recommend it for any man or woman with thinning -Dr. Leonard Moore, Denver, CO

"I was amazed to see my hair fill out the very first time I used Toppik. Even my front hairline looks completely full and natural."

—Richard Walker, Evanston, IL

"Toppik has made me feel different about myself after just one application. I'll never feel self-conscious about my hair again."

-Susan Drexler, Los Angeles, CA

"I can even exercise and perspire with Toppik with complete confidence. It's quick, easy and completely undetectable. Even my doctor was amazed."

-Chris Lametta, Denver, CO

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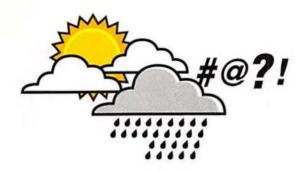
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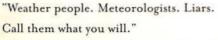




The Thunderscout Jacket™: Waterproof/breathable Omni-Tech® fabric · Fully seam sealed · Articulated elbows and Radial Sleeves™ · Attached hood with quickdraw cord · Packable. For a dealer near you, call I-800-MA BOYLE or visit www.columbia.com.







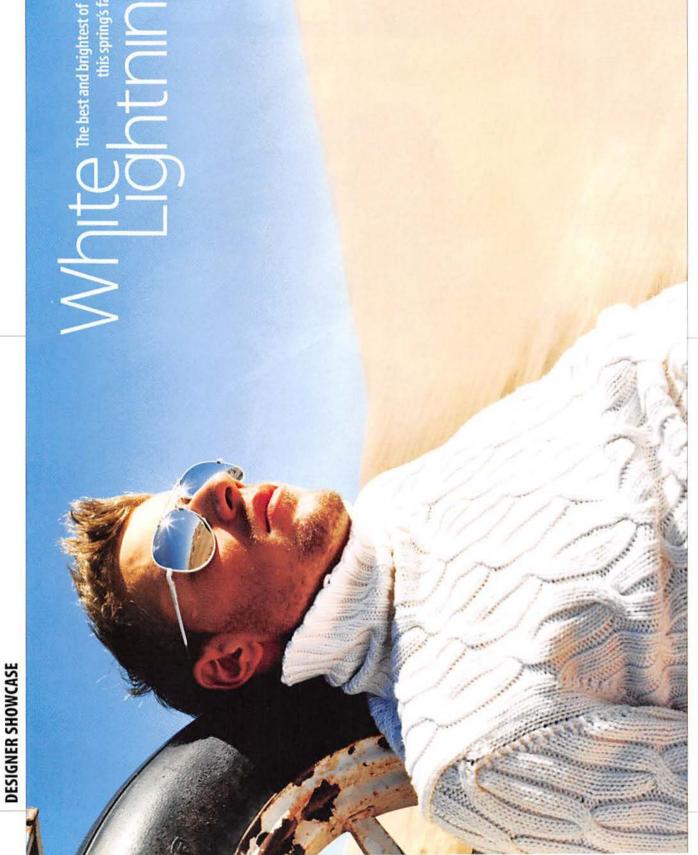


Maximear

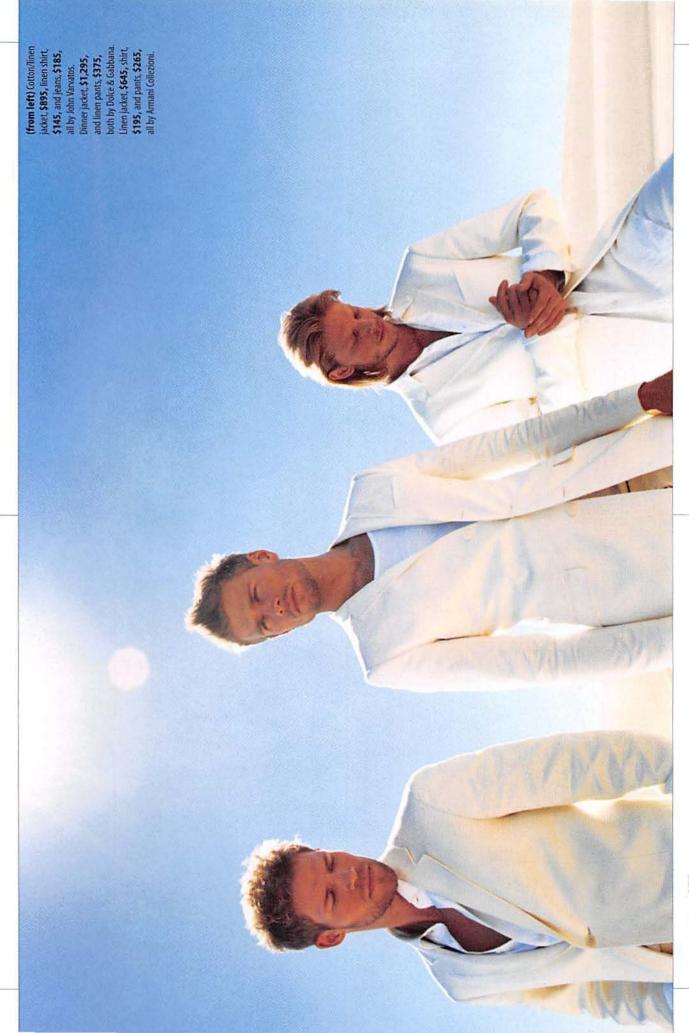




Silk/cotton cable hand-knit turtleneck, \$995, and aviator sunglasses, \$180, both by Michael Kors.



DESIGNER SHOWCASE





Models, Jan A. (T), Holger Lienhard (Next), Arnaud Le Maire (Wilhelmina); grooming, Dlana Schmidtke using Alterna/Celestineagency.com. For buying information, see page 206.



Style Driver

Whether you're looking for a complete overhaul or a simple tune-up, these trends will keep your wardrobe running smoothly.



Shady Business

Hey, Blinky! Keep yourself in the dark with these stylin' sunglasses.



Tape tunglasses, \$163, by Hugo Hugo Boss



erraparounds, \$150, by Diesel by Safilo Group



Sunglasses, \$60, by Stussy

MaximWear Must Haves



Papa's Got a Brand-New Bag!

Make a clean getaway by stuffing your crap in one of these handy carryalls.



Nell Barrett



Robert



Tom Ford for Gucci

rop styling. Liz Engelhai

MaximWear Must Haves

Get in Line!

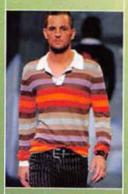
Stripes are the new black. Look at the slimming effect they have on these models!



Paul Smith



Fend





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DOES **SIZE** REAL **MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?**

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MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement Formula - GUARANTEED!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+



The genius behind MAGNA-RX+ is Dr. George Aquilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of

Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists. Over 7 years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as MAGNA-RX+: a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

By using this proven formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their penis size by 2°, 3°, even 5° in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, MAGNA-RX+'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. There is absolutely no prescription necessary.

individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the food and Drug administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

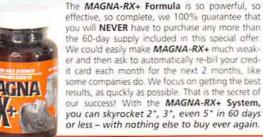
ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION

Only MAGNA-RX+ pills contain the exclusive, trademarked Orgasmic Thrust Activation process. This factor alone would make MAGNA-RX+ the most powerful Penis Enlargement Formula available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms (as are their very satisfied lovers)!

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA & STILL GROWING!

In the past 12 months, demand for MAGNA-RX+ has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful Penis Enlargement Formula. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of MAGNA-RX+'s proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!



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- . Your penis will be thicker and fuller
- · Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar
- · You'll satisfy your lover like never before

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (\$60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of MAGNA-RX+ today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: MAGNA-RX+ is the world's #1 best-selling Penis Enlargement Formula for one very simple reason: IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!

Need another reason to try MAGNA-RX+? How about 50% OFF our regular price! MAGNA-RX+ normally retails for \$59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE! Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a \$1.00 a day!

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"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5° to 6-1/2° in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements * -VW Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help mer" -TM. Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more " -R.C., South Carolina

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 - · Continue or refire your sex life no matter your age (providing reasonable health).
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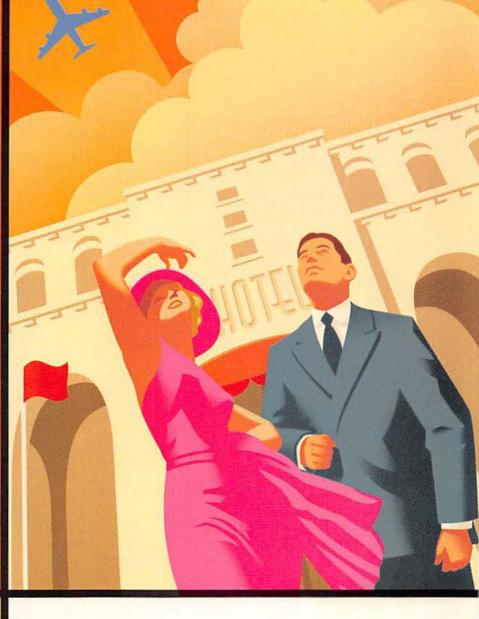
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Secure Lock System* Assures Confidentiality Sterile Packelnsures No Package Tampering Sales Tax (applicable to each state) Expedited Rush Shipping-Product Guaranteed to Ship Within 48 Hours of Received Order	Canadian orders add \$10.00 All other international orders add \$15.00	\$
	Total Enclosed (U.S. Funds Only)	\$
Method of Payment: ☐ MC ☐	VISA 🗆 Am. Ex. 🗆 Disc.	☐ Money Order
Credit Card Number		Exp. Date /
Cicari cara itamber		

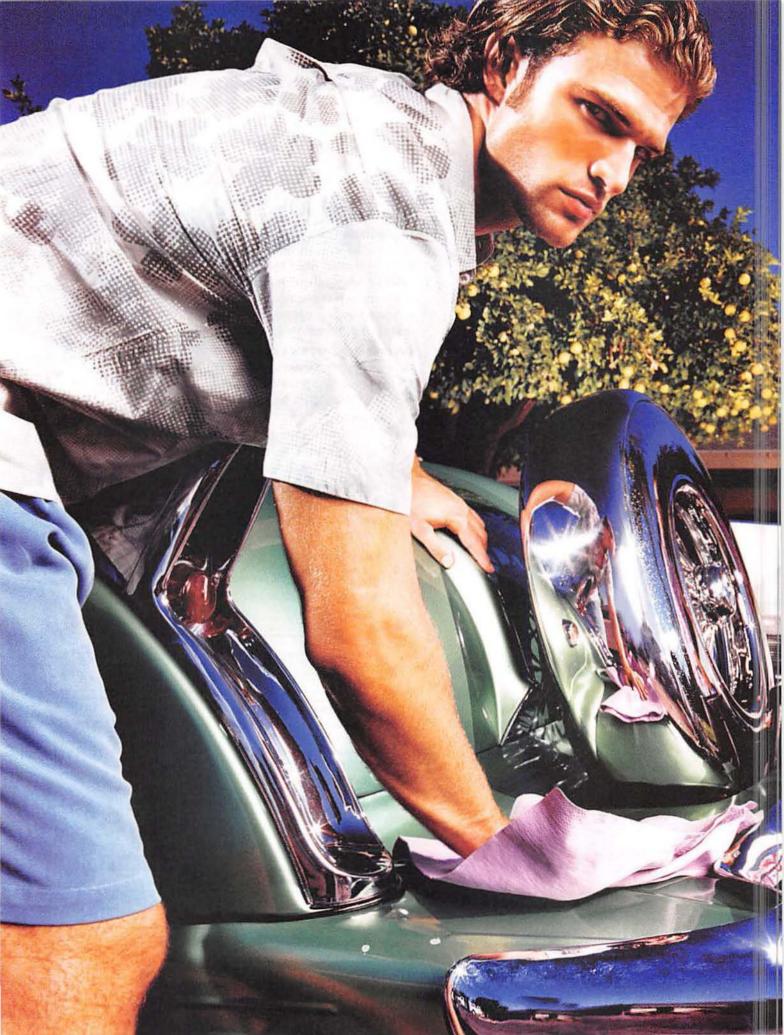
new once daily tabs!

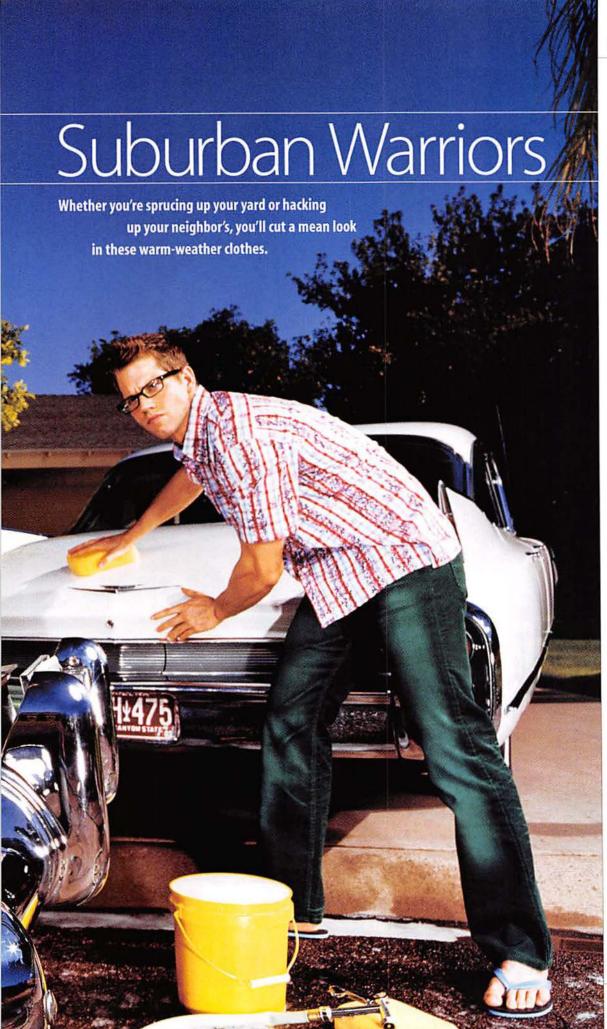
*Individual results may vary. **Study results based on customer response, Enzyte is not a contraceptive and will not aid in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases.

Lifekey Healthcare, Inc., Cincinnati, OH $\,^{\odot}$ 2002, Lifekey Healthcare, Inc. All rights reserved. Viagra $^{\circ}$ is a registered trademark of Pfizer, Inc.

MAXM1202

Models' images used for illustrative purposes only.





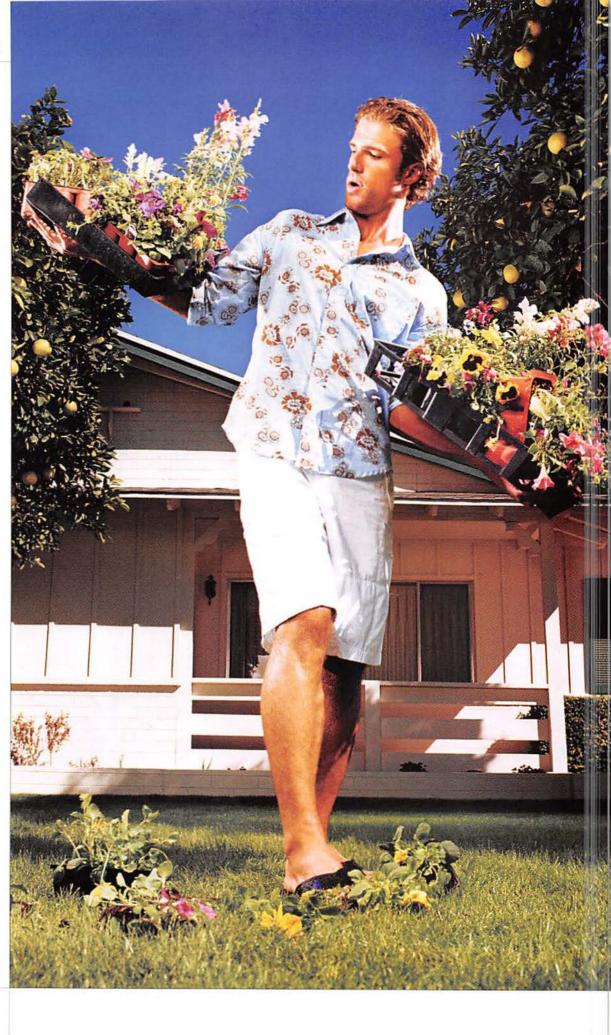
(from left)

Cotton poplin shirt, \$58, by French Connection; silk shorts, \$88, by Nat Nast. Checked woven shirt, \$145, by Ted Baker London; corduroy jeans, \$65, by Levi's; flip-flops, \$13, by Express; Big Hay eyeglasses, \$225, by L.A. Eyeworks.

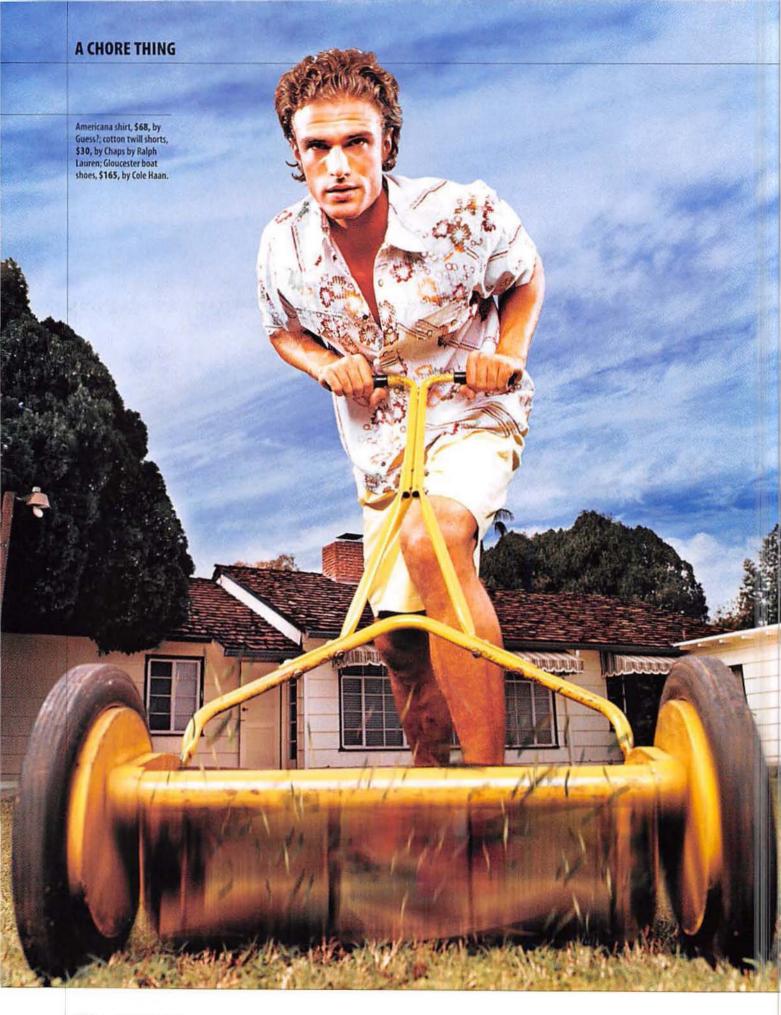
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS

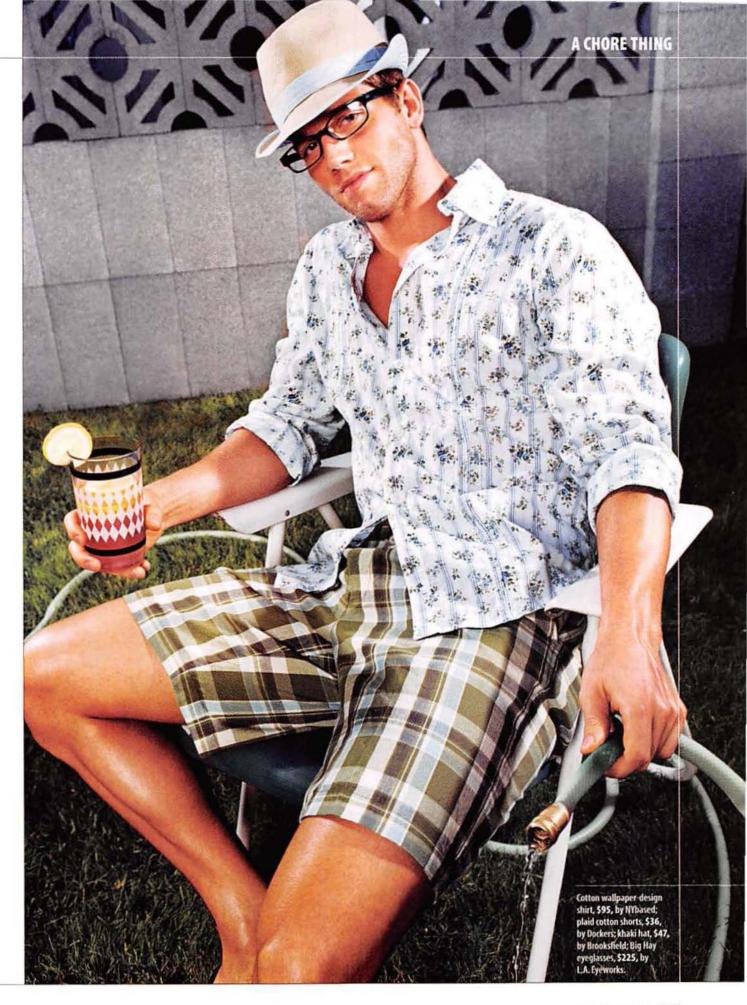
A CHORE THING

(from left)
Wyatt shirt, \$64, by Paul
Frank; shorts, \$40, and flipflops, \$13, both by Express.
Cotton/linen shirt, \$190, by
Anthony Caputo; pants,
\$60, by Chaps by Ralph
Lauren; belt, \$15, by
American Eagle Outfitters.





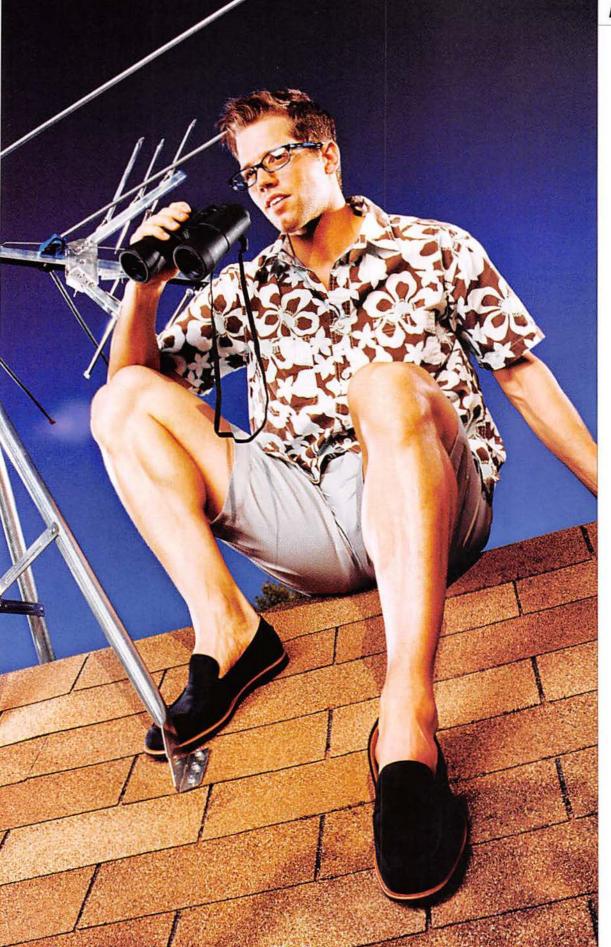






A CHORE THING





Cotton shirt, \$35, by American Eagle Outfitters; shorts, \$40, by Express; Big Hay eyeglasses, \$225, by L.A. Eyeworks; shoes, stylist's own, by Johnston & Murphy.



MaximWear News

Do Some Da'mage The new line from Jean Paul Da'mage will beat up your wallet but build up your image. These handmade jeans will set you back \$169-\$179 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Fred Segal, Urban Evolution, and Denim Bar. Consider them upwardly mobile construction wear.



Keep your beer or pet cadavers icy cold at the beach this year in a mini cooler bag from Mossimo at Target. Not only is it just \$10, but the bright orange color will make it easy to spot by satellite! Call 800-800-8800, or visit target.com to find a store near you.



Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.



Retrograde The Original

Penguin by Munsingwear has waddled out of your grandfather's closet with a flipperful of new clothes. Get cool (penguins, get it? We're so lonely...) shirts for \$55 and under or pants for under \$48 at **Barneys New** York, Fred Segal, Atrium NYC, or Bloomingdale's.



Solar Grooming

Summer is coming. Get a jump on that lifeguard look (chicks love guys in highchairs) and soak up Jil Sander Sun for Men grooming products. The body wash starts at \$22; a 2.5-ounce eau de toilette runs \$46. Available at Jil Sander and specialty stores.





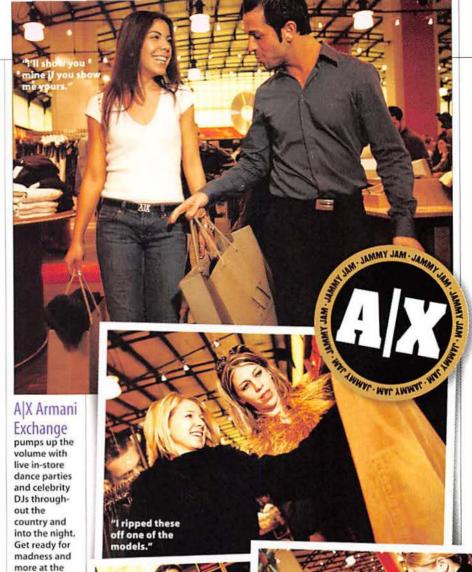
MaximWear News





This Month's Label

Sure, you've shown how phat you look in street gear, but now you can get posh in Phat Farm's new tailored line. With this wool and silk suit at \$475, you can change your image from street to Park Avenue. Get a new Phat Farm suit at Phat Farm stores, Macy's, Jimmy Jazz, and Dr. Jay's.



Name Your **Price**



Pepe Jeans

new Union Square flag-

ship in San Francisco this spring. Dial

into the dillio

at armani exchange.com.

Score a big three-pointer this spring in basketball-inspired shirts from Pepe Jeans, Avirex, or Rucker Vintage by Stall & Dean.

DJ DeMarco:

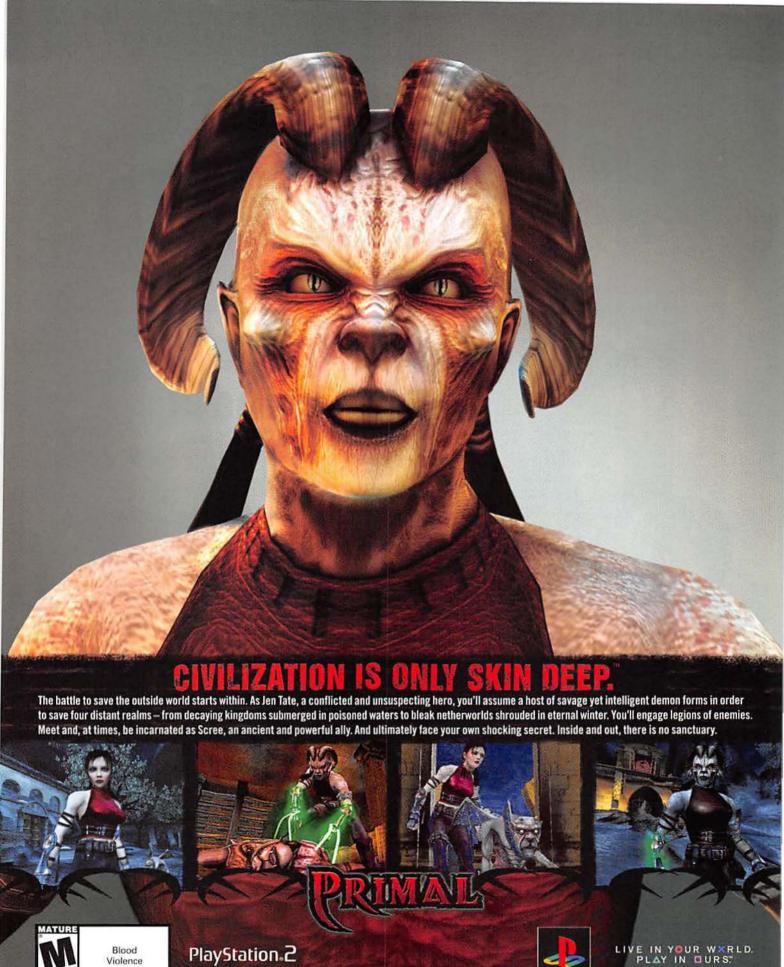
"Sorry, no .38 Special."



Aviro



Rucker Vintage by Stall & Dean



the Word D. of Max

Welcome to our brand-new page, where we shamelessly promote ourselves. Because we can!



The Pussycat **Doll parade!**

We flash our kitties to a rockin' Hollywood house.

TINSELTOWN ground to a halt for Maxim's Pussycat Dolls party December 3rd. Pussycat Dolls/Maxim cover girls Christina Applegate, Carmen Electra, Jaime Pressly, and surprise guest Pam Anderson roused the crowd with their sweltering cabaret act. Jose Cuervo shot us a boatload of "Cuervo Cosmos" (finally, someone fixed that

stupid drink), served up to the likes of Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, Lucy Liu, Demi Moore, and Gwen Stefani, who in turn were gawked at by Leo DiCaprio, Tobey Maguire. Luke Wilson, and Eddie Van Halen. Crown prince of stripclub aficionados Kid Rock. meanwhile, nursed a Coors while waiting for squeeze Pam to join the party. Lucky bastard

got some kick!

Hot 100 Behind As this year's Maxim

Way too hot to be Kiefer's daughter

Global Warming Trend?

Hot 100 issue approaches climatologists are once again noticing an alarmagain noneing an aiarth-ing increase in global warming. When Maxim's Hot 100 TV special hits NBC in June, experts expect Venice to slip under the waves forever...and good riddance. "Elisha Cuthbert's going top five," says Raymond Fowler, a pretend scientist at the fictional American Atmospheric Association. There was an, uh, pronounced localized effect in our office when she showed up on the cover of Maxim last October," Boo-ya.

MAXIM

Hurricane Maxim is closing on Cancun, This year Maxim and StudentCity.com will conquer the beach with a DJ, volleyball and basketball courts, and just a whole cool vibe, man. No and pasketball courts, and just a whole cook vibe, mail, do money? No excuses, if you're in college and haven't learned to beg, borrow, or steal, you're wasting Baddy's dough. Drop by March 10–14. (Tickets: www.maximonline.com/maximbreak)

When you go, say hi to the one Mexican there

Contents

Everything you need to keep your life from sucking!

Grab Bag

Your very own stealth bomber, brewski, Asteroids, and naked Britney. Psych! **p.202**

Picture Perfect

Camera gear so great even *your* girl can look good **p.204**

Top Geal



Sure, for some of you New Age technophiles, the arrival of a new, 21st-century
turntable seems almost as useful as a
New Kids on the Block reunion tour. But
the big, bad Avid Acutus is the Shaq
Daddy of big wheels, so back off! With a
polymer platter mat and a screw-down
record clamp designed to absorb more
vibrations than a Baghdad bombing
mission, the Acutus is so revolutionary, it
may save viny! from a one-dimensional

future as wall hangings in stylish Brooklyn homes. Already one of the most popular DJ decks in Europe, Acutus has three cylindrical pillars forming a unique suspension system that isolates all external vibrations, while the handmade motor and massive 10-kilogram platter supply 10 times more power than standard turntables. Now cue up those totally awesome Abba albums and par-tay! (\$10,000; Sonic.net/soundscape)



GRAB BAG

Look at all this cool stuff! Look at it—just look! You want it, don't you? Everybody does. We have what everybody wants. Do you love us now, Daddy?

BY OLIVE LOAF PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES & STARR











1. AMAZIN' BEER CHILLER (\$30)

Does it still hurt when you recall how your girlfriend left you for that guy with the quickly chilled beer? Never again. Just pour cracked ice and cold water into the outer chamber of this miracle machine and place an unopened can of suds in the other chamber. Get the motor running and in two minutes you and your bud will be cold chillin, Drink up! (Beerchiller.com)

3. COMMISSIONER GRILL (\$495)

For most people "tailgate party" is just an expression. Philistines. Think they've ever known the pleasure and convenience of burgers actually grilled on the tail of a vehicle? Yes, such a thing is possible with the Commissioner Grill. Not only does this 16"x24" grill boast a 28,000 BTU power plant (that's hot, OK?), but it sets up in minutes on a standard two-inch trailer hitch. Soon they'll be begging for your meat. (Americantailgater.com)

4. MICROSOFT BLUETOOTH WIRELESS DESKTOP (\$160)

Eliminate desktop clutter, let your wireless devices work together seamlessly, and add inches in girth and length to your penis. You can do two of those things with this desktop suite, which includes an optical mouse and a wireless transceiver to link your printer, scanner, and other Bluetooth-enabled devices to your PC. The keyboard also includes built-in media controls and one-touch access to chat, e-mail, and other functions. As for that other business, two little words: bungee cord. (Microsoft.com)

5. HOODLUM WELDER'S HOOD (\$73)

The guys at the shop have been looking at you a little funny ever since you confessed that you became a welder at 16 after seeing Flashdance. Now, nothing can ever completely undo that kind of damage, but some psychotic-looking haberdashery could go a long way toward restoring your rep. Take this Burning Skull hood. It's the very same style worn by Jesse James, the custommotorcycle genius on the Discovery Channel's Monster Garage. (Wouldn't you love to meet a girl who's impressed by that kind of thing?) But if images of flaming death aren't your style, Hoodlum also offers smart Wild Boar, Silver Android, and Patriotic Gorilla models. Each comes with a super-dark safety lens and an adjustable band to ensure a perfect fit even if you have an enormous head like Maxim senior editor Charles Coxe. Anybody need a light? (Hoodlum-welding.com)

6. INTERACTIVE STEALTH BOMBER (\$80)

Do you enjoy screwing with national security? Always been curious about what the inside of a federal detention cell looks like? You're in luck! Just launch this stunningly realistic remotecontrol replica of a B-2 stealth bomber near an airport, military facility, or residence of a prominent public official for hours of hysterical (literally!) enjoyment. Hold your sides and go "Haw!" as frightened citizens scatter like methane molecules from Johnny Knoxville's ass. Then it's off to the hoosegow! (Interactivetoy.com)



JUST SHOOT!

Thanks to the latest crop of digital cameras and accessories, any monkey can turn a crapshoot into an artistic photo op. **By John Walsh**

Who wouldn't want to be a professional photographer? You walk into a room and ask some of creation's greatest hits to shed most of what they're wearing. Try that trick when you work in accounts payable. Unfortunately, there's always been that small matter of talent that stands between you and carnal artistry. But with the right technology you can fake a pretty good game. We've rounded up the best digital cameras and other top tools for the job, including scanners, printers, and editing software. So, um, wanna be famous, baby?

OLYMPUS C-4000 ZOOM



Intimidated by the complexity of a 3-D View-Master? You're a wuss. Nevertheless, Olympus has come up with a bone-simple camera for boneheads like you. Set your preferences to auto-everything and snap away. If you're ever ready to read the manual, you'll discover ways to use the 3.3x digital zoom and tweak the white balance and exposure controls. Literacy sold separately. (Olympusamerica.com)

NIKON DIOO DIGITAL SER



PRICE: \$2.500

If e-mail-friendly snapshots are all you want out of life, save your money. But if you're into printing 8"x10" or larger, sell a kidney and get a digital SLR. Just don't soil yourself when you learn about its 3-D Matrix Metering, various focus modes, built-in speed light, zoom options, and multiple input-output ports. That last option alone is worth the money, if it means what we think it does. (Nikonusa.com)

EPSON STYLUS PHOTO 1280-C393011



PRICE: \$499

Your current printer is fine for pictures of your ugly friends. But once you see the crisp, fast images this six-color printer produces, you'll want to start hanging out with better-looking people. Plus, the Stylus will switch from tray feed to roll paper and print images as big as 13"x44", just in case you like to take snapshots of sweeping vistas or all the crap they pumped out of Carnie Wilson. (Epson.com)

CANON CANOSCAN 8000F



PRICE: 5300

So you've made the leap from conventional photography to digital imaging. But what do you do with those shoeboxes of old snapshots and negatives? Open a beer and watch as this high-resolution flatbed scanner automatically removes dirt and scratches and loads the pix onto your computer. Then open another beer as you examine those college snapshots and mourn your vanished youth. (Usa.canon.com)

ENTERACTIVE TRADING CARD MAKER



PRICE: \$30

What do pro athletes have that you don't? Talent, fame, and money, for sure. But the answer we were looking for was trading cards. Add any digital picture to one of the dozens of templates here, load your printer with the supplied glossy card stock, and within minutes your friends will be able to trade 14 yous (complete with stats on back) for a pizzasoiled Hideki Irabu. (Enteractive.com)

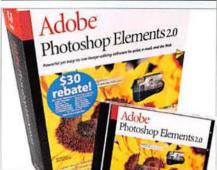
MEMOREX USB UNIVERSAL CARD READER



PRICE: \$60

If you own more than one portable digital device, odds are you have nearly as many different types of memory media on your desk. So you can continue to yank cameras and players out of your USB port again and again, or you can simply install this single card reader, which is compatible with all formats. It's your choice. You've really got to start making your own decisions. (Memorex.com)

ADOBE PHOTOSHOP ELEMENTS 2.0



PRICE: 599

Why shell out hundreds of dollars for the full-featured version of Photoshop when this streamlined version offers all the filters and effects you'd ever want, without an instruction book that reads like the Koran? It can easily import photos from CDs, digital cameras, and other storage devices. It can also crop images or give you a full photographic makeover. Not that you need one. (Adobe.com)

CEIVA DIGITAL PICTURE FRAME



PRICE: \$150, plus \$8 per month

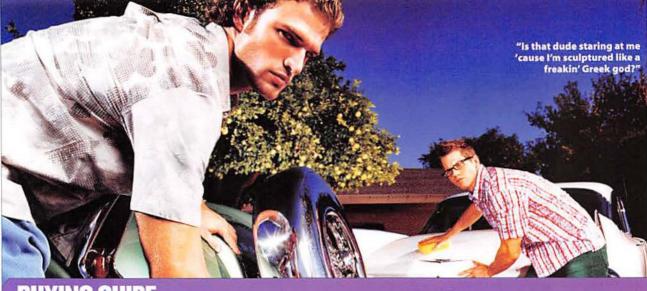
You know that blank look your grandparents give you when you talk about digital photos? Well, first of all, you might want to feed them this week. Then get them a digital picture frame. Just plug the device into any phone jack and wall outlet, and upload images to the Ceiva password-protected Web site. And presto! They'll see in a flash what a disappointment you've turned out to be. (Ceiva.com)

TARGUS UNIVERSAL AC ADAPTER



PRICE: \$120

If you're like us, you go through power cords like the Taliban go through change-of-address forms. They break, you lose 'em, someone ties 'em into a noose for those annoying Bible salesmen. But keep this bad boy handy to power up any digi-cam, computer, PDA, cell phone, or defibrillator and he'll never know what happened. Just be sure to delete the pics. (Targus.com)



BUYING GUID

TOE JAM

Page 169: San s, (right and left) \$230 and (center) \$55, at select D&G stores. WHITE NIGHTS

Page 170: Turtleneck, \$995, and glasses, \$180, both by Michael Kors, at Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; or call 212-452-4685.

Page 171: (from left) Peacoat, \$2,610, T-shirt, \$144, and trousers, \$330, all by Versace, at Versace boutiques worldwide; or call 888-3-VERSACE; or visit versace.com. Trench, \$3,195, shirt, \$265, and pants, \$185, all by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at select Raiph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674. Bomber, \$4,000, shirt, \$140, and trousers, \$220, all by Bally, at Bally, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, CA. Page 172: (right) Jacket, 5980, and asymmetrical jacket, \$1,340, both by Jil Sander, at Jil Sander, N.Y.C. and Chicago, or call 800-704-7317. Pants, \$395, by Jil Sander, at Jil Sander, N.Y.C. and Chicago; or Neiman Marcus; or call 800-704-7317. Page 173: (from left) Jacket, 5895, by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos stores, N.Y.C. and L.A. Shirt, \$145, by John Varvatos, at Saks Fifth Avenue; or Neiman Marcus stores. Jeans, \$185, by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos stores, N.Y.C. and L.A.; Scott & Company, L.A. Jacket, \$1,295, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores Pants, \$275, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Bagutta, N.Y.C. Jacket, \$645, and pants, \$265, both by Armani Collezioni, at select Macy's West stores; or visit macys.com; or giorgioarmani.com: Shirt, \$195, by Armani Collezioni, at Saks Fifth Avenue; or visit saks.com; or giorgioarmani.com.

Page 174: (from left) Parka, \$128, and pants, \$70, both by Nautica, call 877-AUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Jacket, \$495, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. Pants, \$350, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas, Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's.

Page 175: T-shirt, 565, and trousers, 590, both by Perry Ellis, visit perryellis.com eeveless shirt. \$50, by Tommy Jeans, at department stores; or call 888-TOMMY-4U Pants, \$60, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY-4U. Page 176: (left) Jacket, 5755, and pants, 5335, both by Prada at select Prada

stores; Neiman Marcus; or call 888-977-1900

Page 177: Jacket, 5495, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein, NYC. Pants, \$350, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas, Bergdorf Goodman; or Bloomingdair's, Parka, \$128, and paints, \$70, both by Nautica, call 877-NAUTICA; or visit www.nautica.com.

STYLE DRIVER

Page 178: (center) Sunglasses, \$6, by H&M, visit hm. com. (below, from left) Sunglasses, \$165, by Hugo Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss store, N.Y.C.; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Sunglasses, \$150, by Diesel Sunglasses by Safilo Group, at select Diese stores, select Bloomingdale's, Solstice stores, No edstrom, Sunglasses, \$60, by Stussy at Stussy store N.Y.C : or call 212-995-8787

Page 179: (center) Bag. 5175, by Kenneth Cole, call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit

Page 180; Shirt, SSO, by Express, at select Structure and Express stores; or visit essfashions.com.

Page 182: (center) Sandals, 590, by Aldo, at Aldo stores, or visit aldoshoes.com. om left) Slides, \$75, by Clarks England, call 800-211-5461; or visit clarksusa.com. Slides, \$50, by GBX, visit gbxshoe.com. Slides, \$70, by Steve Madden, at select Steve Madden stores; or visit stevemadden.com

Page 184: Vest, \$280, by Karen Walker, at Kirna Zabete, N.Y.C.; or call 212-941or visit karenwalker com

SUBURBAN WARRIORS

Page 188-189: (from left) Shirt, SSB, by French Connection, at French Connection es; or call 888-741-FCUK; or visit frenchconnection.com. Shorts; SS8, by Nat Nast, call 800-NAT-NAST, or visit nathast.com. Shirt, \$145, by Ted Baker London, at Ted Baker London store, N.1.C., or call 212-343-8989. Jeans, \$65, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com. Flip-flops, \$13, by Express, at select Structure and Express stores Eyeglasses, 5225, by L. A. Eyeworks, call 800-348-3337; or vost laeyeworks.com. Page 190: Wyatt shirt, 564, by Paul Frank, at Bill Hallman, Atlanta, GA: Gitzen, San Francisco, CA; or Let's Go. San Diego, CA. Shorts, 540, and flip-flops, 512:50, both by Express, at select Structure and Express stores, or visit expressfas

Page 191: Shirt, \$190, by Anthony Caputo, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Calypus, Rolo, San Francisco: Fred Segal, L.A. Pants, 560, by Chaps by Ralph Lauren, at department stores. Belt, \$15, by American Eagle Outlitters. at American Eagle Outlitters stores:

Page 192: Shirt, \$68, by GUESS?, at GUESS? stores; or call 890-39-GUESS; or visit quess com. Shorts, \$30, by Chaps by Raigh Lauren, at Macy's East, Macy's West, Belk's, Shoes, \$165, by Cole Haan, at Cole Haan stores; or call 800-201-8001; or visit

Page 193: Shirt, S95, by NYBASED, at Macy's East, Macy's West, Fred Secol. Santa Monica, CA; Sparacino Men, Philadelphia. Shorts, 536, by Dockers, call 800-DOCKERS; or visit dockers.com. Hat, \$47, by Brocksfield, at L'Uomo, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA. Eyeglasses, \$225, by L.A. Eyeworks, call 800-348-3317; or visit laeveworks.com.

Page 194: (from left) Shirt, \$125, by Brooksfield, at L'Uomo, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA, Trousers, \$95, by Bills Khakis, at Mitchells, Westport, CT; Family Britches, Chappagua, NY, Richards, Greenwich, CT. Belt, 5135, by Martin Dingman, at Neiman Marcus; Khakis, Carmel, CA, or James Davis, Memphis, TN. Eyeglasses, \$225, by E.A. Eyeworks, call 800-348-3337; or visit laeyeworks.com. Shirt, \$225, by Coast, at Barneys New York; Bergdorf Goodman; Ron Herman, L. A.; By George, Austin, TX. Page 195: Cotton shirt, 535; by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitter stores, or visit ae com. Shorts, \$40, by Express, at select Structure stores and Express stores, or visit expressfashions com. Big Hay eyeglasses, \$225, by L.A.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 198: Shirt, S39, by Pepe Jeans, call 212-944 PEPE Shirt, S55, by Avirex, visit avirex.com. Shirt, \$275, by Stall & Dean, at Changes, Baltimore: Dr Deim, Philadelphia: Schemes, N.Y.C.: or visit stallanddean com

HOTOGRAPHY CRED

p.50: Horses, Corbis p.52: Johnny Knoxville, Grego Dequire/WIREIMAGE; Pamela Anderson, Gregg Dequire: WIREIMAGE: Tommy Lee, Gregg Dequire/WIREIMAGE; Molly Shannon, Newscom; Ben Affleck, Albert L. Ortega/WIREIMAGE; Vince Yaughn Steve Granitz/WiREIMAGE; Dustin Hoffman, Gregg Dequire/WiREIMAGE; Madonna, Gregg Dequire/WiREIMAGE; dug fight, Newscom; dog's face, AP Wide World; snake/ igoose fighting, Corbis; C-level human cockfighting, carnel fighting, AP Wide World; carnel fight, AP/Wideworld; human cockfighting, Al Herman/c-level.cc p.54: Interior shots of the Propeller Island City Lodge, Newscom; squirrel, Corbis p.56: Mike Tyson, Arnold Turner/Wireimage; Martha Stuart, AP Wide World; Sammy Haggar, Steve Granitz/Wirelmage; David Lee Roth, Steve Granitz/Wireimage; Frankenstien, The Everett Collection; Joan Rivers, George Pimentel/Wireimage, George Bush, Newscom; Saddam Hussein, AP Wide World; John Belushi, Globe Photos; Chris Farley, Retna; John Tesch, Retna; Yanni, Retna; Ben Affleck, Kevin Mazur/Wireimage; Matt Damon, Steve Granitz/Wireimage; Camryn Manheim, Mike Guastella/Wireimage; Lara Flynn Boyle, Greg DeGuire/Wireimage Baghdad, AP/Wideworld p.64: Movie still from The Big Bus, The Everett Collection; evil scientist, Corbis; bald man with tattoo, Corbis p.70; Man holding card, IndexStock; cow photograph, Getty Images p.74: Ice skates, Comstock.com p.78: University of Maryland basketball players on clipboard, Bill Yaughan pp.80-82: Gary Williams series, AP Wide World (excluding 3rd row, 4th colum Getty Images); Rick Majerus, AP Wide World pp.90: Blender, Corbis; Caddyshack MPTV; Lucky Charms, NewsCom; football player, NewsCom; matchbook, Robert Glasgow: Of Dirty Bastard, Caroline Torem-Craig LFT p.96—97; Adam Sandler, Lord of the Rings, and Toda, Everett Collection (18x); Sir Feet Under and Jackie Chan, Kobal Collection (2x):pp.102—103; Zwan, Retnar/Isoit Sarvavy-Bene; David Cross, Retrai Dan Dion, p.104: Vin Diesel, Icon/Jeff Dunas pp.110-111: Angels, Newscom, van, Getty Images; Hamm's Beer Coaster, compliments of mem-bers tripod.com p.116: Timeline, all Everett Collection p.124: Devil, Getty Images

rubber chicken, Corbis, mobster, Indexstock p.125; Plastic flamingo, Indexstock; gold teeth, Bridgeport International (goldteeth com) p.126: Bolly Parton, Retna; ig, Photodisk p.128: Skull, Getty Images; bull, Newscom p.141: Rebels, AP/Wideworld p.142: Russian Special Forces (1), AP/Wideworld: Russian Special Forces (2), AP/Wideworld, wounded dead outside theater, AP/Wideworld p.143: Special Forces raiding theater, AP/Wideworld, man carrying hostage, AP/Wideworld p, 144: Baikonur Field, Corbis; anthrax, Corbis; Chemobyl meltdown, AP/Wideworld; Kursk disaster, AP/Wideworld; man with flag, Corbis; Joseph Stalin, lewscom; Boris Yeltsin, Newscom; p.146; Movsar Barayev, Newscom; rebels (1) &(2), AP/Wideworld; Arbi Barayev, Newscom; Russian military, Newscom; Movsar Barayev, AP/Wideworld p.148: Woman kissing husband, AP/Wideworld; bus, AP/ Wideworld: inside theater, AP/Wideworld; Olga Romanova, Newscom; General Dudayev, Newscom; children refugees, Newscom p.208; Rose McGowan, Kevin Kerslake/Celebrity Pictures L.A.; bomb, Corbis; Stallone, Everett Collection; Ferrigno, Everett Collection; the Rock, Everett Collection, Schwarzenegger, Everett Collection. Russian MiG 29, Newscom, horse, Getty Creative; Elvis, Photofest, the Monkees, Photofest: the Fonz, Photofest: Archie Bunker, Photofest

CLOTHING CREDITS

Page 100: Black lace carnisole by Frederick's of Hollywood. Black lyora hot pants by Agent Provocateur. Black leather necklace with gold drop by Eccentrics, at Darlin in Studio City.

Page 111: Shirt by Calvin Klein.

Pages 112-120: All gloves by La Craisia, leather briefs by Michelle Devine. shoes by Cesare Pariotti. Silver top by Le Corset, boots by Religious Sex. Black top by DKNY, silver necklace by Park Manchoo Black Jacket by Norma Karnali, belts by Michelle Devine, Skirt by Michelle Devine, boots by Religious Sex, Shirt by D&G, belts by Michelle Devine, underwear by Passion Bait, and shoes by Zanot

Page 123: Tuxedo by Ralph Lauren, available at Ralph Lauren. Sunglasses by CK Calvin Klein. Connie: Dress by Baby Phat. Ming: Top by Betsey Johnson, skirt by Rubin Chappelle, Alice: Bikini by D&G: Dolce & Gabbana

Page 124: Suit by Hugo Boss. Dress by Betsey Jahnson. Page 130: Black dress by Tufi Duek, available at Undercover

Eveworks, call 800-348-3337, or visit laryeworks com

Page 132: Black top by Tufi Duek, available at Undercover. Red underweat,

Page 133: Black wrap top, stylist's own. Burgundy hot pants by Fleur't Lingerie, at La Petite Coquette, N.Y.C. Burgundy camisole, by Fleur't Lingerie, at La Petite Coquette, N.Y.C.

Page 134: Black lace camisole and hot pants, both by Leigh Bantivaglio, available at La Petite Coquette, N.Y.C.

Page 150: Bra by Calvin Klein, available at Bloomingdale's. Bandeau top by Cyn & Luca. Mesh undies with ruffles by Victoria's Secret, available at Victoria's Secret, L.A. Lace ankle socks, available at Trashy Lingerie, L.A. Shoes by Puma, available at

Pages 152-153: Orange vintage vest, by Courreges, available at Decades, L.A. Orange boy trunk, available at Trashy Lingerie, L.A. Hoop necklace, available at Minkvox, L.A. Silver chain brainlet, available at Jennider Kauffman, Beverly Center. Ankle boots, by Stuart Weitzman, available at Bloomingdale's L.A.

Page 154: Pink top by Forever 21. Yellow boy trunk by Zu. Argyle socks by Hot Socks, available at Nordstrom's Shors by Adidas, available at Madison, L.A. Piama sweat band available at Puma. Santa Monica. Chain belt available at Jennifer Kauffman, Beverly Center

Page 204: Bathing suit by Ashley Paige, available at EVA; call 212-925-3208 es by Stuart Weitzm

Page 205: Bathing suit by Benetton, Shoes by Stuart Westzman

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keep her hands off me."

... KC, Maine

Bar Exam





ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

3 Match these pythons to their hugely pumped-up owners.









- a.

 Schwarzenegger
- **b.** □ Stallone
- c. 🗆 Ferrigno
- d. ☐ The Rock
- 4. Which player racked up a record 184 points during an NCAA Tournament?
- a.

 Glen Rice
- b.

 Elvin Hayes
- c.

 Bill Bradley
- 5. Which one of the following actions is inconsistent with a perfect day?
- a.

 Touching breasts
- b.

 Winning at craps
- c.

 Mooning the boss
- d.
 Nodding off while getting a road hummer and drifting into oncoming traffic
- 6. Which fast-food chain boasts 17,500, ahem, restaurants worldwide—second only to McDonald's 30,000?
- a.

 Burger King
- b. Subway
- c.

 Taco Bell



7. Which household chore do the most guys (47 percent) dislike most?

- a.

 Mowing the lawn
- b.

 Cleaning windows
- c. Dicking her hair out of the drain

Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

- 8. Which one of these boy toys is not owned by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen?
- a.

 Portland Trail Blazers
- b. 300-foot schooner
- c.

 German beer hall
- d.

 Boeing 757



- 9. Our new Homeland Security Department has 170,000 federal employees. Which of the following sentences will they presumably utter least often?
- a. ☐ "Let's stop terrorists!"
- b. ☐ "Shit, that ain't my job."
- c.

 "Storage room, five minutes."
- d. □ "Bush wants what? Fuck him!"
- True or false: Once you get "A horse is a horse, of course, of course" stuck in your head, you can't get it out.
- a.
 True
- b.and no one can talk



Which two of these pop culture treasures are on display at the American History Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.?









- a.

 Elvis' Vegas jumpsuit
- **b.** \square The Monkees' drum set
- c.

 Fonzie's leather jacket
- d.

 Archie Bunker's chair
- 12. Put these well-documented female behavioral traits in order of annoyance, starting with the least annoying.
- a.

 Walking backward into people
- b. Dillydallying
- c.

 Asking irrelevant questions
- d.

 Getting upset over nothing
- e.

 Waving to other people's babies
- f.

 Burning food
- g.

 Pointing out inconsistencies in boyfriend's panicked explanations

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Last month's answers: 1. b, e 2. a 3. b 4. b 5. 1-c, 2-a, 3-b, 4-d 6. b, c 7. c 8. b 9. c 10. b 11. c 12. a 13. b 14. b



